



The LIFE of
Signor ROZELLI.



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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and ADVENTURES

OF

Signor ROZELLI,

Late of the *Hague*.

Giving a particular Account of his Birth, Education, Slavery, Monastick State, Imprisonment in the Inquisition at *Rome*, and the different Figures he has since made, as well in *Italy*, as in *England*, *France* and *Holland*.

With the CONTINUATION of the same to the Day of his Death.

Written by Himself, just before his Decease And committed to the Care of an intimate Friend.

The Whole being a Series of the most diverting History, and surprising Events, ever yet made public.

Adorn'd with curious Copper Cuts.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. OSBORN, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pater-noster-Row*; J. KING, in *Moorfields*; and C. CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, *Fleet-street*.

M.DCC.XL.





THE PREFACE.



IS expected, that such of our Readers, as have had nothing extraordinary in their Lives, will immediately look upon *the Memoirs of Signor ROZELLI*, as fabulous Inventions; although History furnishes us with Examples enough, of Men made famous by Adversity; than which these *Memoirs* have nothing in 'em more surprising and unaccountable. They represent to you a Man endued by Nature with a Spirit and Genius, that fitted him for one of Lady *Fortune's* Play-things. Those who have known *Signor ROZELLI* in *Italy, France, and Holland*, can testify the Truth of these *Memoirs*: And the Reader may be assured, that the Manuscript came directly from the Author's own

The P R E F A C E.

Hands. That Person, who was an Original in his kind, and whose Life was so full of strange Vicissitudes, diverts you with his own Relation of Events, some of which will perhaps appear incredible to you.

SUCH as cannot enter into the Belief of the stupendous Effects of the *Ca-bala*, will be apt to startle at some Passages in the Second Volume, though nothing is more common in the Writings of the true Philosophers; as I could prove by many Instances, if I thought they would cure their Incredulity. But it is not given to every one to have just Notions of that Science; to which, on the contrary, very few are capable of arriving. However, I do not doubt, the Reader will be delighted with the Variety of Accidents enumerated in these small Volumes, which have been so well received in two larger, and not repent the Time he bestows on such an agreeable Amusement.



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O F
Signor *ROZELLI*.

Of my Birth.

I T was not the Itch of being dubb'd an *Author*, that induced me to publish the most material Passages of my Life. Those who have known me in *Italy* by the Name of *Colli*, and in *France* and *Holland* by that of *Rozelli* or *Lucius Azor*, will, I dare say, do me the Justice to believe me capable of nobler and more serious Exercises, than that of *writing Memoirs*. A Man, whose Profession has ever been the most sublime Sciences, can't be thought to relish Works of this nature; and my Readers may assure themselves, I always held it for a Maxim,

Not to divert Posterity at the Expence of my own Crimes. For, besides that the Pride which Men take in such Trifles, is very ridiculous, and unworthy a Man of Sense, the Publick, to whom they so generously present a Catalogue of their good and ill Actions, are mighty capricious and severe in judging of those of other Men, and generally condemn the *Writers of Memoirs*, as so many *Cheats*, who unjustly charge Persons of Worth and Honour with their own Enormities; or, as Wretches provok'd, by a Sense of their Misfortunes, to rail at all those, who, they pretend, have been the principal Occasion of them.

These Considerations always gave me the greatest Aversion for such an Undertaking; and I should certainly have persisted in my Resolution, never thus to expose myself, had not a Person, who is no Stranger to the chief Adventures of my Life, frankly told me one Day, That if I would not oblige the World with a Recital of 'em, he would try what he could do: But the Apprehension this gave me, That in such a case the Truth might receive some Prejudice, and that in describing my Misfortunes, their Cause might be dissembled, and the Circumstances mangled, soon chang'd my Sentiment; wherefore I determin'd to set Pen to Paper, and to endeavour, by a faithful Relation of the sad Disasters that have befallen me, to convince all the World, how much it concerns them to behave themselves discreetly and prudently in their several Stations.

I am descended, on the Father's side, of one of the noblest Families of *Naples*, as having given several Cardinals to the Church, and Two Great-Masters to the Religion of *Malta*. My Birth was a Mystery, in which Love had the only Share. My Mother was a *Grecian Beauty*, enslav'd with a *Sultaneſs*, formerly *Ibrahim's* Favourite, and Mother of the late Grand Seignior *Muſtapha*, who in her Pilgrimage to *Meca* was intercepted by the Gallies of *Malta*, on board of which my Father then commanded in the Quality of Lieutenant. As the Zeal with which the Gentlemen of the Order of *Malta* are fir'd, transports them beyond the Rules of Order and Respect, my Father was one of the first who boarded the Ship that carried the illustrious Pilgrim; and the Shrieks of the Ladies in the Captain's Cabin soon drew him thither, with some other

other Officers, who left the Deck crowded with Moors and Slaves. Nor sooner did they set Eyes on their new Captives, than Beauty overcame their Martial Fire, and fill'd their Breasts with Pity. Having therefore given the necessary Orders in the Ship, and remov'd the *Sultaneſs*, with her Women and some Eunuchs to wait on her, aboard their *Capitana*, they set sail for *Malta*, where they arriv'd with their Prize Two Days after. This is all I have been able to learn of the History which does, in some manner, give Birth to my own: For my Father, who was as gallant a Gentleman as any of his Time, having fix'd his Eye on a young *Grecian*, who had receiv'd a Wound in her Hand, the Sweetness of her Features, and the Tenderness of her Complaints, made him so careful of her during the Voyage, that it was plain he was no longer Master of his Heart.

I shall not here relate all the Particulars of an Intrigue that was nois'd all over *Naples* and *Sicily*, where the Chevalier was then extremely admir'd, his Genius and Politeness being a Standard for all the young Gentlemen of those Kingdoms. The famous *Marini*, one of the greatest Poets that ever *Italy* could boast of, address'd him in most of his amorous Verses; and there was not a Lady in the Viceroy's Court, but plotted to make the Conquest of a Person so accomplish'd, as the Chevalier my Father was.

But *Zebina*, the *Grecian* Slave, whom he had presented to his old Mistress the Countess of P, had so great a Share in his Thoughts, that he slighted all the Advances made to him upon several Occasions, by others of the fair Sex. 'Tis true, I ought not to amuse my Readers with the Account of his Tragical Life; but I cannot help touching upon my Father's Adventures, which are an Introduction to my own; and besides, it may not be amiss to give you the Particulars of an Amour, of which I am the Fruit, and which bears so strict a Relation to my Life.

Zebina was admir'd by the Countess of P, for her excellent Beauty, her refin'd Wit, and her Judgment too penetrating for her tender Years: But such were her Sentiments of our Religion, that all Attempts prov'd unsuccessful to reconcile her to the Christian Faith: She

said, She felt a Passion that strongly oppos'd it; and that it would have been much easier to convert her in *Constantinople*, than in *Naples*, where People talk'd so contrary to what they believ'd.

This Reservedness of the Slave made her censure every the least Diversion of her Mistress, who, thinking to gain her over by good Example, had order'd, That nothing should be done in the House, that might give Offence to *Zebina*. Of which when the Countess of P was speaking one Day to the Chevalier, he took upon him to desire her not to press *Zebina* as to that Article; and, upon her coming into the Room where he was, he betray'd some Disorder: *Zebina* also shew'd an Emotion that was not at all agreeable to the Countess; who could not forbear telling the Chevalier, before he went, That she had observ'd his Concern.

The Countess of Ps was one of the greatest Families of *Naples*, but had so decay'd, that the Countess, when scarce Twenty Years of Age, was oblig'd, for Interest, to marry the Count of P of Seventy; who was very rich, and an intimate Friend of the Chevalier Cs. But his Age was of so much the more dangerous Consequence, in that, before her Marriage, the Countess had a particular Respect for the Chevalier C, which she continued after it. Nor was he less enamour'd of her, than she of him; and yet the old Count had not the least Suspicion of the Affair between his Lady and his Friend.

Their Intrigue was so well manag'd, that it took not the least Air; but, till *Zebina's* Coming, the Lovers had enjoy'd the utmost of their Wishes, without either the least jangling or Jealousy to disturb their Felicity. But there is nothing more true, than that none is always happy. The Countess, who lov'd the Chevalier very passionately, was aware of his Inconstancy, when he little thought of her Jealousy; and would often make the Slave come into her Apartment with the Chevalier, on purpose to observe the Emotion of the one, and Confusion of the other; using now and then, out of Spite, the dangerous Proof of leaving 'em alone, to listen to what they said, and be an Eye-witness of their Disorder: But at length, having resolv'd to put the Matter beyond all Doubt

she took the following Method to satisfy herself of the Inconstancy of her Gallant.

One Day, when the Viceroy made an Entertainment for the Ladies, the Countess feign'd herself sick, and being put to-bed, order'd her Women to leave her alone, and say, She was gone to Court. *Zebina* and the Chevalier, who knew nothing of the Countess's Feint, but thought she was far enough off, resolv'd, for their part, not to lose so fair an Opportunity of a few Minutes Enjoyment of each other. I am not writing a Romance, and so shall not pretend to repeat to you the passionate Expressions of Two the most amorous Lovers that ever deserv'd the Name. All that I could learn of the Person who brought me up, is, That I was the End of this Interview; and that from this Time *Zebina* never had an Opportunity of being alone with the Chevalier. The Countess, who had been, as it were, a Witness of their Union, would not upbraid her Gallant with his Inconstancy, because she knew his fiery Temper was ripe for any Enterprize; but pretended such an Affection for her Slave, that she could not part with her out of her Sight. *Zebina* knew all her Affairs, except those of her Heart; and the Chevalier visited the Countess as often as before, without ever being able to get a Moment of *Zebina's* Company alone.

The Countess resolving to be even with the Lovers, and finding her Jealousy increase as fast as the Chevalier's Passion for her cool'd, study'd means to ruin them both, without the Expence of her Honour, which was the only Thing she valued. The *Italians* are cautious and dangerous in their Designs of Revenge, carrying their Resentment beyond Death itself, as you may see by what befel the Chevalier.

The Countess was seiz'd with a kind of Melancholy, which so alter'd her, that one could scarce know her again. Her Spouse, who perfectly doated on her, endeavour'd all he could to divert her, and recover her from her drooping Condition; but all in vain. Neither the Buffoonry of *Merry-Andrews*, (which is in great Vogue in *Italy*) nor the most exquisite Remedies of the best Physicians, prevail'd. She became a Stranger to Enjoyment, and pin'd away in such a manner, that her Decay was vi-

fible. All the Servants in the House lamented her, and there's not a Saint in Paradise, but was pray'd to for the Life and Health of so lovely a Person. But all in vain: The Time of her Departure was come; her Strength was consum'd, and she now perceiv'd, when it was too late, that she had abandon'd herself too much to her Passion, or been too resolute in concealing it. But before she expir'd, the Count, who, as I said before, lov'd her even to Madness, came and made her the most tender and obliging Protestations of his Concern. He gave her Liberty to do whatever she would, to save her Life, and swore he would die a hundred Deaths, if he could but thereby prolong her Days. The Countess gave the Hearing to all these Exaggerations, but was more concern'd for the Cause of her Misfortunes, than for her Husband's Grief. She desir'd nothing but to parley a few Moments with the Chevalier, before she died: Wherefore, pretending she wanted Rest, she desir'd to be left alone with *Zebina*, whom she order'd to acquaint the Chevalier with her Condition.

The Chevalier, not having yet lost all Sense of his former Love for the Countess, to whom he had been so much oblig'd, was extremely concern'd to hear of her Illness, and made all the Haste he could to her Apartment; where he was no sooner arriv'd, but the miserable Condition to which the Countess was reduc'd, made him say a thousand pretty Things to her, even tho' *Zebina*, who was then past making Reflections, was present. The Countess listen'd to him a long while, without making him any Answer; but at last, fixing her Eyes wistfully upon him, — Cease, Chevalier, said she, in a languishing Tone; I am dying; and you are the Cause of my Death! At that very Moment they came to tell my Lady, That the Count was bringing one of her Relations, and the Cardinal Archbishop of *Naples*, to see her: Whereupon she desir'd *Zebina* to go and meet the Company, while she secur'd her Honour, by contriving the Chevalier's Escape. No sooner therefore was *Zebina* gone out of the Room, but the Countess begg'd of the Chevalier, not to take it amiss, but to get into a great Chest that stood by her Bed-side, and there lie still. The Chevalier readily obey'd; and the very Moment that the Company left the Room, the Countess bid *Zebina* lock the Chest, and give her the Key.

Key. *Zobina* being absent when the Chevalier hid himself, presently suppos'd, finding he did not appear, that the Countess had convey'd him out of the Window, by the Help of a Rope-ladder, which she kept, for such Occasions, in her Closet; and she was confirm'd in this Opinion by the Countess's recommending to her, with an Air of Confidence, to take care of the Chevalier's Life; assuring her, that she should die contentedly, if she would but promise to administer all the Comfort she could to the Chevalier, who, I believe, *said she*, will hardly survive my Death. The poor Slave was drown'd in Tears at such Expressions, and made her no other Answer than by a Silence, which any but a Rival would have taken for a Mark of the deepest Sorrow. But the Countess knew too well what had pass'd between the Two Lovers; and that which would have afforded her Comfort at another time, help'd now to weaken her; so that her Distemper increas'd more and more upon her, and she fell into a Swoon. Hereupon her Women screaming out, alarm'd the whole Family, who ran to her Apartment, to know what was the Matter. Thither also the old Count hurry'd, in the greatest Disorder imaginable, and did and said enough to excite Compassion in those that were about him, all the while embracing his Lady, whom he believed to be dead. But at last, coming to herself again, she desir'd her Spouse to order those that were there, to leave the Room; which done, she thus bespoke him:

The Hour is now come that we must part, my Lord; and he that made me happy in joining me with you, is pleas'd to take me hence, and send me to wait for you in the other World. I feel that I am not many Moments from that terrible Time; and so, recommending our Daughter to your Care, I desire you to think now and then of a Spouse that thought it her sole Happiness to love and please you. I have but one Favour to ask of you; and hope you will by granting it let me go to my Grave contentedly.

The poor Count, as soon as his Tears would permit him, assur'd her, That she might demand what she would; That her Will should be sacred to him; and, That whatsoever she desir'd, should be punctually perform'd.—

'Tis enough, *said she*, and I am content to die: Your

generous Protestation softens, in some measure, the Parting with so dear a Husband! Then,—I have put, *said she, with a very low Voice*, into the great Chest that stands here by the Bed-side, a few Trifles which I don't care should be seen; wherefore I intreat you, my Lord, that as soon as I am dead, you'd please to order my Coffin to be nail'd upon that Chest, without opening it, and so bury both together in the same Grave. I should lay no Stress, my Lord, *added she*, on the Promises of any other Spouse than you, but depart in Pain for the Curiosity so natural to all Mankind: But I know your Punctuality too well, and have experienc'd the Goodness and Uprightness of your Heart, above these Ten Years. Immediately after, the unfortunate Countess fell into an Agony, and expir'd about Two o'Clock in the Morning, in *Zebina's* Arms. I shall but just touch upon the Grief which seiz'd the whole Family upon the Loss of a Person so well belov'd; and which was as great as it was general. The Funeral Pomp was a Sight which surpriz'd all that saw it; and People might judge of the Count's Love, by the prodigious Charge he was at, to honour the Memory of his deceas'd Lady. The Funeral, at which all the Persons of Distinction that were in Town, and a numerous Train of Clergy, both Regular and Secular, assisted, proceeded to the Great Brothers, or Cordeliers with large Sleeves, which is the Ps Burying-place; and the Corps was deposited in the Church about Ten o'Clock at Night, but not laid in the Vault, by reason every body retir'd to assist at the Service upon that solemn Occasion; it being the *Italian* Custom, never to bury their Dead before the next Morning after the Celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

Zebina being by this time recover'd of her Concern for the Countess's Death, thought of nothing but the Chevalier, who did not make his Appearance. Her great Belly made her desperate; and she resolv'd to get out of the Count's House, for fear of being disgrac'd, if her Crime should be discover'd. She employ'd several Persons to get News of her Gallant; but in vain: The Chevalier C was not to be heard of; and this put her into a dreadful Consternation: But, as Lovers Wits are generally in better Tune than indifferent Persons, *Zebina* began to reflect upon the Steps her Lady had taken, the Grounds

of

of her Melancholy, and especially the last Actions of her Life, and at last concluded she had lost her Gallant.

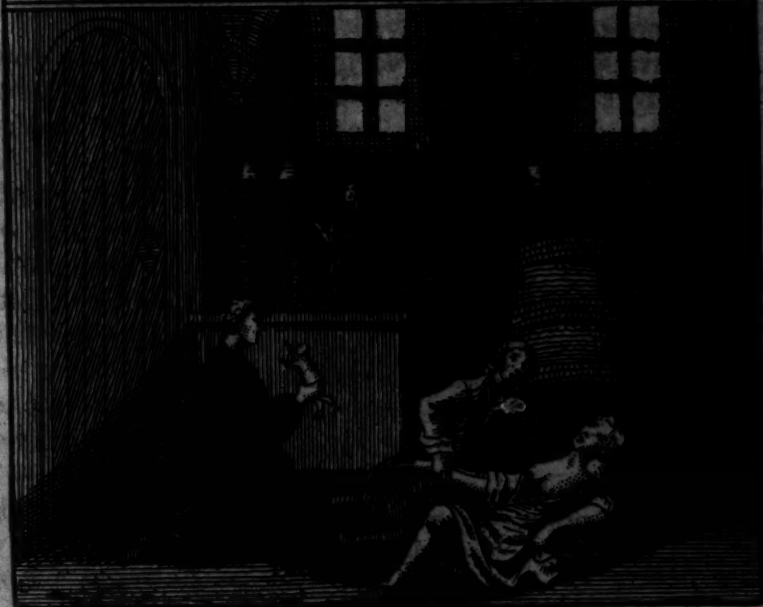
She was confirm'd in this Opinion, when she observ'd, that the great Chest, of which her Lady had call'd for the Key, was gone; and fancy'd, that either out of Revenge, or Excess of Love, the Countess had caus'd the Chevalier to be bury'd with her. She made no more ado, therefore; but tho' it was very late, stole out of the House, cross'd the Town, and, arriving at the Convent where the Corps had been carried that Evening, call'd to the Porter, and told him, that she must speak with the Sexton about some Business of great Importance, which would admit of no Loss of Time. As soon as the Sexton appear'd, *Zebina* peeping upon him from under her Mantle, which perfectly hid her, and which is a great Fashion among the Women of *Naples*,—Father, *said she*, I am come to trust you with the greatest Secret in the World; but you must be discreet and handy: Shew me the way to your Church, and see that we be there alone: The Affair which I am going to communicate to you, requires no Witness; Time's precious, and every Moment we lose, shortens the Days of the most accomplish'd and amiable Gentleman in the World. The Sexton, amaz'd at this kind of Language, knew not what to think on't; but being prevail'd upon by *Zebina's* Importunity, he convey'd her into the Convent, unseen by any body; and having conducted her into the Church, was surpriz'd to see her run to the Countess of P . . . 's Coffin, and call the Chevalier C . . . But if you had seen the Fright he was in, when he heard one answer from the Bottom of that Coffin, with a faint Voice, which was but just audible! The poor Friar took it to be the Countess's Soul, complaining of the Disturbance they had given its Ashes. For God's sake, let's go, *said he, trembling*, for fear a Judgment overtake our Rashness: Let us leave the Dead to themselves, poor Souls, and get away as fast as we can. Ah! Father, *cry'd the unfortunate Zebina*, I'd rather undergo a thousand Deaths, than abandon my Enterprize: The Chevalier C . . . is shut up in this Chest: His dying Voice makes me tremble for his Life: Help me therefore, dear Father, and let us use all possible Expedition to get him out. You shall be well rewarded for your Trouble, and

nobody shall ever know what passes between you and me. The Sexton, mov'd by the Tears of so lovely a Person, and the Hopes of Recompence together, ran to fetch the Tools necessary for opening the Chest; which when he had effected, *Zebina* found her Lover in so dangerous a Condition, that she could not sustain herself, but fainted away. However, as Strength and Vigilance were extremely necessary for her in that Place; her Fit was but short; and going to help the Chevalier, whom they had taken out of the Chest, and laid out upon the Floor, to give him Breath, she found the Air had overcome him, and that he was quite dead. They try'd all the ways they could to fetch him; but all in vain, and *Zebina* was loaded with Despair; so that the best she and the Sexton could do, was to put the Chevalier's Corps into the Chest again, and pray for the Repose of his Soul.

Zebina was seiz'd with so great and sensible a Sorrow, that she begg'd of the Sexton not to forsake her. Ah! dear Father, *said she*, Carry me into some By-part of your House; for Day approaches, and if I should be seen to go out of this Place, it might bring you into Trouble: It will be much easier for you to get me away in the Evening, than now. Besides, I want to give you some Information concerning me: I have so much Confidence in you, that I promise myself great Help and Comfort from your good Advice; and you may, one Day, have Occasion to rejoice, that you did not deny me this Favour.

How powerful are the Sighs and Tears of a lovely Woman! and what Heart of Flint can refuse to assist one that describes her Affliction with a thousand Charms and Graces! The good Father granted all she desir'd; and notwithstanding the extreme Hazard to which he expos'd himself, if it should have been known that he had brought a Girl into the Monastery, his Compassion had already melted him into Tenderness, and he resolv'd to cancel, for once, the Ties of his Duty, and to do all he could to relieve *Zebina*. For this purpose, he conducted her into a By-place, in which nothing but old Ornaments of the Altars, and the Wood and Wine for the Vestry, were kept. *Zebina* was no sooner sat down, but she gave the Reins to her Passion; and feeling herself press'd by the Pains of Child-Birth, as soon as her Sighs and Tears would permit her,—Dear Father,

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page 11. V. I.



Father, said she, with a Voice faulting with Trouble and Confusion, I am dying, and feel very perfectly, that I can no longer survive the Loss I have sustain'd. The Chevalier C. . . is dead! To what purpose should I live? The poor Infant that is now struggling to leave my Womb, will one Day learn of you, that he stole the Life of the finest Man in the World; and that his Mother, tho' of a Religion contrary to the Christians, had nothing else of Base, but her Misfortunes and her Slavery. If he lives, let him know too, I conjure you, the Pains I have endur'd for him; lest he should live, and not know how much he has cost me.

The Disorder and Confusion this put the poor Sexton in, is inexpressible! He found himself obliged to do the Office of a Midwife, and alone, without Help or Experience, between a Woman in Agonies, and a little Infant that would certainly cry out, as soon as it was born.

Under these Circumstances he thought he should have died himself with Confusion. But Men have generally quicker Wits than the fair Sex, and know sooner how to get rid of a bad Bargain. The Sexton therefore, considering that it was not now Time to be fearful, and to dally with the Matter, ran to a Brother-in-law of his, who was a Surgeon in the Town, and desir'd him to come and extricate him out of the greatest Danger he ever knew in his Life. They made all possible Haste back to *Zebina*; but before they came, she had lost so much Blood, that she was speechless; and the little Infant, which lay sprawling upon his unfortunate Mother's Mantle, was so hoarse, that they could scarce hear him cry. The Sexton and his Brother us'd all possible Endeavours to revive both these unhappy Objects; and having brought the Infant to himself, by holding him to the Fire, and the Application of some Liquors, he no sooner open'd his Eyes, but he held out his little Hands towards the Sexton's Neck, who kept warming him upon his Knees, while the Surgeon was taking care of the Mother: Whereupon they nam'd him *Colli*, which signifies *Tender* and *Careless*. And here begins my History.

The former Part of my Life.

I Am the unfortunate *Colli*, whose Conception cost my Father his Life, and who, in coming into the World, tore my unhappy Mother in pieces; as if Heaven had dated my Misfortunes from the very Source of my Being. I beg the Readers Pardon for the Faults they may find in this Book; for besides that I am full of Grief and Trouble at the Writing of it, I publish it in *French*, which I don't pretend to understand so well as *Italian*; and so have been oblig'd to make use of a Translator. They will not find all Places alike diverting; because 'tis impossible for a Translation to come up with the Original for Life and Spirit; especially, where the two Languages are so different in their manner of relating Matters of Fact. But this I do assure you, That throughout this whole History, I have stuck close to the Truth, without shamming it in any Place; neither regarding the Censures of the World, nor fearing the Powers Ecclesiastical or Secular, that have been concern'd in my Adventures. All that I propose to myself, by writing in this manner, is, *First*, To teach Men, by my Example, never to depend on the Promises of great Personages; and, *Secondly*, To satisfy, in some measure, a little Itch of Revenge, upon some certain Persons, of whom one dare not speak the Truth, but in such a Place as this, where Men are really free; for, in all the other Countries that I have been in, I found that the People were Slaves either to Flattery, or to their Religion. The Readers will pardon me for this Digression, which I thought myself oblig'd to make, as judging it necessary to give them a right Notion of my Mind, and a true Light into my Affairs.

The Surgeon, who so charitably assisted me at my Birth, having wrapp'd me up in some Clouts, which his Brother gave him, endeavour'd to fetch my Mother to Life; but with so little Success, that, after all the Applications which his Art suggested to him upon such Occasions, he told the Sexton, they must e'en bury the dead Body; for, that if they should discover such an Accident, it might bring 'em both into Danger. Having, therefore, set their Heads together, they resolv'd to make
a Grave

a Grave in the same Place, where there was a Heap of Vine-Twigs. Accordingly, having bury'd the unhappy *Zebina*, they fill'd up the Grave again with the Vine-Twigs, clean'd the Place, and took such Precautions, that nobody ever knew any thing of the matter.

At Nine o' Clock, when the Proceſſion for the Counteſs arriv'd at the Church, and every body was intent upon the Sight, the Surgeon took me under his Cloak, and carry'd me home, without the leaſt Notice taken of him in the Streets. His Wife gave me but a cold Reception at firſt, being jealous, as ſhe afterwards confeſs'd, that I was a By-blow of her Husband's; and ſhe would by no means be reconcil'd to me, till the Surgeon aſſur'd her, I was a Child of Quality; that his Brother the Cordelier (who was the Sexton) help'd him to me, from a certain Prince in Town; that it was a Secret of Conſcience for his Brother, and a Secret of Diſcretion for them; and, That his Brother deſir'd her to take a particular care of me, to nurſe me herſelf, and to love me as her own Child. The Wife eaſily believ'd all that the Husband had ſaid; and, having a Daughter of her own but three Months old, ſhe found me ſo quiet, and void of the Frowardneſs ſo natural to Infants of my Age, that her own little Girl was, in a manner, neglected, for the Love of me. The ſame Clouts ſerv'd us both; we were kept alike clean; and ſhe made no Difference between us, but in her Tenderneſs, of which ſhe beſtow'd much the greater Share on me. The Father Cordelier never miſs'd a Day to come and ſee me, would often weep when he embraced me; and I remember, one Day, when I was about four or five Years old, obſerving him to let fall ſome Tears, as he was careſſing me, I aſk'd him, if I had hurt him? To which he answer'd, ſqueezing me harder than ordinary, That truly I had made him more afraid than hurt; but now, *ſaid he*, my Fear is paſt, and I love you extremely, you little Rogue. I did not apprehend any thing of that myſterious Answer; but crying, told my Mother, (for ſo I call'd my Nurſe) That ſhe had made me very ugly, ſince my Uncle ſaid I frighted him.

The good Woman at that ſell a laughing; and being acquainted with the Secret of my Birth, told me, my Uncle lov'd me very well, and that I muſt love him as well.

well; that I must obey him as a Father; that I should know, one Day, how much I was oblig'd to him; and that it signify'd nothing to talk to me of things that surpass'd my Age. Though I heard all this without any Reflection, of which I was not then capable, yet I have often thought since of my dear Nurse's Words; especially, her telling me, when she saw me at play with her little Daughter, whom I took for my Sister, That she would give me her for a Wife; and that she would, one Day, see us two marry'd. And certainly, if the dear *Rosalia* (for that was the Surgeon's Daughter's Name) had been fortunate, and her Parents had not been expos'd to the greatest Misfortunes, I had never known half the Misery I have endur'd; but had surely marry'd that Girl, whom alone I lov'd from my very Infancy.

I must not omit relating here the surprizing Effects, of a Passion, which reigns in Persons at any Age. The Experience I have had ever since I was five Years old, won't permit me to doubt, but one may love almost from the Cradle; and that it is for want of the Knowledge they have, or ought to have, of the lov'd Object, that People love no sooner. I am sure I could scarce call *Rosalia*, before I lov'd her better than I could call her. I was so complaisant to her, that in all our little Diversions, she must have the Upper-hand: I was inconsolable when her Mother chid her; and once, when she was whipp'd for throwing me down, I was so dull, that it was impossible for Signora Maria (that being my Nurse's Name) to make me eat any thing, or take a Wink of Sleep all Night. The next Day I had a Fever, which continued three or four Days with that Violence, that they began to despair of my Life. Whereupon the most eminent Physicians being consult'd, about the Means proper to be taken for my Recovery, a moderate Purge was agreed on, to put my Spirits in Motion; but I was seiz'd with such a Drowsiness, that the Designs of my Benefactors had certainly prov'd abortive, had not Signora Maria's Tenderness inspir'd her with the Thought of applying the Remedy by the Hands of little *Rosalia*, to whom they gave it, and instructed her what to say, to induce me to take it. In a word, her Voice rous'd me from my Lethargy; and without a Moment's Resistance, I obey'd her, and swallow'd

low'd the Pill, that none but she could persuade me to take.

This Affair seem'd to surprize all that were then present, who knew not what to think of such an extraordinary Adventure. However, *Rosalia* never leaving me, I got well again in a very little time. She had abundance of Wit, and said so many pretty Things so prettily, that I was never well but when I was in her Company. One Day, being together in the Country, whither they had sent me for the Air, after my Recovery, as we were walking in a Grove, in which we us'd to play, *Rosalia* happen'd to tread upon a Snake, which presently wound himself about the poor Girl's Foot, and squeez'd it so hard, that she fainted away, and left me almost frighten'd to Death. Without considering the Danger, I fell upon the Snake, and pulling him, with all my Strength, from *Rosalia*'s Foot, had like to have been choak'd by him myself. For the Monster, perceiving himself pull'd with that Violence from his Prey, leap'd upon my Neck, and wound himself so hard about the same, that had not a Gardener, who was at Work in the Garden, and heard us cry out at the Beginning of the Fray, come seasonably to my Assistance, I had certainly been throttled. But he kill'd the Snake, and carry'd me and my Sister into the House, where my Mother, who was then alone, had like to have swoon'd, as soon as she saw what a sad Condition we were in.

Rosalia's Foot was swell'd; and my Neck was black and blue, and twice as big as it should be: My Eyes were perfectly swell'd out of my Head; and had it not been for the Application of *Treacle* and other Antidotes, with which our Country-Houses are always provided against such Occasions, which are very common in Italy, we should perhaps have been suffocated with the Poison.

This Accident made my Mother keep so watchful an Eye over me ever after, that she would never suffer me to be out of her Sight; so that I found her Affection for me very troublesome and inconvenient, and began to grow melancholy, because I could not play with *Rosalia*. It is almost incredible, that at six Years of Age, I was so much in Love with that little Girl, that it was impossible for me to mind any thing that conduc'd to my Education.

How!

However, as it seem'd very odd to my Parents, so it serv'd sometimes to divert them too: For when they found that I could not be brought to learn any thing, *Rosalia* was instructed to tell me, that she should like me the better for being a *Scholar*; because I should then know how to write *Love-Letters* to her. Thus, though I could not be brought to read and write by any other Argument, than that of pleasing my little Mistress, I was afterwards so eager, that I desir'd my Master to teach me faster, that I might not lose my Love.

And indeed nothing was wanting to give me a good Education. Signor *Carlocio* was very rich, and having but that Daughter, design'd to make me Heir of all he had, by marrying her. He found I had excellent natural Parts, and an admirable Aptness for the Sciences, and had therefore pitch'd upon a young *Roman* Abbot to be my Tutor; who was well vers'd in good Literature, but a mere Novice in the Rules of Good-breeding. This Gentleman's ill Temper soon made me hate him to such a degree, that I could not forbear, one Day, to tell him my Mind; for which as he was about to correct me, I told him he ought to give me another kind of Lesson than that of Anger and Revenge; and that my Friends had given me a Pattern which I would not follow. He, supposing I had been taught to say thus, us'd me ever after with abundance of Tendernefs; and perceiving me to be mild and good-natur'd, resolv'd to try what gentle Methods would do with me; in which, no doubt, he had succeeded to his Reputation, if an Affair had not happen'd that depriv'd him of his Liberty.

I can't forbear acquainting you, in this Place, with my Sentiments of the *Pedants* to whom Parents generally commit the Education of their Sons. They are, for the most part, Persons of no Merit; who pretending to an extraordinary Knack at the Liberal Sciences, and having scraped together a competent Number of *Phrases*, and ridiculous *Quodlibets*, look upon themselves as the fittest Persons in the World, to form the Minds and Behaviour of young Persons; whereas, far from sowing in their Hearts the Seeds of Virtue, and quelling the Passions of Youth, 'tis often found, that they are the first that prepare indifferent Minds for all manner of Wickedness, and

son.

consequently lead 'em into the worst Misfortunes. The Avarice or Indulgence of Parents is altogether accountable for the Defects we see in the Education of Youth; and this is a Corruption of several Ages standing. *Juvenal*, who liv'd in *Old Rome*, made frequent Complaints, *That Ten Sesterces were given to Crispin the Cook, and but Five to Quintilian.*

The Abbot *Betubino*, my Master, was much fitter for a Man of Arms than a Man of Letters; so obstinate and conceited, that he would yield to no Man; bold even to Rashness; and so silly in his Enterprizes, that he was deservedly condemn'd to the Gallies, for entering into a Conspiracy against the Viceroy; of which the best Account I have been able to learn is as follows.

The Duke *de* having run out his Estate during his Embassy at *Rome*, came to *Naples*, with a full Design to lick himself whole there; and for that purpose, doubled the Taxes of the Kingdom, immediately after his Arrival. Though that unhappy People have been us'd, for some Ages, to a very heavy Yoke; yet the cruel Extortion and Injustice that was every-where committed, made 'em begin to complain, and to form Cabals in the *Cabarets*, where they gave themselves the Liberty to exclaim publicly against the Government then in Being. These Cabals continued for some Months undiscover'd; till at last, a Fellow that was of the very Riff-raff of the People, (as *Masanello* formerly) had the Impudence to set himself at the Head of the Party, and then form'd the extravagant Design of making himself King of *Naples*. The People, who are naturally fond of Novelty, and have not half the Sense of *Esop's* Ass, were forward enough to assist the Rebels: And it was thought, that *France* had a hand in that bold Enterprize, as she formerly had in the Time of the *Guises*. In a word, the City was in the greatest Disorder for three or four Months, and its Inhabitants divided into several Factions: But the Ring-leader being taken, with some of his Accomplices, the infamous Death they were put to, quieted the Malecontents for some Time; who nevertheless, design'd to take the first Opportunity to shake off the *Spanish* Yoke.

As soon as the Insurrection was quell'd, the Viceroy return'd into the City: And this was a little before *Easter*.
Now,

Now, you must know, 'tis the Custom of the *Neapolitans*, to make a Procession every *Holy-Thursday*, at which the principal Noblemen are wont to bear the several *Mysteries* of the *Passion*; and every Nobleman who has one of those *Mysteries*, is accompany'd by as many People as he can possibly get together. Each of these, again, is oblig'd to furnish a black penitential Sack, and a Taper made of black Wax; and to each *Mystery* there are twelve *Disciplines*, or Scourges, with which they cut and lash their own Shoulders. Their Habits are white, but soon cover'd with the Blood which follows their Scourges. A Musick made up of several doleful Instruments accompanies this Procession; which is sometimes compos'd of three or four thousand Men, including the Soldiers of the Garrison, who are employ'd to carry Flambeaux. The Rendezvous is at the *Cordeliers*, from whence they proceed to the *Cathedral*, in the greatest Order and Magnificence. The whole City is illuminated, that Evening, with Wax-Candles; and the Ladies, who can't be seen at a Window, another time, without Censure, then appear there publicly in the richest Dresses; though 'tis a common Notion, that they expect, that Day, to receive publick Demonstrations of the Love of their Gallants; and that those *Disciplinarians*, being distinguish'd by colour'd Ribbons, ty'd to their *Disciplines*, use to halt under the Balcony where they see any of their Mistresses, and give themselves a hundred Lashes, as a Mark of the Violence of their Passion. This cruel Solemnity, which was introduc'd into *Naples* by the *Spaniards*, was always very pleasing to the People, who are great Admirers of a Shew of *Discipline* among them; but it was not at all agreeable to the Gentry till of late; when not only they are corrupted, but the Nobility too assist at, and take a Pride in, that odd Ceremony.

The Viceroy, who, like a true *Spaniard*, had a mind to give the People Marks of his profound *Catholicism*, was pleas'd to carry the *Crucifix* himself, which was the last of the Holy *Mysteries* of the *Passion*. His Retinue was very numerous, and rather too gaudy for a Season set apart for Repentance and Mortification:—And the three Castles were almost exhausted of their Soldiers, who were gone to carry Flambeaux. This therefore was the Opportunity

tunity pitch'd upon by the Remainder of the Rebels, to put all the Officers and disarm'd Soldiers to the Sword, to seize the Castles, and by that means possess themselves of the City. And this Affair was upon the point of being executed with wonderful Success; when a certain Cordelier made a kind of miraculous Discovery, as you shall hear.

'Tis the Custom of the *Italians* to beg *Consecrated Eggs*, about *Easter*, of Persons of their Acquaintance. Now, the Monks being willing to come in for a Snack, as well as other Men, on *Holy-Thursday* Morning, a Lay-Brother went into the House of an intimate Friend of his, (which he us'd to frequent, and was always very welcome) and, as usual, ask'd the Woman of the House for the *Consecrated Eggs*; which she gave him. Going out, he met the Husband, who ask'd him, whether he had receiv'd the *Easter Eggs*? And he answer'd, yes. Then said his Friend, with a surly Tone, *La Patrona a dato à vostra Paternità l'Uovo; vi darò Braiole, nanzi finisca la Notte*: My Wife has given you Eggs; and I'll take care to supply you with a *Grillade*, before to-morrow Morning. The Friar took no great Notice of these Words, but went back directly to his Convent, and having found out the Superior, gave him an Account where he had been, and without any Design, repeated the Answer which his Friend had made him. The Superior being a Person of a much better Wit and Judgment than his Lay-Brother, could not pass the Expression without making some Reflection thereon; and while he was walking about the Cloister, considering of it, a Messenger came to tell him, that the Viceroy was at Church, and desir'd to be confess'd. My Countrymen are naturally very suspicious, and perpetually upon their Guard, with respect to the *Spaniards*, whom they have experienc'd to be treacherous and tricking, often enough to make them always distrustful. The Superior presently imagin'd, that his Lay-Brother was a Bait laid for him; and so, when he approach'd the Viceroy, who waited for his confessing him, — Your Excellency, *said he, in a confus'd manner*, will pardon me if I don't hear your Confession to-day: An Affair of the last Importance, which regards your Person, and for aught I know, threatens the whole State, makes me so uneasy, that I can give no Rest

to

to my Mind. Brother such a one came to me, and told me so and so. — The Air and Tone with which the Burgher spoke it, presage some ill Design; wherefore I desire your Excellency to secure him. The Business is of the last Consequence; and Delays in such Cases often prove dangerous.

The Depositions of the Lay-Brother being heard, the Viceroy's Guards were immediately sent to seize the Burgher; who was no sooner put to the Rack, but he discover'd the Conspiracy, and nam'd a great many Persons engaged therein. My Tutor was also one of that unfortunate Number; and he had been broke upon the Wheel, as several others were, had it not been for the Instances of Signor *Carlocio*, who made Friends, (and particularly the Count of P. . . ., who had lately made him his Surgeon) and got *Betubino* only condemn'd to the Galleys, during Life. There I happen'd to see the poor Abbot, some time after, very unexpectedly. One Day I went to see a *Turk* play Tricks of Legerdemain, in which, I am persuaded, the Devil had a great Share. But what surpriz'd me more than all the rest was, that having thrown a Pistole, given him by a Spectator, who had first mark'd it, and ty'd a bit of Ribband to it, into the Sea; he commanded a little wooden Figure, or *Hocus-pocus*, to go and fetch the Pistole for Supper; with Orders not to return without the same Piece of Money: Thereupon he threw the Figure, which had a Piece of Thread ty'd to it, into the Water, and drew out the same again, with the Pistole in his Hand. But for this Trick, in which he outdid all the Jugglers of *Naples*, where there are abundance of dextrous Fellows at it, he was clapt up in the Prison of the *Inquisition*, and never seen afterwards. Going therefore, one Day, with some of my Friends, on board the Galleys, out of Curiosity, to see if the *Turk* was got out of the *Inquisition*, who should call to me but my old Master, the Abbot *Betubino*! who gave me a particular Account of the deplorable State to which he was reduc'd. Being ten or twelve Years old, I was then much more capable of Impression than when he and I were parted; and the Relation of his Misfortunes was the best Lesson he had ever taught me in his Life. I had then such a Contempt of the World, and such a Desire to leave it,

and

and retire where I might be shelter'd from the dismal Calamities Men meet with therein; that I went to a Cordelier, and told him how much I was inclin'd to a Monastick Life. Thereupon the Cordelier presented me to his Superior; but this Gentleman would not take me at my Word. He only told me, that I must pray to God for Grace first, and not think such a Vocation to be the Work of a Moment, but the Exercise of several Years. He order'd me to study hard, and to be devout, that God might enlighten me, and make me resolve what to do. This alter'd the Case quite; and so my Design of becoming a Monk was laid aside, with as much Ease as before it had been taken up.

Being still but a Child, my Friends resolv'd, after the Discovery of the Plot, and the Restoring of Peace in the City, not to take another Master for me into the House; but a learned Clergyman, who was my Uncle's particular Friend, came twice a-day, to instruct me in my Studies. By this means I so far master'd the *Latin* Tongue, in less than a Year's time, that at twelve Years of Age I could explain any Author, though never so intricate: In a word, my Genius was seconded by the Zeal and Pains of that pious and ingenious Priest; who exercis'd me in speaking, and to give me the Boldness so necessary for an Orator, would often make me declaim in publick. Living just by the Cordeliers Church, I generally made my Declamations therein; and thither People flock'd from all Parts of the City to see me. They invested me with the Habit of the Order, and then being mounted in a Pulpit, I there presented the Auditory with a Piece of Eloquence which I did not understand; but by the Clearness of my Expression, and the Excellency of my Voice, I came off so well, that all the principal Noblemen in the City sent their Coaches to bring me home to their Palaces, to declaim before the Ladies.

It happen'd, that as I was thus exercising my Talent, one *Trinity-Sunday*, my Oration occasion'd the Discovery of the whole Intrigue between the Chevalier C and the Countess of P After having prov'd the *Being of a God*, I was instructing my Auditory how to *fear and worship* him. The good Priest, who had compos'd that Piece, had given it such an excellent Turn, and drawn such

such Inferences of sound Morals, upon that Subject, that my Speech very much affected the Hearts of my Hearers; who said, It was miraculous, that one of my Years should be capable of making such Impressions upon their Minds. The Princess C . . . , the Chevalier C . . . 's Mother, was present in that Assembly; and as she mightily lov'd her Son, of whom she had not now heard a Word for thirteen or fourteen Years, she kept a perfect Idea of him in her Mind. Having therefore look'd upon me some time, with extraordinary Attention, she found that I exactly resembled him, both in my Air, and the Features of my Face, in-somuch that she was very much startled; and as soon as I had finish'd my Declamation, came to me, and ask'd me my Name? Who was my Father? and whether I was a *Neapolitan*? or what other Part of *Italy* I was born in? To all which, and many more Questions, I answer'd her to the best of my Knowledge. My Age, which was the exact Time of the Chevalier's being lost, together with my perfect Resemblance of him, increas'd her Curiosity and Suspicion. She told the old Count of P . . . , that she should be glad to know my Parents, and ask'd him whether he knew them? The Count being very willing to oblige her, desir'd this Lady to stay in her Place, while he sent for the *Surgeon*, to inquire about my Family. Signor *Carlocio* being then at his Country-house at *Pozzuolo*, his Wife, Signora *Maria*, was order'd to come herself. As soon as she had enter'd the Count's Apartment she was ask'd, with an imperious Tone, Who were *Colli's* Parents, and how long she had nurs'd him? The poor Woman made them several equivocating Answers; but unhappily contradicted herself, sometimes saying she was my Mother, sometimes that I was a little Adventurer, with whom she had been entrusted. This rais'd the Princess's Suspicion to such a degree, that she pray'd the Count to seize Signora *Maria* and her Husband, to the end she might hear what became of the Chevalier C . . . , her Son.

Accordingly, Signor *Carlocio* was no sooner return'd from his Country-house, but he found the *Sbirri* upon his back. The *Sbirri* are the Grand Provost's Guards. He was carry'd to one of the City-Prisons, and had scarce been ask'd a Question, before they accus'd him of having murder'd

murder'd the Chevalier C , and assisted in Zebina's Escape from her Slavery with the Countess of P : This Thunder-clap came so unexpectedly, that it quite stunn'd him; and not being provided with a positive Answer, but standing like one amaz'd, and in the greatest Confusion, they told him he must either confess the Truth, or expect to be tortur'd in the most exquisite manner. Thereupon he demanded Time to consider of the Answer he should make; and after they had given him two Hours, to recover from his Fright, he desir'd to be alone with the Parties concern'd, to whom he declar'd the whole Mystery.

Madam, said he, addressing himself to the Princess C : In vain do you inquire after your Son; he is dead, and bury'd in the same Vault with the Countess of P And you, Sir, (to the Count) who desire to hear of Zebina, I can only inform you of her Death. She was bury'd the same Day with the Countess, your Lady: A Day! fatal to so many and so great Persons! A Day! on which the Sun ought never more to dispense his Rays! in that an Action was committed thereon, which Posterity will have much ado to believe! As for me and my Wife, we are no ways chargeable with Crimes of so deep a Dye; but Danger and Charity drew us into these Misfortunes. The little Colli, whom you saw in your Palace, and who is so much admir'd by the whole City, is the unhappy Subject of the Crime you lay to my Charge. Colli, the charming Colli, who seems to be made for no other End than to be caress'd, and to gain the Admiration of all that hear him! That Colli, I say, is the Son of the Chevalier C and Zebina. And this is all I know of the Matter. My Wife can tell you no more; but Father Angelo di Napoli, the Cordelier, can give you a better Account.

Father Angelo, the Cordelier, whom I call'd Uncle, was gone to assist at a Provincial Chapter of the Friars of his Order, which was assembled in the Province of Basilica; and there he receiv'd the first Advice, by one of his Friends, of what had happen'd to Signor Carlocio and his Wife. The good Father, not knowing what Course to take, nor how to behave himself in an Affair of that Niceness, wherein the Lives and Honours of so many great Persons were concern'd, went to ask Advice of one of

of his Friends, who having an Interest with the Viceroy, gave him recommendatory Letters to his Excellency, with which he was coming towards *Naples*, fully assur'd of the Viceroy's Protection; but falling into the Hands of the *Banditti* by the way, they robb'd and murder'd him and his Fellow-Traveller, and bury'd them under a Tree. Mean while the Provincial had sent Word to Father *Angelo*, that he must come to him at *Naples*, as soon as possibly he could, about Affairs of great Consequence: Wherefore, when no Father *Angelo* appear'd, it was concluded, that to avoid Punishment, he was fled from Justice; and Hue and Cries were sent after him on all sides; but to no purpose: That Charge and Trouble was thrown away. And thus Signor *Carlocio* and his Wife found themselves depriv'd of the only Man that could clear them, and restore the Tranquillity they had lost for the two Months that they had been detain'd in Prison. Notwithstanding all the Precaution that was us'd to keep this Affair secret, it was soon nois'd all over the Town, and told almost as many different ways as there were Tongues to tell it. Mean while certain Persons were appointed to go to the Cordeliers Church; and there opening the Vault, in which the Countess of P.....'s Corps had been deposited, examined the Inside of the great Chest. This being done, they found in that Chest the mournful Relicks of the Chevalier C.....; which were known by his Cross, and a Ring on which his Name and *Zebina's* were engrav'd in a Cypher. Hereupon Men knew not how to form a right Judgment; but it was generally suppos'd, that the Count had murder'd the Chevalier out of Jealousy, because in his Life-time he us'd to visit the Countess, his Lady: And so the Viceroy being no Friend to the Count of P....., by reason several of his Relations had join'd the Rebels, and pursuing the Maxims of the *Spaniards*, who hate any thing that would lessen the Grandeur of their Monarchy, order'd the Count to be committed to Castle *St. Elmo*, there to remain till his Innocency should appear. These Orders were readily executed; and it was hardly ever known, that innocent Persons were in so great Danger of their Lives as they were.

While other People suffer'd in this manner upon my Account, the Princess C..... had conceiv'd so great a
Tender-

Tenderneſs for me, that ſhe ſent me to *Rome*, in order to my being brought up there like a Child of Diſtinction; for which end, ſhe put me into the *Romiſh Seminary*. That Place is one of the fineſt Nurseries for Youth in *Europe*; and moſt of the Princes of *Germany*, and almoſt all the Cardinals and eminent Prelates of the Church of *Rome* are indebted for their Education, to that famous College. The *Jefuits* have the ſole Direction thereof; and there is not a Seminary in the World, wherein ſo many Students are maintain'd, and obſerve ſuch an excellent Order, both in regard to their Behaviour, and for their Manner of Inſtruction. I was fourteen Years of Age, when I was admitted among them; and the Perſons I belong'd to, made Figure enough for their Recommendation to do me a great Kindneſs. The Conſtable C. . . ., who had been my Father's intimate Friend, and to whom the Princeſs had given a particular Charge of me, gave me all poſſible Demonſtrations of his Good-will, and commanded one of his Sons, who was in the ſame Seminary, to ſtrike a cloſe Friendſhip with me. The young Prince readily obey'd, and would do any thing to oblige me. As I had made a greater Progreſs in my Studies than he, he did me the Honour to conſide in me, and made me give him my Sentiments concerning his Duty. He was ſo modeſt, and had ſo great a Deſire to learn, that in all our Converſations, he ask'd me ſeveral Queſtions, which, at my Age, I could not reſolve him; and this being obſerv'd by our Tutor, he took ſo much Pains with us two, that we were envy'd by the whole College; explaining to us all the Difficulties of *Logic*, which was then our Study. It may ſeem odd in me to boaſt, that at ſo tender an Age I knew things that required a maturer Judgment; but my Readers may aſſure themſelves, that I exaggerate nothing in this Hiſtory, and that, before I was full nineteen Years old, I had gone thro' all the *Theological Theſes*. It was upon this Occaſion that I gave ſuch a Proof of my prodigious Memory, by anſwering to all the Paſſages they could ask me, relating to the Holy Scriptures; when moſt of the Auditory fancy'd, that it was impoſſible to be done without ſome ſupernatural Aſſiſtance. This Affair coming to the Pope's Ear, his Holineſs ſent for me; and having read about half a Page out of the *Fiſt Book of Kings* to me, I repeated it, Word for Word.

to the Pontiff, without the least Hesitation, just as if I had before-hand got it by Heart. Thereupon his Holiness was pleas'd, as a particular Mark of his Esteem, to order me a purple Habit, and himself presented me with a Cassock of the same Colour, which was the first I had ever worn. He exhorted me to dedicate myself to God's Service, assur'd me, the Church was a good Mother, who had Treasures and Crowns for such of her Children, as made it their Business to honour and serve her; and concluded, that he wish'd he might live to see what Use I should make of the precious Talents, which it had pleas'd God to bestow upon me, to the end he might say to me, like the Householder in the Gospel, *Euge, serve bone & fidelis!* Well done, good and faithful Servant!

You will easily imagine, that after having receiv'd so great an Honour, I could not be very humble; and the Vanity I had at that time, redoubled the Envy and Jealousy of such as were Enemies to my Glory; insomuch that they could not bear me in the College. Nevertheless I remain'd there five Years, without losing the Friendship of the Principals: And tho' young Prince *Alexander C.* and I pasquin'd 'em many a time, not sparing our Masters themselves; yet none were more belov'd than we were, who had got the Art of pleasing our Friends.

I'll tell you what a Trick I play'd 'em one Day: 'Tis the Custom of several Communities in Rome to build Oratories, that is, after the Diversions of the *Carnaval*, which is spent in Masquerading, and acting the merriest Comedies they have, they take a Portion of Holy Scripture, and set it to Music; and three Days in every Week, during *Lent*, the History of *Joshua* or *David* is sung by the finest Masters in Rome, in an Assembly of all the Students and Brethren, of what Fraternity soever. The Music being ended, and the Hall where it was, render'd quite dark, by the Windows being shut up, *Disciplines* are brought in, and the Friars fall a lashing their bare Shoulders, as if they were bewitch'd. But as soon as ever the Superior has made the Signal, away they run, every one about his Business, without staying for the Light; and Holy-Water being placed near the Door for that Purpose, they cross themselves therewith, from their Foreheads to the very Tip of their Chins. In our Country, we are great Observers of all manner of

Trifles,

Trifles, and those are the only Things we don't neglect. One Evening, when our Overseer had vexed us, I resolv'd to be reveng'd on him; and, for that purpose, having provided myself with a Sponge, while nothing was to be heard but the horrid Noise of the *Disciplines*, and the wretched Voices of those that sung *Miserere*, I placed myself near the Basen of Holy-Water, and having empty'd it by the Help of my Sponge, I pour'd in its room a Phial of Water, the Nature of which was to blacken, in an Hour's time, any Place moisten'd with it. All the Students of the Seminary, and all the Fathers of the Community, made use of this Water, and so did I as well as the rest. But just as we sat down to Supper, the Crosses began to appear plainer and plainer in all our Faces; and 'tis impossible to tell you the Consternation every one seem'd to be in. In short, the Prodigy alarm'd the whole Seminary, the Fathers themselves not excepted; and from the highest to the lowest of us, we all appear'd as in Masquerade. No Soul knew what to make of such an Adventure; and it was not till after several Prayers and Exorcisms had been said over every one of us, that they perceiv'd the Devil had no hand in the Comedy, and that the Water, which had so dawb'd our Faces, was nothing but a little Vitriol distill'd with a few Drugs, which a Chymist, that liv'd over-against the Seminary, had given me, to put a Trick upon my Companions: And rather than not be reveng'd of the Overseer, who had affronted me, I chose to exercise my Talent on the whole Community. However, notwithstanding all the Methods made use of to discover the Author of this Piece of Malice, as well by Threats as Intreaties, I was only suspected, but never accus'd thereof. And so, we were all oblig'd to stay within for three or four Days together, and not stir out of the House, upon account of our black Faces.

But this was not the only Trick I put upon my Fellow-Collegers; for I could scarce let a Day pass, without some new Touch, that either mortify'd me, or occasion'd Complaints against me; insomuch that, at last, they wrote to acquaint the Princess C, that they must e'en turn me out, if I continu'd to put the Seminary into Disorder by my Raillery; and she wrote back to the Constable C, who came and school'd me very handsomely. I protested

to him, that I knew nothing of the Holy-Water; and that as for my Verses, they concern'd none but my Companions. However, I told him, I would be more reserv'd for the future, and desir'd him to procure me therefore the Reconciliation of the Princess C. This I soon found he had done with a Witness; for about a Week after my Pension for idle Expences was increas'd.

Mean time, I took all Opportunities of improving myself; so that in a short time nothing came amiss to me: The most profound Sciences seem'd easy; and I never went over any Difficulty the second time, without conquering it. And this made my Masters the more willing to bear with my Imperfections, because they thought themselves the chief Cause of the Progress I made in my Studies; which, indeed, had only induc'd 'em to present me to the Pope. For, I am sure, if his Holiness had ask'd 'em, Whether they design'd my Glory, or their own Praise, in so doing, they would have been puzzled to have return'd the Pontiff a true Answer.

At last, after I had been at Rome six Years, and made considerable Advances in Learning, Advice was sent me from Naples, that the Princess C. was dead, and that the Count of P., who had been confin'd in Castle St. Elmo ever since, was set at Liberty, upon a kind of miraculous Proof of his Innocence. Tho' I was still but young, I had already got a numerous Acquaintance; my Studies had enabled me to make Reflections; and now it was, that I first began to presage the Misfortunes that afterwards beset me. The Princess C. had left me nothing to live on: Signor Carlocio and his Wife were both dead of Stench and Misery in the Prison, where they had been detain'd ever since they were first taken up: My dear Sister Rosalia was clapt up in a Conservatory, or Monastery, for the Daughters of Parents that had forfeited their Estates: And in this destitute Condition from abroad, the Fathers of the Society, who remember'd my unlucky Tricks, without valuing my Wit a Rush, came to me; and knowing there was nobody left to take my part, said, It was time for me to think of returning to Naples; and that it was highly necessary I should set out forthwith, to look after my Concerns there; and above all, to provide myself with a Guardian that would take care of me.

This

This was a bitter Pill indeed! Pope *Innocent X.* my good Friend, was just dead. The Constable C.... had taken his Son out of the Seminary; and tho' I danc'd Attendance at the Constable's House twenty times, I could not light on him at home. Abandon'd thus, What could I do? or, Whither could I go? In short, I should have given myself up to the blackest Despair, had not the good Providence of God, which carry'd me thro' all my Calamities, sent me a Benefactor just in the Nick of time, who afforded some Relief to my miserable Condition.

Going one Day to see for the Constable C...., and the Servant's telling me, as usual, that he was not at home, I went into the Church of the *Holy Apostles*, which joins to the Constable's Palace; and there, as soon as Prayers were over, fell asleep. I forgot to tell you, that I was come out of the Seminary, had very little Money; and the Goods of a Scholar, every one knows, will not carry him far. Besides, the *Jews*, who are our Merchants upon such dismal Occasions, are the very'st Misers upon Earth, taking the Advantage of a Man's Necessity, to despise whatsoever one offers 'em, and thereby obliging you to beg and pray 'em to pick your Pocket. Thus, I say, reduc'd to Beggary, o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow and Misery, and not knowing what to do in so forlorn and deplorable a Condition, I fell asleep. It was about Two o'Clock, and I had sat myself down in a Confession-Chair, where nobody could see me; but scarce was I got to sleep, before I dreamt a horrid frightful Dream, which made me cry out so loud, that I alarm'd the Friars who were meditating in the Choir, after *Complin*.

That Dream made too great an Impression on me, ever to be forgot as long as I live. Methought, I was just before the Church of the Conventual Fathers at *Naples*, where my Father and Mother are bury'd; and there playing with my Sister *Rosalia*, as I us'd to do, Father *Angelo*, my dear Uncle, that had done me so many Kindnesses, came to me all bloody, and his Face cover'd with Dust; and with a dismal Air and Voice, bad me follow him. At first, I was unwilling to obey him; but upon his threatening me, with a grim and terrible Look, I went with him into the Cloister, and bad *Rosalia* adieu! in a tender and languishing Tone. I had no sooner enter'd the Cloister, but the Friar

conducted me on one Side of the Vestry, and leading me into a By-apartment, order'd me to take away the Wood and Dirt that lay in one Corner of the Room. I had no sooner done so, but, methought, a Woman of majestic Size rose out of the Ground, and viewing me with a mixt Air of Pride and Tenderness, told me, with a Sigh, That I might well utter Complaints, and that she pity'd my Destiny ! I was about to speak, and ask the Lady, Why Heaven was so bent against me? when she spoke to me, in a Language so obscure and barbarous, that it was impossible for me to understand her; and beckoning to me to look towards the Door, I saw a proper Gentleman enter, with a very young Lady, who was so pale and disfigur'd, that Death itself could not be more terrible to the Sight. This Spectre fix'd her Eyes upon me, and taking me by the Hand, wrote I know not what Character, which did not appear; but which I felt for above ten Years after, till it was explain'd to me by a famous Cabalist at *Venice*, to whom I gave a Description of my Pain. But, to proceed: — After these, methought, enter'd Signor *Carlocio* and his Wife, who, having embrac'd me a long while, bid me run my Country, unless I had a mind to undergo the same Fate as my unhappy Parents had done. They told me, the Chevalier whom I saw there, was my Father, and the Princess C . . . 's Son, who had been my Benefactrix; that the Woman that had spoke to me in a very obscure Tongue, had lost her Life in bringing me into the World; and, that all these Misfortunes had been occasion'd by the Monster that came in with my Father. This made me very desirous to learn something more of my Origin; of which I had never known any thing before; and stepping up, therefore, to Signor *Carlocio*, to embrace him, I begg'd of him not to forsake me, but to take me along with him. Thereupon there was presently such a dreadful Noise in the Chamber, that I thought the whole Convent was coming down about my Ears. This waked me; but whilst I was yet between sleeping and waking, I roar'd out in such a manner, as I said before, that the Monks, who were meditating in the Choir, came running to me; and seeing me in Amaze, they thought I was possess'd with an evil Spirit, by my making so many Faces and Grimaces. They immediately fell a questioning me who I was, and what

what I did there? but I made 'em no other Answer, than by my Sighs and Tears; which were so hearty, that the Father-Superior of the Convent, who was a good Man, order'd 'em to carry me into a Chamber, and put me to Bed.

His Orders were readily obey'd; and all the while I was carrying away and undressing, I spoke not a Word. The Truth is, I was perfectly stunn'd; and my Dream, and Fasting together, had got so fast hold of my Spirits, that I look'd as innocent as a Child of a Year old, and was thought by the Friars to be so in good earnest. But no sooner had I recover'd from my Fright, and set my Mind a little at Rest again, but I melted into Tears, and desir'd one of the Monks that staid with me, to let me speak to the Superior. My Desire was readily granted, and the venerable Father being come into my Chamber, with a smiling Countenance, that had Joy and Comfort in it, Ah! Reverend Father, *said I to him*, the Liberty I have taken in sending for you hither, may seem strange to you, and I am sorry for it: But if you will please to hear me a little, I shall convince you, that I am not beside myself, and that I am worthy of some Compassion; which I beg you would shew me, Reverend Father, and assist me with your Advice, in the Name of God. I cannot doubt but Providence guided me into your Monastery, as an *Asylum* or Place of Refuge against the Miseries that threaten me. Once, alas! I was dear to a Brother of yours, one Father *Angelo*, who, they told me, was my Uncle: He lov'd me from my very Birth, and I had such an Affection for him, that I could not be a Day without seeing him. 'Tis now six or seven Years that I have not been able to hear of him; and I am even ignorant what became of my Parents. The Princess C . . . , who took me from them, and put me into the *Romish* Seminary, has depriv'd me of all the Means of informing myself of their Fate. That Princess is now dead, and 'tis time I were so too, since I am friendless, don't know any Relation I have in the World, and am thus expos'd to perish with Hunger and Necessity. This Discourse mov'd the good Father's Compassion, and he assur'd me, That he had a Sense of my Misfortunes; That Father *Angelo*, whom I had named to him, was his particular Friend; That 'twas true, nobody certainly knew what

was become of him, notwithstanding the diligent Search that had been made; but, That he would supply the Place of that Uncle to me; and, That therefore I ought to admit of Consolation. He added, That he'd take I should never want for any thing; and, That if I was willing to enter into their Order, he might stand me in so good stead, that I should have no Reason to lament my Losses at *Naples*. I begg'd of him to continue his Good-will towards me, assuring him I would do my Endeavour to deserve his Protection and Esteem, by an exact Obedience; That formerly, indeed, when I was but eight or nine Years old, I had a great Desire to take St. *Francis's* Habit, which I had the Honour to wear several times before the principal Lords of the City, when I repeated Sermons. These Particulars, which were known all over *Italy*, riveted the Superior so fast in my Interest, that for the Month that I tarry'd in his Convent, I liv'd upon the best Things the Place afforded.

If I had known from that time the Spirit of Monachism, I should have taken care not to have embrac'd it, as I afterwards did. But I was a young Scholar, just come out of a Society, where I liv'd under Constraint enough: And Necessity, which occasions so many wrong Steps to be taken, oblig'd me to take up with a Course of Life for which I was by no means cut out, and in which I met with nothing but Misfortunes; as the following Sheets will make appear.

I liv'd a Month in the Convent of the *Holy Apostles* at *Rome*, with a great deal of Pleasure, and all the Satisfaction I could possibly enjoy in that State of Life. I was dress'd very neatly, at the Charge of the Superior; my Table was very well serv'd, and I had always a Monk with me to bear me Company, when my illustrious Benefactor was out of the way. That Monk was a young *Messinese* Scholar, who us'd to maintain *Theses* in the General Chapter, under Father *Laurea*, who was since made a Cardinal by *Innocent XI.* and the *Theses* were dedicated to the King of *Spain*, according to the Custom of that Nation, who dedicate all their Works to their Sovereign. The young *Messinese* Father happen'd so to weary his Mind with Study, that he fell sick the Day before the Chapter was held; and not a Cordelier could be found to supply his Place. Fa-

ther *Laurea*, to whom his Pupil had often commended my Memory and Learning, not knowing what to do in this case, at last resolv'd to make the Proposal to me. It being contrary to my Interest to be known at *Rome*, and I being assur'd, that all the *Neapolitan* Lords, and *Roman* Princes, that were in the *Spanish* Interest, would be present at the Chapter, desir'd to be excus'd; and told the Professor *Laurea*, That the Superior would never suffer me to take the Habit of the Order, to lay it down again the next Day; and that therefore it was to no purpose to make me a Proposal that might do him a Diskindness, and expose me, besides, to the World, at a time when I had a thousand Reasons Reasons to conceal myself. My Arguments signify'd nothing; and my frequent Refusal serv'd for no other End, than to redouble his Instances, and consequently added to the Necessity I was under of accepting the Proposal: For the Superior himself came, and desir'd me so to do; assuring me, That nobody knew me; and, That he lov'd me too well, not to do all he could to forward my Advancement. I had not then the Sense and Judgment to foresee any thing that might befall me from that Masquerade, and had but two Days to prepare myself, and learn a long Discourse in *Latin*, which I was to pronounce to the Assembly.

On the Day appointed, I appear'd in the Pulpit habited like a Monk. Being then but twenty Years old, my Age surpriz'd all that were present, who were amaz'd to see me crossing myself. Their Astonishment was much greater, when they heard me answer, and repeat Syllable for Syllable, all the Arguments propos'd to me. In a word, the Success of that Action exceeded their Expectation. I spoke for three Hours together, without Hesitation; and did not once put the Professor to the Trouble of answering a Word. The Constable C, who presid'd in that Assembly, ask'd the Superior, Who I was? and, How long I had worn the Habit? He could learn nothing, but that I had been a Novice from ten Years of Age, brought from *Calabria* as a Prodigy, to become the Admiration of the whole City of *Rome*. Several Cardinals, and other Lords, who had heard me maintain *Theses* in the *Romish* Seminary, thought they knew me again, and told the Monks, they knew who I was; and that they were happy in getting so illustrious a Person into their Body. The *Theses* finish'd, I was oblig'd

to wait on the Constable, and return him Thanks for the Honour he had done the Order. He examin'd me a long time, and told me, he should be glad to see me at his Palace. I humbly thank'd him for the Honour he did me in particular, and assur'd him, I would wait upon him the next Day, to receive his Orders.

This Promise which I had made to the Constable, very much puzzled me; for I knew well enough, that if once he closeted me, I should be discover'd. Nay, I fancy'd, that he knew me already; and therefore, to be even with him for the Trouble he gave me, by denying himself, when I first came out of the Seminary, I desir'd the Superior, by some means or other, to bring me off of making that Visit. The good Father granted my Request, and sent me away the next Day for *Naples*, with Letters directed to one of his Friends, recommending me to him, as his own Brother. He sent some Monks with me to see me as far as *Neptuno*, where I embark'd; and after a Day and a half's Sail, arriv'd at *Naples*, and went directly to the Marquis *Lambini's* Palace, which was the Friend to whom my Letters were directed; but the Marquis was not at home.

The Constable C . . . , not seeing me the next Day, as I had promis'd him he should, was highly affronted at my Proceedings. He went and reproach'd the Superior, and assur'd him, that he should find an Opportunity to be reveng'd both on him and me. The Superior alledg'd but sorry Reasons in his Defence; and *Laurea's* Enemies thence took Occasion to accuse him of conversing with a familiar Spirit, to have the Honour of so illustrious a Disciple; for the *Italians* are great Believers of Spirits. On the other hand, his Friends told the others, by way of Raillery, That it was his good Angel who took upon him the Form of a young Frier, to supply the Place of Father *Carlo di Messina*, and keep up the Reputation of Father *Laurea*. While these Scenes were acting in the Convent, *Alexander VII.* who was then Pope, was inform'd of the Story different ways. Some told it to him as it was: Others aggravated it with malicious Circumstances: And one Man impudently affirm'd to his Holiness, that while I was maintaining the *Theses*, he saw a little Spirit in my Cowl. Thereupon the Pope sent for the Superior of the *Holy Apostles*, who went to the Palace with Father *Laurea*; and after having examin'd

'em touching the little Devil, he remain'd of Opinion, that it was true, and requir'd 'em to produce me; and for that end, to send for me back from *Naples*. This Affair, however, was soon put out of his Mind, by another of far greater Importance to him; which was, the bringing of his Family into *Rome*, tho' he had before sworn never to do it. And as that History is very particular, and the Pontiff's Subtilty therein no less remarkable, it may be worth your while to hear it.

Alexander VII. was born at *Sienna*, of the Family of the *Chigi*, which afterwards became famous, as well for their Authority in *Rome*, as for their Wealth. He was made a Cardinal by *Urban VIII.* and his Modesty, and great Skill in Affairs, contributed very much to the raising him to the Papal Chair. The Conclave fix'd their Eyes upon him, in Hopes of a Reformation; the Reign of *Innocent X.* having given Occasion of Complaint to most of the Princes of *Europe*. *Donna Olympia*, his Aunt, who had a great Influence over him, had made him commit a thousand Faults. The sordid Avarice of that Princess had render'd all the Offices contemptible in the Sight of good Men; in that they were no otherwise to be obtain'd, but by *Simony*. Her insatiable Desire of Riches put her upon all Enterprizes, and she succeeded in 'em all. But the Pope they now propos'd to create, had nobody to advance, since, he said, he scarce knew his own Name. Being elected, as a Mark of his Sincerity, he took an Oath, never to receive any of his Relations in *Rome*, if any such he had: But nevertheless, the most eminent of those that bore his Name in *Sienna*, soon came to visit him, and to assure him of their most humble Obedience. However, he stuck to the Oath he had made, would receive nobody, nor acknowledge any of those Gentlemen; 'till a certain poor Friar, who liv'd obscurely upon a small Estate in the Country, found means to let him know, that he was still alive, and that he had formerly assisted his Holiness in his Necessity. The Pope would fain not have remember'd it; but Nature was more prevalent with him than his Duty, and he sent the Friar word, That he should be glad to see him, and make him reign with him in *Rome*; but, That he had taken an Oath, which gave him some Uneasiness: Wherefore he desir'd him to have Patience, or

find out some Expedient to set his Conscience at Rest.

Dom *Mario* (for that was the Frier's Name) advis'd with several eminent Casuists, and at last found a Hole for the Pope to creep out at, by receiving the Frier in the Country. This Turn of Equivocation satisfy'd the Holy Father, made the Enemies of the Church smile, and mortify'd such as were really good Men. Dom *Mario* was receiv'd at *Castle-Gondolfo*, with all the Tokens of a brotherly Friendship. His Family enter'd *Rome*, and *Nepotism* became so insolent, as perfectly to master the Pope himself, who did unheard-of Actions. I need not mention his Enterprize against *France*, which is known to all the World, and of which the Treaty of *Pisa* is an everlasting Monument. I remember, that in the Beginning of Dom *Mario's* Reign, the *Roman Painters* drew a Picture, in which the Pope was represented kneeling before a *Crucifix*, out of whose Sides issu'd Pistoles, instead of Blood. *Alexander VII.* was catching them in his *Tiara*, or Triple Crown; and his Family were below, filling great Bags with the Pistoles that fell. The other Cardinals were endeavouring to throw down the Relations, some holding out their Caps, others their Hats, all making use of those Words in the Creed, *Crucifixus etiam pro nobis*; which they interpreted, *The Crucifix is also for Us*, instead of, *Crucify'd also for us*. In a word, there was nothing that they thought would vex the Family of the *Chigi*, which they did not do. But it was like talking to Things inanimate; for the *Chigi* follow'd their Business, and laugh'd at those who would have spoil'd their Aim. One Day, when Dom *Mario's* stately Palace was building, the Pope's Arms, which are *Mountains* and a *green Oak*, were no sooner set up, but *Pasquil*, observing that the Oak was effaced, cry'd out, *Il porco è grasso; per questo a-lasciato la quercia, a di morir presto*: "The Hog has no longer Occasion for Acorns, but is fat, and must die ere long." This insolent manner of speaking heartily griev'd the Pope, who order'd Search to be made for the Author, with Promise of Reward to any who should discover him; but the next Morning he found upon the Table in his Closet, the History of Pope *Sixtus V.* with the cruel Treatment he gave the Author of a *Pasquil*, who was so rash and foolish as to own his Guilt; and judging thereby,

thereby, that no Man would expose himself to the like Rigour, he desisted from the Pursuit of such kind of Trifles, and shew'd some Resentment to Dom *Mario*, for having render'd him odious to the People.

I have been somewhat tedious in this Relation, tho' it is a Digression. Nevertheless, it is not useless; because by it you may see how dangerous a Thing it is to disoblige my Countrymen, who never forget an Injury, but make use of any Method to satisfy their Passion of Revenge.

The Constable C . . . , who had not yet forgot the Assault I put upon him, reveng'd it upon the Superior; making use, for that purpose, of a Frier, who, purely out of Malice, went and confidently told the Constable of an Intrigue between the Superior and a certain Nun. This Affair went so hard on the side of the good Father, that had it not been for Prince P . . . and Cardinal B . . . , he had certainly been sent to the Gallies (For 'tis the sad Fate of the *Italian* Monks to be chain'd to the Oar for the least Transgression of their Duties). The Superior, therefore, not being able to live any longer in the *Holy Apostles*, banish'd himself into a Convent in *Naples*, where I saw him one Day in a miserable Condition enough. His Superior was devoted to the Family of the C . . . , and made his Court to the Constable, at the Expence of the poor Frier. Mean while, I was at *Naples* myself, in a very sorry Equipage; and, but for the continual Protection of Providence, had certainly perish'd with extreme Want. The Marquis *Lambini*, to whom the Superior of the Convent had recommended me, as I said before, was not in Town, but gone to visit his Estate near *Palermo*. When he came home, whether it was that he would not be troubled with me, or that the Affair of his Friend having made a Noise in *Italy*, he had now abandon'd him in his Distress; or whatever else was the Cause, I could never get to the Speech of his Lordship; but found myself reduced to the greatest Necessity, and was oblig'd to beg from Convent to Convent, to prevent my dying with Hunger. How many times did I curse the Inutility of the Sciences! I would have learnt some Trade, whereby to keep myself from starving: I was ashamed to beg: My Cloaths, as well Linen as Woollen, were good for nothing: And Grief and Fasts had given me an Air of Melancholy,

lancholy, and pale Looks, which none but myself took Pity on. For having several times mix'd myself with the Crowd, which is in the Churches on particular Holidays, they treated me as a *Birbo*, or Pick-pocket, or avoided me, for my Cloaths sake, lest they should get something by me. I retir'd, o' Nights, to a good Woman's, where I found Shelter; for her House was a Bawdy-house, and consequently open to all that brought her Money: But I was so very shabby, having scarce Cloaths enough to cover my Nakedness, that the Whores would not so much as look upon me; and one Morning, as I was playing the Wag with one of my Landlady's Daughters, she serv'd me such a Trick, that I gave her a good Box o'th' Ear, and ran out of the House, resolving never to enter it again as long as I liv'd.

I ranged up and down the City all the Afternoon, without Success; so that I knew not what to do with myself. 'Twas almost Night, and consequently, Time to think of a Bed; for the Sharpness of the Season made it dangerous to lie in the Streets. Besides, it was three to one, but I should be stripp'd and murder'd in *Naples* by the *Marioli*, who patroll there all Night. This, I thought, was a sad Case! and as I was going, twice as fast as usual, towards the Convent of the *Great Friars*, where I design'd to pray the Porter to let me lie in the Cloisters, I was stopp'd by two Women cover'd with a Mantle, just at the Count of P... 's Door; one of whom call'd me by my Name, and ask'd me, If she was not mistaken? and, Whether my Name was *Colli*? Let me have been any-body else, be sure, I'd have taken, at that Time, any Name which they had given me. Scarce, therefore, had I own'd my Name, but taking me into the Palace-yard, the old Woman left me to the Caresses and Embraces of a young one, whom I did not know, because it was dark; but she presently gave me to understand who she was, by calling me her dear Brother, and asking me, If I had forgot the unhappy *Rosalia*? That very Name had like to have struck me dead; but recovering myself a little, the old Woman took me by the Hand, and led me home to her House, which was in a Lane behind the Convent, where I design'd to lodge. I was no sooner got into the old Woman's Chamber, but, having eat nothing all that Day, I desir'd her to give me somewhat to refresh me.

She

She presently gave me a hearty Dram of Brandy; and by that time I was a little recover'd of my Faintness, I heard the tender and mournful Expressions of my dear *Rosalia*. Oh that I could but, in this Place, at least, lose the Remembrance of an Affair, which kills me as often as it comes into my Mind! It was now some Years since *Rosalia* and I had heard from one another, and yet had mutually reserv'd the greatest Love that ever was known. The first Question she ask'd me, was, Whether I still lov'd her? and, Whether I believ'd she had never ceas'd from thinking of me? She told me, That, after the Disgrace of her Family, she was put into a *Conservatory*, where she liv'd till she was about thirteen Years of Age, and then made her Escape, with one of her Companions, and came to this old Woman's, who was formerly a Friend of her Mother's, and whither she used to go sometimes in her Parents Life-time: That the old Woman, who was a Widow, and had no Children, liv'd upon the private Alms of Persons of Quality: That she had often spoke to her concerning me, and all the Affairs of her Family; as well as of the Secret of my Birth, and the sad Catastrophe of my unhappy Parents. This Discourse was accompany'd with such Showers of Tears, that I could not enough admire the natural Tenderness of that lovely Person. At last, being come a little to myself again, I assured her, That, if she would but suffer me, I would make her Fate my own. At those Words, she blush'd, redoubled her Tears, and told me, That indeed our Parents had formerly a Design to marry us; but----- My dear *Colli*, said she, with Confusion in her Face, That Time is now past: 'Tis now too late; and the unhappy *Rosalia* is no longer worthy of the dear *Colli*! Necessity has expos'd me to the worst of Misfortunes, and I did not yield to my Disgrace, till I had suffer'd all that Misery could inflict. I am conducted, every Evening, by this old Woman, to certain Persons of Quality, who keep me till Midnight, when I come back to this little Hole, with a Piece of Money, which serves me and my Companion to live upon. Now, judge you, Whether, in these Circumstances, I can consent to your Proposal? She told me, afterwards, That she was going, when I met her, to the Count of P, who did not know she was his Surgeon's Daughter: That it was but two or three Months ago, that

the

the Count return'd from one of his Country Seats, whither he retir'd, as soon as he was releas'd from his Confinement in Castle *St. Elmo*; that as old as he was, he was extremely addicted to Women; and that he had seen her several times about that time of Night; that indeed she did not know how to excuse herself to him, for disappointing him now; but that Signora *Lucia* (her Companion) should go, with all Speed, and make him believe she was taken ill as she went home, and desire him to excuse her upon that account.

Mean time I tarry'd alone in *Rosalia's* Chamber, quite astonish'd at the extravagant Caprice of Fate!----Sure you and I deserve Compassion, dear-Sister, said I, with a faint Voice, and half-drown'd in Tears: What have we done, that Heaven should set itself thus against us? and under what cruel Star was I born, that I should bring all who have had any Relation with me, into so great Trouble and Misery? Yes, dear *Rosalia*; I knew but too well who you were, and who I am. The Obligations I am under to your Parents are innumerable; they lost their Lives to save mine, and expos'd you to the lamentable Condition to which you are now reduced, by endeavouring to screen me from Fate's relentless Fury! How unhappy am I, that I cannot deliver you from the sorrowful Case you are in! but I am too miserable myself, and even want Help and Means of Subsistence!----Some time after, the old Woman came in, and observing us both to be very dull, she conducted me into the Garret, where having made me a Bed as neatly as she could, I laid myself down, and pass'd the Night quietly enough.

I took up my Lodging in this House for a Fortnight or three Weeks, going, in the Day-time, to beg the *Minestra* at the Monastery-Gates, where it was given to the Poor, and, in the Evening, retiring hither for my Repose. I have, several times, eat five or six of those *Minestres* in a Morning, some with Fat, and some with Oil, according to the different Orders that gave it me. At last, not knowing what to do with myself, and wanting Courage to take Service among the Troops that were raising for *Sicily*, I desir'd my Sister to procure me to be a Page to some of her Persons of Quality. The Repose
which

which I had now enjoy'd for three Months, in *Naples*, had given me an Opportunity of picking up my loose Crums; and I made shift to get myself tolerably well dress'd, to make my Appearance, Signora *Lucia* being so kind as to borrow a Suit of a Burgher's Son in the Neighbourhood, with whom she was acquainted. Soon after, she went and shew'd me to the Count of *P*, assuring him, I was her Son, lately come from *Venice*. The Count, who was a good obliging old Gentleman, not knowing me, by reason I had left *Naples* very young, promis'd to get me a Place at his Daughter's, who had marry'd the Marquis of *T*. He had that Daughter by the Countess, his Lady, who had ruin'd my Father; and she was Twelve Years of Age, when her Mother died.

The Character he gave me to the Marchioness of *T* made her very desirous to see me. I was conducted to her by her *Majordomo*, and, soon after, was presented to the Marchioness's Mother-in-law; and she, finding me too big for the Marchioness, who look'd as young as I, kept me herself, and sent a Compliment of Thanks to the Count, promising him to take care of me, as a Present from his Hands. *Rosalia*, whom I told in the Evening what good Fortune had befallen me, did not at all approve of this Exchange. She knew the old Marchioness too well, and assur'd me, That she had, in her Time, ruin'd a hundred Pages, to whom she had made several Advances; adding, That it was dangerous to have any thing to do with such a *Jezabel*. But that which would have startled a Man in his right Senses, puff'd me up with odd kind of Notions of my good Fortune: I thought, I should never want for any thing, if I could but please a Woman of her Size; and I flatter'd myself, that I had Merit enough to inspire the Lady with Sentiments for me, different from those she had had for others. The next Morning I waited upon the Count of *P*, and he took me in his Coach, and carry'd me to his Sister-in-law's, who receiv'd me with Demonstrations of a particular Good-will. She question'd me about the Behaviour of the *Venetian* Ladies, and ask'd me, if I had not serv'd in that Country?

Signora

Signora Lucia, whose Son I went for, and who was a *Venetian*, had taught me my Lesson, and, in an Hour's time, instructed me how to answer and deceive the curiouslest Person living. Wherefore, having given the old Marchioness entire Satisfaction, she immediately appointed me to wait upon her in her Chamber, telling me, that should be my Business: And, for this purpose, she recommended me to an old Governante, whom she order'd to keep me neat, and let me want for nothing.

Beatrice, the Governante, had formerly been a Servant to the Countess of P, and an intimate Friend of the unfortunate *Zebina*. She was the only Person let into the Intrigue between the Chevalier and the Countess. After the Death of her Mistress, she pray'd the Count to permit her to go out of his House, where, she said, she should soon die else, with Grief and Melancholy: Whereupon the Count presented her to his Daughter; and the old Marchioness, finding her to be a cunning and prudent Woman, soon won her over to her Interest, and made her the Confident of all her Intrigues. She had also the sole Management of the Pages, and of all the Servants in the House.

The extraordinary Recommendation of the old Marchioness made *Beatrice* take a particular Care of me; and, finding me of a brisk and lively Temper, she conceiv'd I know not what Tenderness for me, which, however, afterwards sav'd my Life and Honour. One Day, as I was playing the Wag with her, and calling her my dear *Mamma*, she look'd upon me very earnestly, and squeezing my Hand, told me, she did not know but I might speak true; for that, Time was, she had as fine a Boy as ever the Sun shone on, who had very much of my Air; and that if he had not died in her own Arms, she could not but have taken me for him. She added, that she was not, however, mistaken in assuring me, that I had the Air and Gestures of two Persons whom she had lov'd extremely; and that if I was not the Son of the Chevalier C and the Countess of P, at least I might go for such a one. The Governante's Discourse made my Heart glow within me; and I had much ado to conceal from her the Occasion of my Surprise. I as-

fur'd

fur'd her, that I had never been at *Naples*, and that Signora *Lucia*, my Mother, whom the Count of P knew very well, lay in with me at *Venice*, and left me with one of her Sisters, till now : I added, that my Mother having sent me Word, that she wanted my Assistance, I was come to serve her, and help to get her Bread.

Beatrice took all this for Gospel, and press'd me no farther upon that Article. Night being come, I was lay in a little Closet near the old Marchioness's Chamber ; where I no sooner thought myself alone, but I began to make all the Reflections natural to a young Person in such a Posture of Affairs. I could not sleep for my Life, my Head running upon what the Governante had said ; and if at any time I dozed, a thousand frightful Dreams presently wak'd me, and made me utter the heartiest Sighs and Complaints. The old Marchioness, who could lie a-bed and hear me breathe, heard me often repeat these Words, *O Stelle! O Sorte! Anco tu non finisci?* Oh Heavens! Oh inexorable Fate! Will you never have done perplexing me? As soon as it was Day-break, the Marchioness sent for me into her Chamber, and ask'd me, Whether I had slept well? I answer'd, That I had been a little sick ; but that it was now gone over, and I was very well again. She then ask'd me, Whether I had a real Affection for her Service? and whether I would be discreet and prudent in some small Affairs wherewith she might intrust me? I assur'd her, that her Will should be the Rule of my Life ; that she might dispose of me as she pleas'd ; and that that was all I had, since Fortune had bestow'd no more upon me. Very well ! said she, with an Air of Reserve, I require nothing but your Zeal, and a little Affection : Go and bid *Beatrice* come hither, and for your own Part, get you to Bed again, and expect there my Orders : You have not slept To-night, and I have my Reasons for taking care of your Health. I obey'd, without making her a Word of Answer, (for I had been told before, that my Lady was too imperious to bear any Contradiction) and laid myself down upon the Bed, without pulling off my Cloaths. I had scarce lain half an Hour, but in comes *Beatrice* with a Posset,

^a Possiet, and-----*Franciscino*, said *she*, (for that was the Name I went by) do they use Pages at *Venice* as we do at *Naples*? Here's a Favour of my Lady's: She commands you to accept it, and to take care of yourself; for she loves her Servants should enjoy a perfect Health, and especially would have such as are about her Person always look fresh and plump. Tho' these equivocating Expressions put me in mind of what *Rosalia* had told me; yet I was not so much startled at the Compliment, as that it was made to a Servant that had hardly been a Week in the House. I had scarce put on my Breeches, but one came to bid me wait. I thought this a little odd; but answer'd *Beatrice*, that I was very much obliged to her for procuring me such a Favour of my Lady; and that I began to find the Effects of the Good-will which she had shewn me.

She answer'd, That I was indebted for it to the Marchioness's Goodness; and that if she had not yet given me Marks of her Friendship, if I would believe her, and were wise, I should know what an Affection she had for me. I took hold of both her Hands, and, with a thousand flattering Expressions, made her promise to instruct me, upon all Occasions, how to behave myself towards my Lady. As we were thus talking together very low, for fear of being heard, the Marchioness grew impatient, and rang the Bell. Thereupon *Beatrice* left me, but first assur'd me, that she would meet me in the Evening in a Closet in the Gallery, where nobody would disturb us; and so desir'd me to be there at Five o'Clock, (when an Officer was to wait on my Lady) in order to chat together for an Hour or so. I could never imagine, that the Governante, who was old enough to be my Grandmother, was in Love with me; but took all her Kindnesses to me as flowing from her good Nature. But my Fate had condemn'd me to old Women! And what a cursed Plague is it to be obliged to be complaisant to Persons one can't love!

Never was any Punishment like that I endur'd, upon account of those two old Women! One had a mind I should love her, and never be from her: The other, who was privy to, and had the Management of the Intrigue,

trigue, was always buzzing in my Ear, that I had too great an Affection for my Lady, and none for her. This was the Life I led for a Year together, and not a Day pass'd but I made Resolutions of ridding myself of such a horrid Slavery.

But nothing would serve my Turn, forsooth, but I must be a Monk! I was now One-and-twenty Years old, and did not doubt but the *Great Friars* would admit me among them, if I did but ask them: But in a little time that Thought was put out of my Head by one that Spite brought in. One Day, when I had taken Physic, and kept my Chamber, I heard an Officer with my Lady, who us'd to wait on her every Evening at five o'Clock. I don't know whether the Marchioness had forgot that I was just by her Apartment, and that nothing hinder'd me from seeing all that pass'd but a single Partition: however, to satisfy myself, whether I was mistaken or not, I made a little Hole in the Partition, behind a Picture, through which I could look down upon my Lady's Bed; and there saw the Officer by my Lady's Bed-side, entertaining his old Mistress with Protestations of his ardent Desires. I was confounded mad to see a Rival enjoy so great a Share of the Marchioness's Heart; and immediately conceiv'd such an Aversion for her, that if I had known where else to have got my Bread, I should never have govern'd my Passion, but had left the House that very Moment.

Beatrice coming to see me, I told her what I had heard. She fell a laughing at my Simplicity and Resentment; and knowing by that what I had to do, I resolv'd to have Patience, and, by some Trick or other, revenge myself on my Rival; for which, some time after, I found the following Opportunity.

As I was known to be my Lady's Favourite, one Day, when she was going into the Country to tarry all Night, I pretended myself sick, and desir'd her to excuse my Journey. The Marchioness (who was very careful of me, upon account of the pretty Stories I told her, and the great Regard I ever shew'd to all her Motions, whereby I won her Heart) readily consented; and not only so, but order'd *Beatrice* not to stir from me, for fear
I should

I should run abroad. However, I found means to convey a Letter, in my Lady's Name, to the Five o'Clock Officer; wherein she desired him to come as late as he could to her Apartment, by reason she was to go to her Daughter-in-law the young Marchioness's, and should not come back till after Supper; but that as for the rest, he might go his old way, and stay in the Closet till she came.

My Gentleman in Scarlet did just as I order'd him, and about Ten o'Clock at Night, he was desir'd to go to Bed. As soon as ever he was laid down, who should make herself his Consort, snuggling close to his Side, but an old Negro Slave, whom I had hir'd for that purpose, with Orders not to speak a Word all Night, tho' she was much about the Marchioness's Age! Meantime I had loosen'd a Board of the Partition between the Closet and the Chamber, and, by that means, stole all the Officer's Cloaths, except his Shirt, and fasten'd the Board again so dextrously, that nobody could perceive it. The next Morning, about Eight o'Clock, it being broad Day-light, the Officer perceiv'd his Mistake, and thought he had lain with the Devil, when he beheld such a black and frightful Figure a-bed, as the hagg'd-fac'd old *African* was. Immediately he fell to invoking all the He and She-Saints, and begg'd of 'em to come to his Assistance; and the more the Slave bad him hold his Tongue, for fear of being heard, the more he bray'd like an Ass. At last, out of Bed he jumps in a dreadful Fright; and looking for his Cloaths, with Design to make haste out of the House, he was perfectly amaz'd when he found they were gone. By this time the People of the House were alarm'd, and running to see what had made such a Bustle, the Officer made no more ado, but wrapt himself up in one of the Sheets, that he might not be expos'd to the People's Raillery. The poor Negro, on the other hand, was as much asham'd to be known as the Officer; and for that reason took the other Sheet, and wound it about her. Thus, like two Figures in the Niches of some Pieces of Architecture, they stood guarding the Chamber Door; and you might as well speak to a Mute as to either of them.

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Shame had padlock'd their Lips; and Confusion metamorphos'd them into Stone. The Noise occasion'd by this Disorder made the young Marquis of T. . . . himself run to see what was the Matter, who, knowing nothing of the Intrigue, nor the Officer, would needs make him dance thro' the Streets in the Equipage he was in. His Domesticks follow'd him, hooting and hollowing all the Way, as far as the first Church he came at, where he put in to hide himself from the Mob. I can't say how the Officer got home afterwards; but he was never seen in *Naples* again. The Marchioness, upon her Return, was puzzled how to manage the Affair so as to salve her Reputation. But the Negro was immediately clapt into a Dungeon, and threaten'd hard, if she would not tell who brought her into my Lady's Chamber; insomuch that, at last, she named me; and then the Matter was hush'd all of a sudden.

'Twas not long, before I perceived, by my Lady's Carriage, That her Ladyship was informed of my Roguery; and tho' she affected to appear the same to me, I knew, by some Leers she gave me, That deep Revenge was in her Thoughts. What confirmed me in this Suspicion, was, that she had ceased calling for me at the Hours she used to do, and that she was quite tired with the Stories I told to divert her. At last, her Heart was too full; and her Passion of Revenge transported her beyond the Pleasure she had ever taken in loving me. *Beatrice* was entrusted with the Secret, and had Orders to give me a Mefs, according to Custom, which would cure me of all Distempers. She was mightily started at the Proposal, and was loth to undertake the devilish Charge; but being a thorough-paced Dissembler, she pretended, not only to comply with my Lady's Desires, but assured her, That the Victim was due to her, inasmuch as I had had the Rashness to affront her. Soon after, coming into my Chamber, she awaked me, and holding out the Porringer to me, ----- Here, *Frank*, said she; here's a Mefs of Poison for you: I have Orders to make you take it, and not stir from you, till you are dead. Then, looking upon me, with an Air of Tenderness; --- And, Do you think me, added she, capable of so hellish a Crime? What tho'

I have

I have undertaken this horrid Commission? Do you think, the Love I have for you would permit me to execute it? No! I had rather die a thousand Deaths, than such a Fact should enter into my Thought! You are too dear to me! Only take care to clear me of this Intrigue, and contrive some Method for me to save your Life, and put a Trick upon our barbarous Mistress.

I confess, I was amazed to hear a Compliment of this Nature. I made use of the most tender and passionate Expressions I could, to assure *Beatrice* of the Obligations she had laid upon me, telling her, That as she had saved my Life, it should be employ'd in her Service; but that, as for the rest, I could think of no other Way, than for her to make my Lady believe, I suspected the Matter; and that, as soon as I was dressed, instead of swallowing the Poison, I bolted out of the Room, and jumped out of a Window that looked into the Garden; that she ran after me, and did what she could, to have me stopped, crying out, I was a Madman; but that it was impossible to overtake me; and so she did not know what was become of me. *Beatrice* approved of the Invention, and play'd her Part very dextrously. She first took care to hide me in her Chamber, whither nobody ever went but herself, and then fell to making a Noise, and crying out, *Help*, as if she had been stuck. The old Marchioness ran to see what was the Matter, and hearing of my Escape, was in such a dreadful Rage, that her Fury made me tremble like an Aspen-leaf; and *Beatrice* told me afterwards, That she never saw the Devil in her Life, but in the distorted Eyes of that odious Bel-dam. She tore her Hair, knocked her Head against the Wall; and supposing, that, to be revenged of her, I would expose her insatiable Lust, she took the devilish Resolution of poisoning herself. *Beatrice* ran to the young Marquis's, and desired him to come to his Mother's Apartment that Moment, if he would save her Life. He went away directly; but Anger and Despair had prevented the Poison, and so affected the Heart of that unhappy Lady, that all the Remedies of Physic could not bring her to the Use of her Speech again, which she had lost. She expired about One o'Clock

in the Morning, with hideous Cries and Groans ; and, as it was suspected she was poison'd, her Body was open'd, but no Cause of her Death discovered ; only there were Symptoms of a Suffocation, occasioned by Anger and Despair.

They were no less concerned to hide the Cause of the Marchioness's Death, than I was to get out of the Closet, and wash away Cares and Tears, with the rest of the Domesticks. The Corps was carried, without any State, to the Parish-Church, where it was buried, the next Day, about Seven o'Clock in the Morning. *Beatrice*, who had brought the News of my Lady's Death, with a Joy that surpris'd me, gave me very ill Notions of her Tenderness for me, by shewing none at all for the Lady to whom she was indebted for all she had in the World : And this, indeed, damped that little Love I had for her. However, I took particular Care, not to let her perceive my Indifference ; because she stood me in greater stead now than ever, being made the young Marchioness's House-keeper, whose Lord was a young Debauchee, that never staid long at home, but was oftener at *Rome* and *Venice*, than at *Naples*. The young Lady, on the contrary, was so religious, and lived so regular a Life, that she was admired for it by the whole City. Her Charity and good Works were the common Talk ; and her House was a kind of Rendezvous for pious Persons. In short, the very Servants were obliged to be sober and careful, the wasting of but a Crust of Bread never going unpunished.

I knew so well how to behave myself, and had learnt so much of my Lady's Humour, that I was not to seek how to get the Length of her Foot. She was a great Admirer of Discourses of Divinity, and especially such as concerned Predestination : And, whether she did it out of Curiosity, or to shew her admirable Wit, she was continually starting Questions upon the most sublime Subjects of Divinity. I was often present at the Conferences that were held in her Chamber ; and observing, one Day, that I was very attentive on what was said, as soon as the Company was gone, she asked me, Whether I had any Notion of such Discourses ? Thereupon, for

Answer, I made her a kind of Recapitulation of all that had been said, concluding with a few of my own Sentiments, which seemed to her so noble and sublime, that stepping back, with an Air of Surprize, What d'ye mean, *Frank?* said she: Are you my Page, or a Doctor? Tell me quickly who you are; for I will know; and pray speak the Truth.

These Expressions made me with my Tongue had been out of my Head, when I first took upon me to talk to her of Divinity. However, my Concern did but increase my Lady's Curiosity; and it signified nothing for me to tell her, That the Smattering I had, was owing to my Memory; and that I had never study'd the Theological Sciences. ----- Give me none of your Turns and Quibbles, said she: I'd have known who you are, long ago, if it had not been for the jealous and passionate Temper of the Marchioness of T. But that Fear is now over; and seeing I have an Opportunity at this time, you shall not stir out of my Chamber, till you have told me whence you come, and how 'chance you are a Servant.

At that, I threw myself upon my Knees, and begg'd her, not to insist upon the Relation of my Adventures; but she commanded me to rise, and begin it.

I must then obey you, Madam, said I, with an Air of Confusion: But my Obedience will cost me dear, and I am sure, you'll hate me, for telling you, That I am the unfortunate Son of the Chevalier C., whom the Countess of P., your Mother, barbarously put to Death, when she expired. An illustrious Grecian Slave, of the same Countess's, was my Mother, who died in bringing me into the World. My Infancy cost those who took care of me, their Lives; nor has your Father, the Count of P. himself, escaped a little of Trouble and Disgrace, upon my Account. He does not now know me; and, after an Absence of six Years, that I was in the Seminary of the Jesuits at Rome, where I was brought up at the Charge of the Princess C., I appear'd before him under a borrowed Name, and he was pleas'd to place me, himself, in your House, at the

Instances

Instances of an old Woman, whom I called *Mother*, the better to conceal the Truth of my Birth.

Oh, oh ! Is your Name *Colli*, then ? *reply'd the Marchioness, rising very hastily from her Seat.* Nay, then, it is no longer matter of Surprize to me, that I was so desirous to talk with you ; and I begin to believe, That what *Beatrice* told me of you, was no Fable. I assured her, That *Beatrice*, who had suspected the Truth of my Birth, never spoke to me of it but once in her Life. The Marchioness desired me to avoid, as much as possible, a Discourse of that Nature ; and told me, that if I had a mind to please her, I must conform myself to her Will, and observe her Manner of Living.

Beatrice, who did not come into my Lady's Apartment, during this Conference, which lasted two Hours, ask'd me a World of Questions, in the Evening, after Supper. She had found the Marchioness more melancholy than usual, and had heard her utter deep Sighs, contrary to her Custom ; and knew, by these Tokens, that she no longer enjoy'd her ordinary Peace of Mind. She would be put to Bed without her Supper ; and ordered her Women to leave the Room, under Pretence her Head ached. *Beatrice*, I say, having observed this Emotion in her Lady, presently suspected she had entertained some new Passion, and so was very inquisitive to know what had passed between her and me. I was just a going to tell her the Truth ; but considering, that my Lady might charge me with Indiscretion, and punish me accordingly, I invented a Story of a pretended Indisposition of the Marquis, who was then at *Venice* ; and assured *Beatrice*, That my Lady kept me so long in her Chamber, only to question me about the Customs of my Country, and Methods in Use among the Physicians there. I don't know whether *Beatrice* was satisfied with my Answer, but, at least, she *pretended* so to be ; and the next Morning, as soon as it was Time to go into my Lady's Chamber, she went to comfort her, as to the Marquis's pretended Sickness ; adding, That she had poken to a Man, who left him as well as ever he was in his Life. The Marchioness was extremely surpris'd at this Compliment, and knew not what Answer to make the old Governante. What ! Are you in a Dream, *Beatrice* ? *said she ;*

or are you bewitched? that you come and tell me, my Lord is ill at *Venice*! I received a Letter from him, last Night, dated at *Rome*; he is in perfect Health; and I expect him home this Week: Pray, Who sent you to me with this Lye? *Frank* told me, That that News was the Occasion of your Melancholy, *reply'd Beatrice*; and as I love you extremely, I thought I could do no less than afford your Ladyship what Comfort I was able. Thank ye, *Beatrice*, said the *Marchioness*: But *Frank* had only a mind to laugh at you: It is not good to ask more Questions, than others are willing to tell us; and Men are provided with Shifts and Turns, as well as we, to hide their real Sentiments. Moderate, therefore, your Curiosity; and go and bid *Frank* come to me.

Away comes *Beatrice*, into my Chamber; and, with all the Furies in her Eyes, ----- Go, Mr. Rogue! said she; my Lady wants to speak with you: Wou'd she would but order me, once, to bring you such a Mess. of Pottage, as her Mother-in-law did! You don't do well, answered I, in using such Expressions; and I have not deserved such a Wish at your Hands: If I should acquaint my Lady with it, I am sure, you would not be long-lived in the House: But God forbid I should do so much Harm to a Person to whom I am indebted for my Life! My easy Temper so far recovered *Beatrice* of her mad Fit, that she relented, and, flinging her Arms about my Neck, desired me to forgive a Heat, to which my Want of Sincerity gave Birth. She gave me to understand, that it would be of no small Importance to me, to live peaceably with her, if I desired to be happy; and that the Confidence which I should repose in her, would be fully recompensed. I assured her, I would never do any thing again without her Participation, and desired her only to keep Silence, and to be in the Garden at Ten o'Clock at Night, covered with her Mantle; that, lest any body should suspect me, I designed to dress myself likewise in Woman's Cloaths; and therefore pray'd her to leave a Suit of hers in my Chamber, in order to facilitate the Execution of my Enterprize. Having taken my Measures, I ran to my Lady's Apartment; who no sooner saw me, but she smiled. You put a Trick upon inquisi-

tive

tive *Beatrice*, said she to me; and I commend your Prudence; we must be upon our Guard, lest she get somewhat of mine and your Sentiments: Saying thus, she stroked her Hand over my Face, and thereby convinced me, that I was of no small Esteem with her.

Knowing my Lady to be a Person of excellent Modesty, I durst not presently answer her surprising Declaration: Besides, she was endu'd with Prudence enough to stem the Torrent of the most violent Passion. Wherefore, I contented myself, at that time, to speak by my Eyes, and to convince my Lady, by a deep Sigh, from the Bottom of my Heart, that I was capable of the tenderest Impressions. She understood that dumb Language; and ----- You have obliged me, *Colli*, said she, after having been silent for some time: Shan't I have Cause to fear, that I have too much abandoned myself to the Inclination I have for you? You are young; and, perhaps, guilty of all the Flattery and Deceit charged upon Men of your Age, who are generally fickle and unsincere; or, at least, indiscreet and imprudent: Oh! what Happiness! if I should not find any of those ill Qualities in you! I am naturally good-humoured, and not at all passionate! I have lived to this very Day, in a perfect Indifference to the Things of this World; and you see how little I am concerned at my Lord's Absence, and how patiently I took my Mother's Death! I had so far study'd Philosophy, as not to set my Affections on the Things of this World, to the end I might enjoy constantly the natural Tranquillity of my Soul: But, alas! I have not been able to keep myself in that happy State! Wretched Woman! What will become of me, if knowing all my Weakness, you give me Occasion to repent I ever told it you! Am I deceived, dear *Colli*? And, What will you say to me, to assure me of your Heart and Fidelity? ----- I'd sooner lose my Life, answered I, than once entertain a Thought so unjust, as that of disobliging you. No, Madam, you reign absolute Monarch in my Soul; and you shall never find me a Rebel, nor capable of the least Infidelity. But, added I, with Eyes full of Fire, Have not you a mind to deceive me only, and try whether I was so rash as to be transported, by my Fancy,

to so exalted a Pitch? Why don't you rather choose to stab me, than expose me to so dangerous a Trial! Give me, then, either Life or Death! and don't let me languish thus long in Suspense! ----- You shall not die, *said she*; and I am sorry you should entertain an uneasy Thought: I told you, I never loved in my Life; nor was I ever sensible of the least Emotion of Tenderness for any thing in the World! My Lord himself, to whom they marry'd me, could never get my Esteem; and I render him, at most, no farther Duty, than what the Law enjoins me; insomuch that it kills me, when he sometimes puts me in mind I am his! Long have I struggled with the Passion the first Sight of you gave me! When my Mother-in-law took you from me, methought, I was never so loth to part with any Servant in my Life! I made several Reflections on the Cause of my Uneasiness, and asked myself, (alas, in vain!) Why I should prefer you to another? I could never satisfy myself as to that Point: And all the Victory I was able to gain of my restless Spirit, was, that though I could not stifle my Passion at its Birth, yet I made shift to conceal it with Patience.

Oh! how dear have you cost me! Especially, since *Beatrice* told me, she durst say, I was the Chevalier C....'s Child as well as you; That Secret, which I now entrust you with, is of the last Importance; and it would go near to cost us both our Lives, if ever you be so rash as to reveal it.

One Day, as I was looking upon my poor Mother's Jewels, of which my Father had made me a Present, I had a great Fancy to open a Box, one Side whereof was for Snuff; but the Bottom was so very thick, that I suspected there was some Mystery in it. I try'd for a whole Morning together, but to no Purpose; and was, at last, obliged to abandon my Enterprize, upon my Father's Coming into the Closet, to tell me, he had a Present to make me of the finest and genteelest Page in *Naples*. I thank'd the Count, and assured him, That any thing from his Hands would be very agreeable to me. Presently after, he went into my Mother-in-law's

Apart-

Apartment, and told her of the Present he design'd to make me. *Beatrice*, who always lov'd me, as having brought me up from a Child, came immediately into my Chamber, and, smiling, told me, that the Marquis of T. . . . had sent me in Quest of Love in the Isle of *Cythera*, and that I might bid Adieu to my Indifference. The Jest serv'd to divert us a little while, till going to my Cabinet, I took out the Snuff-box again, and desir'd *Beatrice* to help me to open it, and satisfy my Curiosity. She no sooner had the Box in her Hand, but, trembling---Ah! Madam, *said she*, what are you going to do? I know what's the Inside of this Box, and no Person in the World can open it besides myself. I had it made by the Chevalier C. . . . 's Orders; and you will see, within, the Pictures of the Chevalier and the Countess your Mother. Then, giving a little Turn to one of the Studs, I was surpriz'd at the Beauty of the two Pictures I saw. *Beatrice* could hold no longer, but melted into Tears; and I had like to have sunk down at the Sight of my Mother, whose Love for the Chevalier was no Secret to me. I desir'd *Beatrice* to give me a better Light into that Affair, than I had ever had before; which she promis'd to do, but *said*, it was then time to wait on my Mother-in-law; and that, at Night, after her Lady was in Bed, she would come and give me the whole Relation.

My Lord's Absence favouring the Design, I thought every Minute an Hour till *Beatrice* came. At last, however, she kept her Promise but too well for my Repose. For having related to me all that befel the Countess my Mother and the Chevalier; what a sad Death they both suffer'd; the Escape of the *Grecian* Beauty; your Birth; the Prodigies of your Childhood; and the Education bestow'd upon you by the Princess C. . . ., the Chevalier's Mother; she chang'd her Tone, and---But this is not all the Secret of these two Pictures, *said she*, and I shall take care to go no farther with it. --Nay, make an End, *Beatrice*, *cry'd I*; and don't be so imprudent as to begin a Story, and leave me in Pain by breaking off abruptly. I will know all; and what, I beseech you, can affect me so much when known, as your keeping it

from me? Pr'ythee therefore speak: This is the third Time I bid you; and you have no Reason to deny me your Confidence in any Affair whatever. *Beatrice* perceiving I would take no Refusal, told me, at last, that the Count, whom I took for my Father, was not so in Reality; that my Mother, who came of the ancient Family of the Ps, had been made a Sacrifice to the old Count, who, tho' very rich, had marry'd her without any Fortune; that her Parents, who design'd her for the Cloister, had prevail'd with her to marry, merely to be the Support of her Family; that while she was yet at her Father's, the Chevalier C had fallen desperately in Love with her; that they entertain'd the most tender Passion for each other; that this Passion lasted two Years; that I was born a Month before my Mother was marry'd to the old Count; that she, the same *Beatrice* that spöke to me, had taken and brought me up in the Contry; that my Mother had deceiv'd the old Count, by making him believe she was with Child in a Month after they were marry'd; that she went on with her pretended great Belly for nine Months; that a trusty Midwife was then employed; that when I was twenty Months old, I was carry'd home, and the old Count persuaded, that I was but ten; that the old Count, believing me to be his own, dandled, and was very fond of me, calling me his Heiress, and the Staff of his old Age; and that a Nurse was taken into the House for me, where I was kept till my Mother's Death; and then one of my Father's Sisters took me with her into a Monastery of the Ladies of St. *Frances* of Rome. What I tell you is so true, *added Beatrice*, that you need only look upon the Chevalier Cs Picture and your own, to judge of the Resemblance there is between you. Is not that your Mouth? Whose are those charming, full, black Eyes? There's your Forehead, and the exact Mould of your Face. This lovely fresh Colour you have of your Mother, who was extremely fair. Your Head is every whit the Chevalier's; and I have admired a thousand times how it could be, that this great Likeness never inspir'd the good old Count with Jealousy! 'Tis true, *contin'd Beatrice*, your Mother's Marriage obliged the

the Chevalier to go and serve the Order of *Malta*, where he remain'd almost three Years, and then return'd to *Naples*, with the Slave *Zebina*, of whom he made a Present to the Countess of *P* And this Slave was the Firebrand which kindled such a dreadful Flame, that nothing could extinguish it, but the Death of the loveliest Persons in the World.

The History *Beatrice* had given me, left but a slight Impression upon my Mind, by reason I consider'd, that Servants are very often guilty of contriving Stories, the better to recommend them to their Mistresses, and engage them to make 'em their Confidants; and that such old ones especially, as *Beatrice*, are generally good at Invention and Dreams: But you were no sooner shew'd me, than I was seiz'd with a Fit of Trembling; I began to think she had told me the Truth; and was so much the more confirm'd in my Belief, in that I could never conceal the Trouble I conceiv'd upon your account.

What think ye of the Relation I have given you, dear *Colli*? *added the Marchioness, with Eyes drown'd in Tears;* Are you my Brother, or are you not? May I give the Reins to my Passion, without wounding my Duty? Or must I be banish'd the Sight of you, for fear of making a Hole through it? Oh tell me! why did you come to *Naples*? and who brought you into this House, to make me the unhappiest Creature of my Sex!

These Expostulations were follow'd with Sighs, enough to break the most insensible Heart. The Story I had heard had struck me dumb; and as I stood with my Eyes fix'd on the Marchioness, and did not answer a Syllable, she ask'd me again, what I thought of her Fate? -- Not so bad as of my own, *answer'd I*; for I bear all the Burden of this fatal Confidence: Yes! if you are my Sister, I am dead; and 'tis impossible for me to confine my Love within so narrow Bounds: I love you infinitely; and those Sentiments of Tendernefs that could find Degrees in your Heart, found none in mine: I saw you, I sacrific'd all to you as soon; and my very Reason, which had always stood by me, was gone! Think ye then, Madam, that I am capable of so much Love for a Sister? No, no! it must be for a more common Name,

that such Flames glow continually in my Breast! And assuredly we are ty'd with the Bonds of Love, and not by those of Blood. *Beatrice* is a wicked Wretch for inventing that Fable; as if it were not common for Persons to be alike, without any manner of Relation by Blood! Besides, a thousand natural Reasons will convince us, that a Woman may have a Child by a Husband she does not love, very like her Gallant, whom she does love. And, as I told you before, *Beatrice* has her Reasons for such kind of Insinuations. However, since I am undone, what signifies it for me to keep a Secret from you, which, perhaps, may set you to rights in that Affair!

Beatrice loves me, Madam, *said I*; and has given me unquestionable Proofs of her Affection. 'Tis true, so far as I judg'd she might be useful to me in the raising of my Fortune, I pretended to answer her Desires; and this alone induc'd her to endeavour to make me happy, by placing me to you; but perceiving that I entirely devoted myself to your Service, and, on the contrary, slighted the Demonstrations she gave me of her Love, she grew jealous, that you were become sensible, and could not forbear telling me, that if I regarded any Advantages you might make me, I should be undone. Left this seem incredible, she has appointed me to meet her in *Venus* Arbour in the Garden, this very Evening, at Ten o'Clock. If you please to put yourself to the Trouble of coming, you may be a Witness of our Discourse, and give Credit to nothing but what you shall hear.

The Marchioness was very much surpris'd at this News, and began to be a little distrustful. Take care, *said she, stepping away from me*, that our Conversation take no Wind: I'll be at the Place you mention'd just now. I wish *Beatrice* has told me a Falshood! But what signifies Wishing? 'Tis but too true, that we are united by Blood: I thought so, indeed, when I first heard it; and you have so confirm'd me in the Opinion, that you'll find it a hard matter ever to shake my Faith: So that even supposing it to be false, the Time it would take you up to dissuade me, would infallibly foil you. Adieu!

Remember

Remember Ten o'Clock To-night; and Oh! that I may but find you to be what I ought to desire you!

I went from my Lady's directly to *Beatrice's* Chamber, where the old Beldame expected me with as much Impatience as *Penelope* did *Ulysses* from the Siege of *Troy*. She had been several times at the Marchioness's Door, to listen, whether we had done; and had observ'd us to have been a long while silent, and that we had an Air of Grief and Melancholy. ----- Would any body, said she, in a railing Tone, expect more Sincerity from you than you shew'd yesterday! Good-lack-a-day! our *Frank* is no small Fool! And since the loveliest Marchioness in the Kingdom closets him for three Hours together, I ought not to expect any farther Discourse with him; but on the contrary, must look upon him as our Master, and, in my Turn, desire him to use his good Offices with my Lady in my Behalf.

You have no Reason to say so, *Beatrice*, answer'd I; and how ridiculous is it for one of your Age, to trouble your Head, whether I love or am belov'd, or not? Ought you not rather to be content with my Behaviour towards you? And am not I the same To-day as you have known me to be ever since I first saw you? You may find me, now-and-then, a little cold; but, you know, there is a Time for all things, and every Devil has his Day; and so have you. Let us, I conjure you, remain in Friendship, and not torment one another. Do you remember the Meeting I appointed you To-night? Have you laid a Suit in my Chamber, as I desir'd you? *Venus* Arbour, remember: I'll expect you there; and there we'll settle a great many Affairs.

Beatrice assur'd me, she thought long ere the Time came, and desir'd me to stay for her in the Gallery, before I went down into the Garden. I was so impatient to hear her Account of my Birth, and for my Lady's being undeceiv'd as to that Point, by listening, that I hasten'd my Supper, and ran into a Corner of the Gallery, a full Half-hour before the Time. The Night was not yet that in close enough for our Purpose; and so I went, in my Woman's Habit, and placed myself just by a Window that lighted the Stair-case. As I was tall

enough for a Man, and look'd much taller in my new Dress, one of the Marquis's Domesticks, who had not follow'd his Master by reason of a slight Illness, going to my Lady's Apartment, to see one of her Chambermaids, was frighten'd at the first Sight of me, and fell a crossing himself as fast as he could: But gathering Courage, and coming directly up to my Face, I put on a fierce and frightful Look, and mov'd towards him very gently and gravely. Thereupon the Fellow, taking me to be some Spirit broke out of Hell or Purgatory, cry'd out as loud as he could bawl, and fainted away. The Noise made by his Fall, caus'd some of the Domesticks, who were in a Hall joining to the Gallery, to run and see what it was; and, for fear of being discover'd, I ran to the Place of my Rendezvous. Being come near *Venus* Arbour, I perceiv'd a Man making the best of his Way thither, to hide himself, and immediately resolv'd to serve him as I had done the other. Having plac'd myself, for that Purpose, at the Door of the Arbour, I made such a doleful Noise, that my Gentleman scamper'd back as fast as he could. Who should this be, but the young Marchioness, who had thus disguised herself, lest any body should know her? She was perfectly ignorant of my Metamorphosis, and I of hers; and as she was naturally fearful, and had never been at a Rendezvous in her Life, she took me for a hideous Monster of a Woman, and fancy'd I was the Marchioness's Mother-in-law's Ghost. She made the best of her Way, therefore, to her Apartment; but going thro' the Gallery, she found almost all the Servants about the Fellow I frighted, whom they could not, for their Lives, bring to himself. *Beatrice* was there among the rest, who taking my Lady for a Page, gave her the Key of her Chamber, and bid her fetch such and such Waters. The Marchioness made no more ado, but readily took it, for fear of being discover'd, and away she went to her Apartment. *Beatrice* finding the Page did not come back, presently imagin'd, that he was tipping the Waters himself, and shuffled to her Chamber, in a great Rage; where, when she saw neither Page nor Key, she made a devilish Hurricane, and ran up and down the House in

Search

Search of the Page. Mean time, being in *Venus* Arbour, and hearing a great Noise in the Gallery, tho' at a Distance, I presently concluded, that I had made the Disturbance, by frightening *Hyacinto*; and as I was naturally impatient, and saw nobody appear, according to Promise, I e'en return'd to my Chamber, by a private Stair-case, in order to throw off my Female Habit, resume that of a Page, and appear in the Gallery, among the rest, for fear of being suspected.

As, therefore, I was going from my Chamber, without a Candle, (and the Night was extremely dark) somebody took fast hold of my Foretop; and immediately after I was saluted with such a Blow o' the Chaps, that I thought they had dash'd my Teeth down my Throat. The Blood gush'd from my Nose like Water out of a Pump; and soon made me look like Raw-head-and-bloody-bones. And, which was yet more surprizing to me than all the rest, I had no sooner receiv'd the Blow, but I heard somebody say, with a hoarse and angry Voice, — Give me the Key of my Chamber, you Rogue! Not knowing any such Voice, and thinking I might be murder'd there in the dark, I clapp'd my Hand upon my Dagger, which we are scarce ever without in *Naples*; and drawing the same, sheath'd it in the Guts of the unfortunate *Beatrice*, who, finding herself wounded, scream'd out loud enough for me to know her; and so gave me Warning to march off of the Ground, to prevent my being discover'd.

The Stair-case where this unhappy Wound was given being near the Marchioness's Apartment, she heard the Noise, and ran to see what was the Matter, taking the Girl that *Hyacinto* was going to visit, along with her: But what a dismal Sight was it for the poor Lady to behold her Governante expiring, and all in a gore Blood! All the Women that were about her fell a howling and whindling, and I went, and pretended to outdo 'em all in Cries and Tears! I appear'd all over bloody, and had so smear'd my Shirt, that I look'd as if I was stabb'd in ten Places! The Marchioness no sooner saw me in that Pickle, but she fell into Fits; whereupon the Women put her and *Beatrice* to Bed. I thought it now time for

me.

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me to go to Bed too; which I did, but had no great matter of Rest.

I was so griev'd at the Accident which had happen'd to my dear Lady, that I never once thought of what I had done to poor *Beatrice*. I durst not rise, and go to her Apartment, by reason the Surgeon that was sent to me, had bled me, and order'd me to keep my Chamber two or three Days: But as soon as ever it was Day, my Lady sent to know how I did, and bad the Maid tell me, she would come and see me as soon as she was up. Accordingly, about Nine o'Clock, she, and an Aunt of hers, (who hearing of the Noise that had happen'd in the Palace, came, betimes in the Morning, to see her Niece) enter'd my Chamber. That Lady was the Count of P . . . 's Sister, a rich Widow, had no Children, and perfectly doated on the Marchioness of T . . . She sent constantly, every Day, to know how she did, and the Fellow that came that Morning, being inform'd, by the Servants, of *Beatrice's* Misfortune, ran directly to his Lady, and told her the whole Story. She immediately took Coach, and went to her Niece's Apartment, to see how she did. The Marchioness was a-bed when she came, very much indispos'd; and having examin'd *Hyacinto* touching the Beginning of the Fray, they could not tell where to fix the Murder. They went to *Beatrice*, who was half-dead; and all they could learn of her was, that she was stabb'd by a Page, to whom she had given the Key of her Chamber, to fetch some Waters, to bring *Hyacinto* to himself; that she met the Page upon the Back-stairs that belong'd to my Lady's Apartment; and that he did it only because she gave him a little Box o' th' Ear for tarrying so long.

Hereupon the Marchioness concluded, that this was a Piece of design'd Villainy. She knew well enough, that she had receiv'd the Key of the Chamber from *Beatrice*, disguis'd like a Page; but that it was not she that stabb'd her. Then she began to suspect the Truth; and having administer'd what Comfort she was able to poor *Beatrice*, and desir'd the Surgeons who were come to dress her Wound a second time, to take a particular Care of her, and spare nothing, she order'd all the Servants to be
locked

locked up, in order to be examined; and, in the first Place, came, with her Aunt, into my Chamber. That Lady had been one of the Princess C....'s great Cronies, and the only Confident of the Secrets of her whole Life. Among the rest, that of my Birth had been intrusted with her, at large; but she knew nothing at all of the Marchioness's. Her great Age, and many Infirmities, had obliged her to keep her Chamber several Years; so that she had never seen me in her Life: Nevertheless, she had no sooner cast her Eye upon me, but she started back, and screamed out. The Marchioness apprehended nothing of the real Occasion; but fancy'd, that, as she was very infirm, the Fatigue had brought some Pains upon her. She desired her to retire to her Apartment; and asked me, as she was going out of my Chamber, Whether I was not wounded? and, Whether the Surgeon who had been to see me, thought me dangerously ill? Her Manner of Speaking, joined with her Looks, were enough to convince any one, that she had a mind to talk with me alone; but could find no Opportunity for't all that Day, her Aunt not leaving her, but finding her Employment till Night, when she went home, and desired the Marchioness to come and pass the following Day in her Palace.

Mean time, all the Domestics were detained Prisoners, except a poor Wretch, a Native of *Florence*, who, fearing the intended Inquisition, was run away. As soon as it was known, that he had made his Escape, the Suspicion of the Murder fell altogether upon him, and the Marchioness was advised to set her Servants at Liberty, and let the Affair take as little Wind as possible. However, all the Forms of Justice were executed against the poor *Florentine*; and some of his Companions declared, that they had seen him wipe his bloody Dagger, and that he seemed to be in great Disorder and Confusion. In a Word, nothing was neglected to render him as guilty as possible, and to confirm the Suspicion occasion'd by his Flight. Three Days after, he was hang'd in Effigie before the Palace; and *Beatrice*, who died of her Wound the Day before this Execution, was lamented,

not

not only by her Mistress, but generally by all the Servants in the House.

Being obliged to keep my Chamber, I was ignorant of these Transactions till some Days afterwards. 'Tis true, about Eleven o'Clock that Night my Lady and her Aunt had visited me, the Marchioness came alone into my Chamber, and having drawn my Curtain, and waked me, I was amazed to see her put her Finger upon my Mouth, as a Signal for my Silence. She sat down close by me, and speaking as low as possible, for fear of being heard by a Slave who looked after me, and who was asleep in a little Closet just by my Bed-side, she told me, That she had longed, with a great deal of Impatience, to talk with me; that she and I were the Cause of all the Misfortunes that had happened in the House; and that she suspected, that poor *Beatrice* had receiv'd her Death's Wound from my Hand. After this, she related to me, how she had seen *Hyacinto* in the Gallery, how she had disguised herself, and how she was frightened by a Spirit, as she was going to *Venus Arbour*. Then, having informed me of *Beatrice's* Mistake, in giving her the Key of her Chamber, she concluded, with assuring me, That we must think of parting, before the Marquis came home; that she was sensible, the World would give an ugly Turn to an Accident of that Nature; that the Marquis, who was of a wicked and malicious Temper, would take hold of that Opportunity, to be revenged of her Indifference; that, indeed, she could willingly undergo any thing he could inflict, but that she could never endure to see me expos'd to his Resentment; That I must, therefore, think of a Retreat, and tell her where I had a mind to be, to the end she might continue to give me her Assistance.

I was about a Quarter of an Hour, before I made any Answer to such a dreadful Proposal! The Foresight of the impending Blow quite deprived me of my Senses! But, at last, I made shift to whine out the following Expressions ----- You would have me, then, go from you, Madam! Ah! Who is it brings me so severe an Order? Is it you? or, Is it one of the Infernal Furies?

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Alas! dear Madam! Whither would you send me? or, Where would you expose me? Why did not you rather deliver me into the Hands of Justice, to be executed instead of the *Florentine* in Effigie! But it is still time for me to surrender myself, and own, that I am the Man that murdered *Beatrice*! Yes! 'Twas I that sheathed my Dagger in her Bowels! 'Tis true, I did it in my own Defence, taking her for a Thief that had drawn plenty of Blood from me; and tho' I am heartily grieved, that I did not know that unfortunate Woman, whom I ought to respect as long as I live; yet I will tell the Judges so many Circumstances of Malice and Hate, as shall force them to take away a Life which is a Burden to me, since I can no longer employ it in your Service, but am condemned to leave you, and fly your Presence! Ah, *Beatrice*! How is your Death doubly revenged upon the Murderer, by this most exquisite Piece of Cruelty! No: I am by no Means capable of obeying your Orders; and you command a thing in vain, which is not in my Power to perform!

I now perceive, *reply'd the Marchioness*, that you want Prudence, and that I have made you too familiar! But, *Colli*! you must learn more Wit; and 'tis not now Time to dally! You must go! And you must go very speedily too! You owe me this Act of your Obedience; and I will endeavour to make you amends for the submissive Manner you should do it in. D'ye think, I have a mind to send you away, never to see you more! I must first bid Adieu to Love and Nature! You shall be always dear to me, I promise you! and I'll take care, you shall want for nothing as long as I live! 'Tis only to secure myself from the Insults and Affronts of a brutish Husband, that I do this, and because I would not be in continual Fear for you: I'll tell him, you desir'd Leave to go to *Rome*, to meet him, and give him an Account what had befallen poor *Beatrice*! Mean time, I'll consult with my Aunt, To-morrow, which way you had best go, and what *Asylum* is most convenient, as well for your Safety, as for your sending me News of your Health!

I was

I was forced to yield to these Arguments of my Lady; and began to be persuaded, that I must not expect to live, if the Marquis, who was expected home in three or four Days, should be once informed, that I was the Occasion of all that Disturbance. All the Domestics bore me a mortal Grudge already, and the Chamber-maid, who was *Hyacinto's* Mistress, told a Thousand Tales of my Lady's Carriage towards me. She even insinuated to her Fellow-servants, That it must needs be I that killed the old Governante, by the Mark I had of a Box o' th' Ear. So that, at last, I resolved to do just as the Marchioness would have me. As soon, therefore, as it was Light, I ran to *Rosalia's* Lodgings, and told her all that had happened, and that I was going away. The poor Girl was extremely surprised to hear, that I must leave *Naples*; for she loved the Place intirely, and had kept herself chaste, ever since my Preferment, by the continual Support I gave her. My Flight made her desperate, and when she considered she was now like to want my Help, and had nothing else to live upon, she would fain have laid violent Hands upon herself, and no longer survive her Disgrace. I comforted her as well as I could, desiring her not to abandon herself to Despair, and promising to do all I could to make her easy, and to prevent her falling into Necessity, by getting her a Place at the Marchioness's. All the Uneasiness I had at this Juncture, was, That the Count of *P.....* who went very often to the Marchioness's, might happen to meet *Rosalia* in her Lady's Apartment, and not think well of a Courtesan's serving a Lady of Distinction. Perplexed with this Thought, I returned to the Palace, in the Evening, after having spent the Day in taking my Leave of my Friends in Town, before I went for *Rome*. Understanding, when I came home, that my Lady had called for me, I ran to her Apartment, and found several Servants with her, before whom she declared, that she designed to send me to meet her Spouse, then upon his Return to *Rome*; and that I must make all possible Diligence in getting out; for that I must begin my Journey the next Morning. I made her a low Bow, and went to my Chamber, to pack up my Things, and

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wait for a private Conversation with the Marchioness. Nor did her Ladyship much tire my Patience; for as soon as ever she had got rid of her Women, she came, and assured me, That all things were ready for my Voyage; that there was a Barque in the Harbour ready to sail for *Malta*; that she had resolved to send me to that Island, with Letters of Recommendation to the Grand-Prior C, Brother of the Princess who had brought me up, and my Father's Uncle, and also some Memoirs relating to my Birth and Descent. The Marchioness's Aunt had been, and was still, the best Friend the Grand-Prior had in the World. The Letters I was charged with on the Part of that Lady, were, therefore, sufficient Credentials; and as 'tis the Privilege of that illustrious Family, for their natural Children to be admitted into the Order of *Malta*, I began to fancy myself already a Knight of that Name. The Marchioness gave me her Picture set round with Diamonds, and a Purse of five hundred Pistoles, and assured me, she would act in Concert with her Aunt, in the Raising of my Fortune. I remember, the old Lady last-mentioned, when I took my Leave of her, embraced me, and said, --- I must lose you, then, just as I begin to know you! The Princess C gave me your Picture, when you was in the Seminary at *Rome*; and the only Reason I screamed out, when I first saw you at my Niece's, was, because I found you at a time when I could get no manner of Advice of you! My late illustrious Friend died very full of Grief, that she could do you no Good; and I inherit her Good-will and Affection! Approve yourself an honest Man, and you shall have no Cause to murmur at your Fate! --- As I was declaring to that Lady the infinite Obligations she had laid upon me, and that I would stick to the Letter of her's and her Neice's Commands, the Marchioness came to tell me, That a Slave, whom she had ordered to attend me, was gone to carry my Things on board the Barque. Hereupon, with Tears in my Eyes, I begg'd of my good Lady, to take *Rosalia* into her House, and told her, in few Words, how much I had been beholden to her: She commended my Acknowledgment, and desired her Aunt to take her into her Service, as judging it more
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convenient she should be there, lest her Beauty should strike the Marquis, and occasion some Uneasiness between them. I had but just Time to write to *Rosalia*, desiring her to go and wait on the Countess of P. . . . but I had the Satisfaction of having prevented her falling into extreme Want, before I set out. I never was so melancholy and concerned in my Life, as at that time: I went into the Countess of P. . . . 's Coach, with Eyes drown'd in Tears; and had no sooner embarked, but we weigh'd Anchor. We got out of the Harbour in an Hour's Time, which was about Nine o'Clock on a Friday Morning, St. Francis's Day. Having sailed about three or four Leagues, by Favour of a Side-wind, the Wind chopped about; at Two in the Afternoon; so that we were forced to bolt to and again till Night, when we cast Anchor, and lay by, being then about Fourteen Miles from *Naples*, off of Cape *Palinuro*. The Wind continuing contrary all Night, I grew weary of the Ship; and the Coasts promising very fair for Sport, I went to our Captain, and engaged him to go on Shore with me, to see if we could make any use of our Fowling-Pieces. We went a great way up into the Forest, till, at last, the Walk we were in led us to a very regular Castle, for its Fortifications both of Art and Nature. We had no sooner got Sight of this Castle, but some Country-fellows came up to us, and ask'd us, What was our Business there? and, Whom we wanted? We answer'd 'em, That being obliged by contrary Winds, to cast Anchor upon their Coasts, we had landed, to admire the Beauty of the Place; and as we came thro' the Forest, we at last espy'd that Castle, which we should be very glad to see. Then I desired one of the Clowns, who seem'd to me to have the most Reason and good Manners, to let me speak to the Owner of the Castle. He reply'd, That the Owner was great a Lord of *Naples*, who never came thither but once a Year, and that in the Spring; but that the Marchioness was arriv'd there about an Hour ago, and was gone to Bed, being fatigued with her Journey, which she had made in the Night. As my dear Lady was never out of my Mind, I could not hear the Word *Marchioness* named, but presently I took

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it to be my Lady, as if nobody else had deserved that Title: I inquired after her Name; and tho' the Rustics told it me twenty times over, after their barbarous manner, they so murdered it, that I had not the least Notion thereof. Upon this, I intreated the Captain to stay a little, while I paid my Respects to the Lady: But, how was I confounded at the Sight of the Marchioness of T....! I threw myself at her Feet, and would fain have kissed 'em. The Captain, who was an Eye-witness of my Behaviour, imagined I had lost my Senses, and could think no other of my Extravagancies. On the other hand, the Marchioness was so amazed to see me there, that she could neither ask me, what I did in her Castle, nor what Accident had brought me thither. At last, both recovering from our Surprize, she conducted me into her Closet, where, after I had given her an Account of my Voyage, she assured me, that as soon as I was gone, she received an Express from the Marquis, ordering her to go and wait for him at *Palinuro*, where she expected him in few Days; and that she set out immediately, as well in point of Duty, as to sooth the Melancholy she conceived upon my Account.

I looked upon this Order from the Marquis, as a very bad Omen; and assured my Lady, That I was apprehensive, some malicious Persons had instilled bad Notions into my Lord's Head, with respect to her; and that he was resolute enough, to have a Design upon her Life; which seemed to me the more probable, in that he had ordered her to this Place of Retirement, where Solitude might increase his ill Humour.----- 'Tis all one to me, *said she*; I fear nothing; I have loved you no otherwise than as a Brother, and therefore my Conscience is very easy as to that matter. 'Tis true, should any one know all the secret Steps I have taken, to inform myself of the Truth, and to converse with you, he might be apt to censure me; but I could not help doing as I did; and 'tis owing to my Stars, that ever I erred, in the least, from my Duty. Besides, no Creature in the World knew any thing of my Affection for you, except *Beatrice*; and indeed her Knowledge of it gave me some Uneasiness: Not but that my Fear of her, I dare say, was very ill-grounded;

grounded ; by reason I always found her the discreetest Person I ever met with. Thus am I ready to receive my Lord, without a Thought of being questioned by him about you.

She added, That as soon as I was gone from her Aunt's, they both went into her Closet ; and that there having found my Picture in a Frame of Filagree-wrought Gold, she asked for it, and, with much ado, obtained it ; that upon the Sight of that Picture, the Countess of P . . . had told her all the Particulars of my Life, and confirm'd all that *Beatrice* had said, except what related to the Trick her Mother had put upon the old Count of P . . . , in pretending she was his Child. Our Conversation having lasted till Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, the Weather then changed, and the Captain sent me Word, That he could tarry no longer ; for it was high time we were on Board. Those kind of Men are but one Degree better than Brutes, and will be obey'd without Contradiction. So, considering I could not help myself, I took my Leave of the Marchioness, with a Thousand Protestations of an inviolable Friendship, and rejoined my Captain, who told me, he'd engage to land me in the Isle of *Malta*, in less than four-and-twenty Hours, if the Wind continued. The Ship's Crew had expected our Return with great Impatience, and we were no sooner embarked, but we set Sail for *Messina*, which Place we discovered the next Morning, as soon as 'twas light. We were becalmed between the *Fare* of *Messina* and the Isle of *Lipari*, and lay by, expecting the Noon-Breeze, which rises when the Sun is in the Height of its Course. Mean while, the whole Crew betook themselves to pass away the Time, by telling of Stories. Some related the Danger they had gone thro' by Sea : Others discoursed of Trade and Merchandizing ; and others, again, diverted themselves by telling their Dreams : I was the only silent Person in the Ship, who, having a Book in my Hand, took no manner of Notice of their foolish Talk. *Ametli*, the Slave the Marchioness had given me, made one among 'em, and was as busy with his Tongue as the best of 'em ; for in those Places they are glad to hear any diverting Story, without re-

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garding the Person that tells it. This Slave, who was a merry, facetious Fellow, and a *Frank* by Nation, told 'em, as well as he could, in his *Frank* Tongue, That he had dreamt, that he was free, and that his Master was a Slave in his Place; that he had carry'd him into his Country, where his Mother and Brother were very glad to see him; that he had obliged him to lie with his Master; and, that the next Day he met with one of his Sisters that had been in the *Seraglio* at *Constantinople*, whom he had never seen in his Life, but of whom his Mother had spoken to him very often. He added a Thousand other Particulars of his Dream. Scarce had he made an End of his Story, but we were surprized by a *Turkish* Brigantine, who came upon us unawares; and after having chained us, they took all we had that was worth taking, set Fire to our Barque, sailed for *Zante*, and arriv'd at *Patras* in two Days. I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of what we did to defend ourselves, for which we had no Time, the *Turks* being aboard of us, before we perceiv'd 'em. All I could do was, to hide the Marchioness's Picture, and to abandon my Equipage, in which they found so much Money, that they gave me the worst Treatment, to make me propose a Ransom. *Ametli* was the only Person pleased with this unfortunate Adventure. He presently made himself known to the Captain of the Brigantine, whom, to his great Happiness, he found to be his Mother's Brother. *Ametli* had been taken by the Galleys of *Malta*, when he was about twelve Years of Age. At thirteen or fourteen, the Chains were put on him, and he was exposed to Sale to the Merchants of *Naples*, who deal in Man's Flesh. Being young, and very well shap'd, the old Marchioness bought him; and he had been in her Palace twelve or thirteen Years, when the Marchioness made me a Present of him, to attend me to *Malta*. He was one of the jolliest Fellows that ever I met with, and, at the same time, a very industrious Slave. All the while I was in the Marchioness's House, he was so over-officious to serve me, that he was jealous, if any other Slave did any thing for me. He was overjoy'd, when his Lady told him, she had given him to me;

me ; and that if he took care of me, she would give him his Liberty upon my Return, which would be in a few Years. The Hopes of his Liberty made him so very studious to please me, that I never had Occasion to make the least Complaint of him. His first Care, after he had made himself known, was to cause one of my Suits of Cloaths to be returned me, and to rid me of the Chain that bound my Hands behind me. He told me, he was not able to obtain my Liberty of his Uncle, who was, as I said before, Captain of the Brigantine ; but that we were going to *Patras*, where he was born and bred, and where his Mother and one of his Brothers still lived ; and that he would make my Slavery so easy, that I should quite forget *Naples*. I thanked him for his extraordinary Civility, and desired him not to suffer me to be sent away from him, nor sold to the Merchants of *Constantinople* ; by reason, I told him, 'twould be much easier for me to send to my Lady from the *Morea*, than from *Romania* ; assuring him, that I should never be unmindful of the Obligations he would lay upon me, by granting my Request in that Particular. He swore, that I should be satisfied with his good Offices ; and the Truth is, he was as good as his Word ; for the Change of his Fortune, upon his Deliverance from Bondage, made none at all in his Mind, nor ever took from his Acknowledgments towards me. And he was a *Turk*, not so *Turkish* upon such an Occasion, as a great many *Christians*, who are humble enough in Disgrace ; but in the least Prosperity grow intolerably insolent, and scorn to look upon their best Friends.

As soon as we were arrived, the *Turkish* Captain went to give the Governor of the Town an Account of his Prize, and of the Number of Slaves he had taken. We were immediately ordered into a *Basar*, which is a kind of Market-Hall for that inhuman Traffick. 'Tis the Custom of that Country, to be exposed to Sale quite naked, without any Regard to the Modesty of Women, or the Deference they ought to have even for Nature : But *Ametli* did not only save me the Shame of appearing in that Condition, but procured me to be bought by his Mother, and went with me to the *Basar*, to shew me

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the Misery of my Companions. I was then in my own Cloaths, and it was with Regret that *Ametli* came and told me, I must yield to my bad Fortune, and put on a white Dress, as a Mark of my Slavery. This Beginning did not seem very hard to me; I took the Habit they assigned me, with all the Tranquillity imaginable, and made no manner of Complaint. My Mistress, who was a comely Gentlewoman, about sixty Years of Age, a Mussulman, and perfectly bigotted to the Superstitions of the Laws of *Mahomet*, shewed me into the Garden, and ordered me to take care of the Flowers, of which she was a great Admirer. Her eldest Son was the famousest Corsair of the Country, and his Wife and two Women-Slaves liv'd at his Mother's. One of those Slaves was a Native of *Provence*, and the other of *Messina*; both very handsome, and very witty. Tho' it is very dangerous for Slaves to speak to their Masters Wives, whether lawful or otherwise, I found Means to talk with the *Provensale*, who gave me the following Account of her Slavery.

She lived, at *Marseilles*, with an Aunt, to whom her Parents, at their Death, had committed the Charge of her Education; and she always had a Share in the Acts of Devotion and Abstinence. When she was about fifteen or sixteen Years of Age, a Captain of a Galley, whose Name was *M. . . .*, first told her she was handsome. *Gabrielle* (for that was her Name) made the Defence common to her Sex; but the Captain soon brought her to Reason, assuring her, That her Aunt did Wrong to her Fortune, by bringing her up in Retirement and Ignorance. I never knew a handsome Woman without Tincture of Vanity, and there is hardly any Beauty but expects to be happy. She hearkened to the Lessons of that dangerous Master, and soon became a most perfect Mistress. It was late before the Aunt discovered this Commerce; and *Gabrielle*, having been at several Matches, with her Lover, in the Country, had eaten a fruit there which did not agree with her; insomuch, that she was obliged to leave her Aunt's, and to go to her Lover's Estate, near *Beziers*, in *Languedoc*. She unfortunately chose to go by Sea, for Expedition-sake;

and a Wind from Land blowing very hard, (which is common in the Gulph of *Lions*) they were forc'd to run before the Wind all Night, and found themselves, the next Morning, by Break of Day, upon the Coasts of *Barbary*. An *Algerine*, with whom the *French* were at War, took the Barque, and Ten Persons that were on board her, and carry'd 'em into *Algiers*; and *Ametli's* Brother having put into that Harbour to refit, was invited to dine with his old Friend the *Algerine*, who, as the Manner of the *Turks* is, offer'd him Presents, and gave him the most beautiful of his Slaves. *Gabrielle*, tho' with Child, pleas'd the *Grecian* best, and was carry'd to *Patras*, and presented to *Ametli's* Mother, who receiv'd her with great Marks of Friendship, and treated her, ever after, with extraordinary Civility. This Story she told me about a Week after I had been in the same House with her, at a Time when our Master and Mistresses were gone to Prayers, on the Evening of the Vigil of one of their Holidays.

Mean time, *Ametli* had been obliged to go to *Adrianople*, to see an Uncle that had a considerable Post at the *Ottoman* Porte. He told me of his intended Journey; and it was with the deepest Regret that I saw him set out, by reason I had now no Person left, to speak to, with Confidence, concerning my Ransom. One Day, as soon as I had water'd my Flowers, I sat down upon a Grass-plot, ruminating upon the Sadness of my Fate; and, at last, pull'd out the Marchioness's Picture from under my Arm-pit, where I generally carry'd it; and having consider'd it very attentively, I was touch'd to the quick at the Remembrance of the Original, and of my own Misfortunes. *Aset's* Wife, who perceiv'd me from a Window, was very curious to know what I had in my Hand, and suspected it might be some Jewels of a great Value, and that I was a Man of a distinguish'd Character. As she was not suffer'd to speak to me, she found means to put on *Gabrielle's* Cloaths, and being told by that Slave where she sometimes talk'd with me, she went thither so seasonably, that as I was going to the *Bagnio*, the Place in which all the Slaves in the Town were shut up, she took hold of me, and told me, she

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she wanted the Jewels I had, which if I would not deliver up by fair means, I should by foul; and that therefore I had best do it, without making any Noise; adding, that 'twas as much as my Life was worth, to complain, or so much as speak of this Adventure. I was very sensible, that it could not be the Marchioness's Picture that had rais'd such a Passion in her, the *Turks* hating all manner of Images, as Idols: But the Glistering of the Diamonds that were set round the Box, was what had struck her Eyes; and that Nation, which is the proudest and most covetous in the World, think they have a Right to every thing they see, and that they ought to be deny'd nothing. All that I could do, was, to take the Opportunity of the Dusk, to secure the Picture, and give her the Box: I assur'd her withal, that I was extremely glad those Jewels had fallen into her Hands; and that if I could have done it without a Crime, I had presented her with 'em long before. She thank'd me very civilly, and gave me, in Return, a String of ten crystal Beads, which the *Turks* make use of at their Prayers. They were strung upon a gold Wire, and enrich'd with a Ring set round with very fine Turquoise-Stones. That Loss did not much disturb me, who was overjoy'd, that I had kept the Picture of my dear Lady. I neither reflected on the Loss of the Box, nor on the Present *Asen's* Wife had made me; but wrapt up the Picture in one Corner of my Mantle, till the next Day, when I got a Goldsmith to make me a silver Box, which cost me One and Thirty *Medins*, or Nine *French* Livres: To pay for which, I had sold my String of Beads, and had some Money left, which I laid out upon a little Linen, which I very much wanted, by reason my Chests had been plunder'd, and nothing at all left me. Tho' my Condition was pretty easy, I found it much more unpleasant than slavish; because I was depriv'd of the Pleasure of going out, either to get Money, or contrive my Escape. I was confin'd all Day, and Melancholy began to appear in my Countenance. My Stomach was quite gone, and the Negro that us'd to bring me my Victuals, perceiving I did not eat, but fell away, acquainted my old Mistress with it, who immedi-

ately sent for me, to examine into the Cause of my Melancholy. She had seen me but once or twice, since I had been in her Service; for the Widows in that Country, and especially those they call the *Santones*, are very retir'd, and have very little Conversation with Men. I was conducted into her Apartment, where I found her upon a rich Bed of yellow Velvet thick-lac'd with Silver. As old as she was, she had all the Majesty of a Queen; and I fancy'd, that I could see, in her Person, the Woman I had seen in the frightful Dream I dreamt at *Rome*, who rising out of the Ground, had spoken to me in a Language I did not understand, but who, Signor *Carlocio* told me, was my Mother. No sooner therefore had I cast my Eyes upon that venerable old Woman, and she had told me in the *Frank* Tongue, she wanted to know the Occasions of my Grief, but I shed such a Shower of Tears, that it was impossible for me to answer her one Word. She bad me rise, (for I was upon my Knees when she receiv'd me) and come near her; which having done, she took me by the Hand, and told me, I ought not to give up myself thus to Despair; that she had distinguish'd me from all the other Slaves, by placing me in her Garden; that if I did not like that Employ, she desir'd me to tell her so, and that she felt she knew not what tender, and, as it were, natural Inclination to do me Good, her Son *Ametti* having recommended it to her to oblige me, and to make my Chains as easy to me as possible.

I thank'd my good Mistress for her generous Sentiments of me, and assur'd her, I preferr'd the Honour of being in her Service, to that of any of the principal Persons in the Empire. Mean time, my Eyes were still fix'd on her Face, and not being able to keep in my Tears, at the Remembrance of *Zebina*, who, they told me, was my Mother, and to whom that venerable old *Turk* bore a perfect Resemblance, she commanded me to tell her the Occasion of my Weeping; and press'd me so earnestly to obey her, that I could no longer conceal the Cause of my Grief. — Alas! Madam, said I, after I had taken some Spirit, before I declare to you the Occasion of my Sorrow, tell me, I conjure you, Whether

ever you had a Daughter? and, If she had your Air? and, Whether your Daughter was not taken by the Gallies of *Malta*, in Company with the Sultaneſs *Zaide*, who was going to viſit your Prophet's Tomb? Ah! Chriſtian, *reply'd* Azemire, (for that was my Miſtreſs's Name) What haſt thou ſaid! and, Wherefore com'ſt thou hither, to renew the Pangs, which the Space of twenty Years has not been able to rid me of! Ah! poor *Zebina*! Art thou dead! Speak, Chriſtian! Did ſhe ever embrace your Errors! or forget the Duty ſhe ow'd to God, to *Mahomet*, and to Nature! Oh! How many times did I oppoſe that curſed Voyage! Heaven had given me that lovely Girl to be the Comfort of my old Age, and I had enjoy'd the Pleaſure of her pretty Company till ſhe was Eighteen! Then, alas! one of my intimate Friends, who had the ſignal Favour of pleaſing the King of Kings, our invincible Emperor, upon the Death of her Conſort, would needs go to *Mecca*, and took my Daughter along with her, deſigning, upon her Return, to diſpoſe of her to a Baſſaw of her Acquaintance. Every body knows the unhappy Fate of that illuſtrious Caravan! Her pious Intentions were cut off by the Taking of the Ship, and the Slavery of all the Muſſulmans of her Retinue! And this is all I know of that cruel Adventure. Orders were immediately iſſu'd for none to ſpeak of it; by reaſon it would detract from the Grandeur of the *Ottoman* Porte, to have it ſaid, that a Sultaneſs and one of the Emperor's Sons were become Slaves to a Crew of ſorry Pirates, who had but a Nook of Land to hide their Heads in. Thus, all Perſons were forbidden to inquire after their Friends or Relations, loſt in that unhappy Diſgrace; and, to this Day, I could never find any body to talk with about my poor *Zebina*.

Alas! Madam, *answer'd* I, if you are *Zebina's* Mother, nobody is more able to give you an Account of her, than myſelf: And tho' I never ſaw her in my Life, I am ſo concern'd for her, and have been ſo often told how much I was oblig'd to her, that 'tis impoſſible for me ever to forget her. I am the Son of that illuſtrious *Grecian*, whom you call your Daughter! My Birth coſt

her her Life ; and you ought the sooner to be persuaded of the Truth of what I say, in that I always had a real Affection for *Ametli*, her Brother ! And tho' I am your Slave, yet, upon the Sight of you, I presently entertain'd a Respect mixt with I know not what Tenderness, which we don't use to have for our Mistresses ! 'Tis true, I never saw my Mother, except in a Dream, in which she appear'd to me at *Rome* : But her Features (which I had time enough to observe) were so exactly like yours, that this Likeness was the only Cause of my Grief and Melancholy ; and I was wishing for an Opportunity of informing myself, by your means, of this Truth, when you were pleas'd to prevent me, and send for me into your Apartment. The more I look upon you, the more I think you my Grandmother ; and even your very Language, and the Sound of your Voice, all seems agreeable to the last Words my Mother said to me, in my Dream, which I did not understand. The old Gentlewoman, whose Nature was already on Fire, finding what I told her, to be, in all Points, agreeable to the truth, bad me come to her ; and embracing me very hard, and calling me by a thousand tender Names, of which the *Greeks* are very liberal, she declar'd, That she had likewise observ'd in me several of the dear *Zebina's* Features ; her Mouth, her Eyes, her Make, and a noble Knit, in which she could never be deceiv'd ; that therefore, since Fortune had thrown me into the Land of the Faithful, and not only so, but into my own Family too, I ought to become a Mussulman, in order to enjoy a plentiful Fortune, and to be the Comfort of her old Age ; that she had already more Tenderness for me, than ever she had had for any of her other Children ; and that the Good she would do me, if I would but believe her, should exceed my greatest Hopes, and manifest the Love and Good-will she had for me.

I immediately rejected a Proposal of that Nature, and desir'd my Mistress to be pleas'd to allow me, at least, Liberty of Conscience, since I had unfortunately lost that of my Body : So she press'd me no farther upon that Article ; and tho' I was not perfectly free, yet my

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Condition receiv'd such an agreeable Alteration, that I had no other Trouble upon me, but that of being separated from the young Marchioness of T. . . ., my ador'd Mistress. The Flowers which were left to my Care, and made a Part of my Duty, were now a very agreeable Diversion to me, who had two Slaves under me, to do all the heavy Work ; so that I was, in Effect, Master of the Garden. Nor did I ever, after that Interview, go to lie in the *Bagnio* again ; for my good Mistress furnish'd me a Chamber in one Corner of the Garden, whither she daily came to visit me, and discourse concerning *Zebina*. One Day, as she was hugely caressing me, I judg'd it a fit Opportunity to speak to her about my Ransom. — I am your Slave, *said I*, and am very sensible, that all my Dependence is on you ; that you have an absolute Power over my Life ; and that you may, whenever you please, render me unhappy : But tho' Fortune has us'd me so cruelly, by throwing me into Irons, has she not, in some degree, made me Amends, by giving me my Grandmother, even the Woman who brought forth the Mother that bore me, for my Mistress ? Alas ! Madam, How can you call me yours, and see me in Irons ? In the Name of God, in the Name of yourself, and of the dear Woman, who was formerly the Object of your Love, let me be redeem'd, and acquaint my Relations at *Naples* with my Misfortunes, and your Generosity ! My Discourse melted my Mistress into Tears, and being myself in the same Condition, we were both silent for some time. At last, breaking Silence, and putting on an Air of Pride and Majesty, she told me, That, for my Ease, she had not been able to hear me ; that she had only seen my Tears ; and that I knew not what I said : that therefore she advis'd me to get Instructions ; and, for that end, would send me a *Dervis*, to teach me what I was oblig'd to know ; and that I ought to hearken to him, and to approve myself worthy her Blood. As she went out, she gave me a Glance mixt with a noble Stateliness, and tender Love : I made her a low Bow, and found I had acted unwisely, in declaring myself so openly as I had done.

However, my Fault was irrecoverable, since I could no ways go from what I had said. I curs'd my ill Fortune, that had render'd it impossible for me to acquaint those with my Condition, who had some Concern for it. That Evening, instead of my Slave's Dress, they brought me a *Turkish* Habit, with a little neat Turbant. I was troubled, all Night long, with frightful Dreams, which were too full of Whims and Extravagancies to be related here. Only one thing made such an Impression upon me, that I could never get it out of my Head: I dreamt, that I was snatch'd from the Embraces of a fine young Lady, into the Arms of a cross grain'd, crabbed old Woman; that the young one reach'd out her Hands to me, several times, to get me back again; and that seeing myself separated from her by a broad River, I would fain have abandon'd my old Guide, and return'd to my former Mistress; that, for this Purpose, she held out to me a large Olive-branch, to facilitate my Passage, but I could not make use of that Assistance; and that using all my Endeavours to overtake her, and free myself from the old Crab's Importunities, I wak'd so fatigu'd and tir'd, that I had not Power to get out of my Bed.

It was already very late, and the Slaves who us'd to work with me in the Garden, had waited about an Hour, when the *Dervis* came, according to my Mistress's Promise. He ask'd after me of my two Companions, who were sitting at my Chamber-Door; and fearing that I was sick, he knock'd at my Door, and commanded me to rise. I made shift to obey him, with much ado, and going to put on my usual Habit to appear decently before the *Dervis*, I was very much surpris'd to see, that they had chang'd my white Robe for a *Turkish* Dress. I took care not to dress myself in that Garment, by reason That alone would have convicted me of Apostatizing; and I had afterwards been impal'd alive, if I would not profess the *Mahometan* Religion: I chose, therefore, to open the Door only in my Shirt, and got into Bed again, and desir'd the *Dervis* to excuse me, for appearing before him with so little Respect; but that being sick, I hoped he would forgive me that Crime.

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He reply'd, That he heartily forgave me, and was sorry, for my Illness; that, however, he was come to administer Remedies both for my Body and Soul; and that, if I would hearken to him, and follow his Advice, I should, ere long, be one of the happiest Men upon Earth.

The All good, All-great, All-merciful Lord, *said he*, has shewn Mercy to his poor Slave, and vouchsafed to take him out of the Furnace of Tribulations and Sufferings, to bring him into the Land of the Believers. I am come hither to instruct him in the Truth of his Law, which was formerly reveal'd to our great Prophet, which has been transmitted and confirm'd to us by Miracles without Number, and which promises to all such as shall observe it faithfully, infinite Pleasures, in the Abundance of delicious Wines that we shall drink in the other Life, in the Beauty and Love of Women, in a perpetual Youth, and unchangeable Vigour! Happy, thrice happy are those, who are born in the Bosom of the Mosque! who are influenc'd by the Truths of the Alcoran! and who have never imbib'd the ridiculous Superstitions of the *Jews*, the foolish Imaginations of the *Gentiles*, nor the Whimsies and Extravagancies of the *Christians*! Open thy Eyes to the Light, *Luzai-sem* (for the *Dervis*, who knew not my own, gave me that Name, which signifies, *Conducted to the Truth*); open thy Eyes and thy Ears, and be not a Rebel to the Voice of the Blood, which speaks to thee from God, and from our great Prophet *Mahomet*!

If at the time that this ridiculous *Dervis* entertain'd me with such a Gallimawfry, I durst have laugh'd out, I should have done it very heartily; and indeed, it had been impossible for me to forbear, but that I call'd to mind all the Calamities that had ever befallen me, and the dismal Circumstances of my present Condition. I knew, by my Conversation with the People of *Europe*, and others, how dangerous it was for a Slave to receive the Propositions of a *Turk* without Respect and Attention; and therefore, having dress'd myself, I made a low Bow to my *Mahometan* Divine, and assur'd him; That I had a great Respect for his Person, and for those

that sent him to discourse with me ; but that I was so unfit, in my present Circumstances, to hearken to any thing that concern'd Religion, that I knew not what Answer to make him ; that, indeed, I desir'd to know the Truth, but that an entire Liberty of Body and Mind was altogether necessary to drive away the Suspicion, either of Fear or Interest. So, contenting myself with the *Theses* of Divinity already imprinted in my Mind, I told the *Turk*, that it was a Shame to their Sect, to press poor Slaves to change their Religion ; that the Trouble they gave themselves upon that Score, render'd 'em contemptible in the Sight of all good Men ; that a Change of Heart can't come but from the Presumption of the Mind ; and that the Mind can't be enlightened, but by a Light from above ; that when a Slave, from a *Christian*, became a *Mahometan*, it was either owing to his Fear of Slavery, and the Hardships it ties him down to, or because he desir'd such Pleasures and Enjoyments, as he could not hope for in his deplorable Condition ; that therefore, as those two Motives were not noble enough to persuade a reasonable Man, a Change that proceeded from such Causes was so far from deserving eternal Rewards, that it was even criminal ; that I must first be convinced, That *Mahomet* was sent from God to give his Laws to Mankind, and that the *Christian* Religion was not more holy, and more conformable to right Reason, than all the other Religions together ; that if he himself would but hearken to me in his turn, I would prove to him, in few Words, that he was more a Slave than I, tho' in the midst of the seeming Liberty he enjoy'd ; and that, as for me, notwithstanding my heavy Load of Irons, I thought myself much happier, and enjoy'd more Tranquillity, than the *Turks*, who fancy'd themselves the happiest People upon Earth.

The *Dervis*, who had listen'd to me with an admirable Patience, assur'd me, That he expected such an Answer as I had return'd him ; but that he was not balk'd at that : Besides, *added he*, I promise myself Success from the *Mahometan* Blood that runs in thy Veins ; which Blood will work its Effects, in God's Time, and that

of our great Prophet: I leave thee, with Hopes of seeing thee again, very speedily: May the Dew of Heaven whiten thy Soul, fully'd with strange Opinions, as it whitens the Gawze and Linen design'd for the Turbants which cover the Heads of the wisest Emperors in the World! Adieu, *Luxaisem*! I hope thou'lt return to me!

I tarry'd alone, after that Visit, till One o'Clock in the Afternoon. Then, one of the Slaves, that work'd with me in the Garden, brought me a Dish, wherein there was some Flesh, and a Quarter of a boil'd Fowl, with a little Bread, a Pot of Coffee, and some dry Sweetmeats. This Service, which was presented me with a great deal of Respect, very much surpris'd me; for till then I us'd to find a great Loaf, some Pulse, with Salt-fish, or boil'd Beef, which was laid in my Window at the Hour of *Vespers*; and in the Evening, I had nothing but Bread, and a Bit of sorry Cheese made of Goats-Milk. I was afraid, they had a mind to make me believe, that I was, *ipso facto*, a Turk; and that, at last, I had consented to all they had ask'd of me. With this Thought, I got up, and wrapping my Blanket about me, told the Slave, he was mistaken; that I had already eaten the Beans which were laid in my Window; and that therefore he might take the Pains to carry back that Mess to the Persons, who commanded him to bring it to me.

The Slave did as I bad him; and, about Four o'Clock, my Grandmother came into my Chamber, and, calling me by the Name the *Dervis* had given me, told me I was unwise, and that she would make me a *Mussulman*, whether I would or no. As it was late, and I was, before, extremely fallen away, thro' Grief, and the Abstinence I had liv'd in for several Days, I was seiz'd with a Weakness, which took away my Senses. This so alarm'd my Mistress, that she call'd for Help. Hereupon, her Daughter-in-law, whose Jealousy had drawn her into the Garden, came running, with her two Slaves, who were amaz'd to see their old Mistress leaning over my Face, and shedding Tears like one in Despair. Without staying to make useles Reflections, they endeavour'd,

voored, by all Methods, to yield Relief to my sad Condition; applying, for that end, the most precious Essences; for the true *Mussulmans* have no Wine in their Houses. At last, after two Hours Pain and Torment, I open'd my Eyes, and was surpris'd to see myself surrounded by four Women, all in Tears, and three or four Men running about, to get me up again. Being come to myself, and perceiving my old Mother in Tears, squeezing one of my Hands in hers, said I to her, with a low Voice, This is not the Way to cure me! My Illness proceeds altogether from Grief! You'll have nothing of me, but my poor Bones, if you continue to do as you have done! Give me my Slave's Dress again, and don't constrain me to hate you! Ah! Wretch! *reply'd the old Woman*, Dost thou affront her thou ought'st to honour! and canst thou conceive a Design, of hating me, when I am come to make thee the happiest Man in the World? Dost think we use every body as thou art us'd here? No! If I was not greatly concern'd for thee, I should not much trouble myself, whether thou wast free or not; but I will have thee so. What hast thou, then, to say against our Law, that makes thee despise it with so much Scorn? Or what find'st thou so great and comfortable in thine, that thou should'st prefer Chains to Liberty, for its sake? Thou dost not yet know all thy own Misfortunes, nor all my Goodness! Ungrateful Man, as thou art! Perhaps, when thou shalt understand, that I hinder'd thee from being impal'd alive, thou wilt entertain the Sentiments thou ought'st of obliging me! The Word *Impal'd* chill'd all the Blood in my Body; but as I was not conscious of any Crime that deserv'd such a Punishment, I told her, They might invent what Torments they pleas'd to take away my Life; but that I trusted in God, who would not suffer me to be expos'd to so exquisite Torment; and that Death, of whose Approach I was sensible, would soon deliver me out of their Clutches. At that very Instant, my Fever grew twice as violent as before; and I had all the Symptoms of an approaching Death: But my Grandmother lov'd me too well to consent to the Loss of me. However, as she would not seem to flag in her

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Zeal for her Religion, she judg'd it convenient to dismiss her Women, and left me only the *Messinese* Slave, who being my Countrywoman, and speaking my Language, might be more agreeable to me than any other Person. At that Moment, I had so great an Indifference for Life, that I did not regard whom they had left to look after me. Some Time having pass'd with a profound Silence, *Mariola*, the *Messinese* Slave, thus bespoke me: *Signor Napolitano, pensate à vivere; la morte non è perchi non posse essere beato: Curate puro, la Libertà seguirà la sua salute: Come, Neapolitan, think of Living; Death is not for one that cannot be happy: Think therefore of your Recovery, which will be follow'd by your Liberty. — These Words spoken to me in Italian, rous'd me from my profound Réverie; and casting my Eyes on the Person that had utter'd 'em, I was extremely surpris'd to hear a young Woman of Two-and-twenty, handsome, and with the sweetest Air in the World, say, in her own Language, — I thank kind Heaven, for placing me in this Station, during my horrid Slavery: All that ever I serv'd before, since I came into this Place, vex'd me, and drew Tears from me; but this of serving one of my own Countrymen, and assisting him in his Infirmary, is so agreeable to me, that I fancy I am no longer a Slave, as often as I consider, I can speak to my Countryman, and relieve a *Christian* in Misery! Ah! Madam! said I, Why d'ye counsel me to live? Rather suffer me to die, and hasten the End of my unhappy Days, that I may be deliver'd from the dreadful Torment prepar'd for me! O God! Who would have believ'd, when I was at home, among my own Relations, that ever I should have met with so sad a Disaster! and only because I can't embrace their ridiculous Superstitions, be condemned to the most horrid Death that Cruelty can invent! — What Torment, and what Death is this you are talking of? reply'd the charming Slave: Are you mad, Signor *Francisco*! (for 'tis the Custom of our Country, to ask each other's Name, the first time they converse; and that, I had told her, was my Name) They make it their Study to do you good! 'Tis true, they would fain have you change*

change your Religion; but they'll allow you so much Time to resolve upon't, and get Instruction, that, Ten to One, the Face of Things will be changed, before you have Occasion to change your Religion. Slight not therefore my Advice, but bestow some Consideration thereupon. *Gabrielle* and I live, and so we are like, with one of the loveliest and best-natur'd Mistresses in the World. She diverts us, Night and Day, with the pleasant Account of their Prophet's Miracles, and the Mildness of their Law: At first, we hated to hear such Trumpery; but soon found, that that way of dealing with her occasion'd frequent Affronts to be offer'd us, and even some Blows from a rascally Eunuch, who made it his Business to plague us. Now 'tis otherwise with us, who are Slaves after our Mistress's own Heart: We live more happily, because we are more tractable: We give her the Hearing of all her ridiculous Fables; and not only so, but sometimes put her upon relating 'em; always flattering her with our Surrender, as soon as we are convinc'd. In Expectation hereof, I assure you, she perfectly adores us. I keep the Keys of the Jewels, and *Gabrielle* is so great a Favourite, that the other Day, to divert us, and let us revenge ourselves upon the sawcy Eunuch, she was pleas'd to make him hold his great Nose; while we gave him above two hundred Fillips upon't. We made him almost all over bloody; and the horrid Faces the Fellow made every Blow we struck him, afforded such Pastime, that I can't forbear laughing at the Remembrance of it. Be easy therefore, and seem a little coming in this Matter. The *Dervis* whom you affronted, would have complain'd to the *Sangiac* (or Governor); and so, I must needs say, you might have been impal'd alive, if it had not been for your Grandmother. For 'tis an unpardonable Crime in this Country, to speak any otherwise of the Religion thereof, than in the most respectful and submissive Terms. My Mistress often discourses me concerning you, and extremely commends your fine Shape. She tells us, that whichever of us two shall gain you over soonest, shall have the Honour of being your Spouse. The whole Story of your Birth, as your
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Grandmother gave it to her, has been told us again; and not a Day passes, but we have a long Chat about you.

I knew not what kind of Answer to return to this Discourse of *Mariola*; for I was aware of a certain Mystery there was between those Women, which I was never able to dive into. But I was so desirous to be let into the Secret, that I could not forbear telling her, how glad I should be to know what pass'd in their Conversation. I had no Occasion to make long Prayers, *Mariola* telling me, I had made a Conquest, before I was aware on't; and such a one too, as would have cost me my Life, had not I been preserv'd by a kind of Miracle.

It was now Autumn, at which Season they were wont to spend some Time in the Country, but not at the Vintage; for, as I said before, the *Turks* drink no Wine. Instead of that, they dry abundance of Figs, Raisins, and several other Fruits, which they preserve as well for their Provision, as for their Traffick to the West, which is very considerable. The Women are not half so retir'd in the Country as in Town; but go a walking and fishing, and divert themselves with playing any waggish Tricks with their Slaves, who are allow'd, for that time, to see and talk with their Mistresses. I was not yet perfectly recover'd of a malignant Fever, that had brought me very low, and procur'd me the Liberty of living at Discretion. Nor was any body suffer'd to speak to me, during my Illness, but *Mariola*, who ask'd me, Whether I should not be quite well, when the Time was come for us to go into the Country? and, Whether I should not be glad to take the Air, and divert myself there? I reply'd, that I found myself so weak, that I could not walk a Step; and that my Dis temper, which had lasted but four-and-twenty Hours, had more jaded me, than any other could have done, tho' of six Months standing; that, besides, I had no Cloaths to go out in, since they had taken away my Mantle; and that I was resolv'd never to take the Turbant, were it possible for me to die a thousand Deaths.

— I have, nevertheless, undertaken to prevail with you

you to wear it, *said the beautiful Messinese*; and you ought not to make yourself uneasy as to that Point, if you are allow'd the Liberty of adhering to your Religion; for, according to the *Sicilian Proverb*, 'Tis not the *Habit that makes the Monk*: But you will not be requir'd to make any Promise, that may burden your Conscience. On the other hand, People in Slavery ought to take hold of all Opportunities that present themselves, to render their Bondage as light as they can: And how do you know, what such a Feint may bring about? This, at least, is most certain; that if you have a mind to set yourself at Liberty, and to do the same good Office for *Gabrielle* and me, the Matter would be very feasible; for our Mistresses, who love you as their own Child, will give you Marks of their Tendernefs, as soon as they can handsomely do it; and especially my young Mistress, who has entertain'd a violent Passion in your Favour.— But, *Mariola*, *answer'd I*, she is my Aunt, my Mother was her Husband's Sister. And what then? *reply'd she*; Love never makes any such nice Distinctions; and the fair *Zaide* never sees you, without an extraordinary Emotion. 'Twas she, that in *Gabrielle's* Cloaths took from you, one Evening, the Box wherein you kept the Picture which her Jealousy gave her a Glympe of; and it was the same *Zaide*, that gave you the String of Beads. She made us the Confidants of her Robbery, and having shew'd it us, we inform'd her, that she had not taken the most precious Jewel of all; for that that Box was a Case to the Picture of some Person, who was the Occasion of all your Grief. There's no Country nor Nation void of Curiosity; and the *Turkish* Women have a greater Share of it, than those of *Europe*: If, therefore, you go into the Country, as, without Question, you will, prepare to let *Zaide* see the Picture you conceal'd from her. This is an Order which she injoin'd me to acquaint you with; and I need not tell you, she is a Gentlewoman of that Pride and Imperiousness, that she will run into the greatest Extremities, if you, in the least, thwart her Desire. I begg'd of *Mariola* to leave me alone, to consider of the Measures I ought to take; which she had no sooner done, but I rack'd my Imagination,

gination, and had a thousand different Thoughts to prevent my Resolution. I reason'd both as a Christian, and as an honest Man, and turn'd my Conscience all manner of ways, without being able to give it the least Satisfaction. I could neither resolve to pretend myself a *Turk*, nor to answer a Love so criminal, as to be even contrary to the Respect Nature herself inspires us with. At last, the 'Time of our going into the Country approaching, and perceiving that I should be oblig'd to do all that *Mariola* had talk'd with me about, I prevail'd with a Slave to buy me a few fine Colours; and having prepar'd a Piece of Velum, exactly the same Size as the Marchioness's Picture, I drew such a Woman, myself, as my Fancy furnish'd me withal, and as beautiful as possibly I could; for I had learnt to paint, while I was at *Rome*, and had taken some Delight in Miniature, while I liv'd at the Marchioness's at *Naples*. This serv'd my Turn very well; for when we were just ready to set out, my old Mistress, who had caress'd me a thousand times, for the Hopes *Mariola* gave her of my Compliance, came herself, and told me, That we should enter upon our Journey the next Day, and that I should not be far from her Litter. I return'd the Honour she shew'd me as well as I could, humbly thanking her for her Kindness to me, and desiring her to be pleas'd not to require any thing of me, that was contrary to the Liberty of my Soul, and that she would give me Time to consider of obeying her; and added, That if I wore the Habit she had provided for me, it was only to cover me, that I might not appear in an indecent manner. She would needs see me dress'd, and cut my Hair herself, with her own Scissors. In a word, I had no sooner got the Turbant upon my Head, and my Simitar by my Side, but my old Grandmother was transported out of her Senses. She call'd me her Lion, her Thunder, and all the Strength of her Race; and, in short, gave me so many Hugs, and pretty Names, that I was quite asham'd of her Weakness.

The next Morning, at Break of Day, they brought me some Sweatmeats and Coffee; and I found a Horse at my Chamber-door ready bridled and saddled. I fix'd
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the Stirrups, as we wear 'em in *Europe*; for the *Turks* use 'em quite another Way, and seem rather to kneel than sit upon a Horse. I mounted very nimbly, and keeping by my Mistress's Litter's Side, I discoursed with 'em concerning the Beauty of their Country, which pleas'd 'em extremely. Being come near the Vineyard, where we were to alight, a Bull that had escaped the Hunters, after being wounded in the Woods, came directly down to our Litter; which as soon as my Mistress perceived, and judged themselves in the utmost Danger, I drew my Simitar, and went to fight the wild Beast: But as I had very little Experience, and was not so far recovered, as to be able to defend myself, the Bull, dismounting me, thrust his Horn into my Horse's Guts, trampled upon me, and left me almost dead, and quite out of my Senses. The Women made a shift to reach the House, and sent several Slaves to defend me from the Fury of that roaring Beast; but he had left me before they came, and they returned with me upon a Litter, thinking I was quite dead. It was upon this Occasion, that one of the cruellest Adventures beset me, that ever I met with. My Grandmother abandoned herself to Despair, and my young Mistress committed such Extravagancies, as amazed me, when I afterwards heard of them. Having stript me stark naked, and got a Surgeon to search me, they found I had no Symptoms of Life, and gave me over: However, as they could not content themselves, that a Man of their Blood should die uncircumcised, they resolved to make me undergo that cruel Operation, believing I was not then able to oppose 'em. For this end, they sent for the *Dervis* who had catechized me, and who lived but half a Mile from the Place where we were. Being come, he comforted my Mistress; and after he had said his Prayers, came towards me, and purify'd me, by throwing two or three Pails of Water upon my Body; but nothing could make me stir. At last, after several repeated Cries, he asked me, Whether I would not believe in God, adore him, and live in the Law that he had given to Men by his great Prophet *Mahomet*? My Mistress answering for me, *I will*, the cursed *Dervis* had certainly cut off my Fore-skin, had

had not the Pain the Knife put me in, roused me out of my Swoon. 'Tis impossible to express the Rage I was in, when I saw myself in that Condition. The Operation was but half performed ; but I lost a great deal of Blood, and knew not how to stop it. My old Mistress would fain have persuaded me, to let the *Dervis* go through-stich with his Work ; but the Look I gave her, without speaking a Word, turned her as pale as Envy itself. She went from me, and sent a Slave to desire me, at least, to make use of astringent Powders, in order to put a Stop to the great Flux of Blood. On the other hand, I was incapable of Advice, and would fain have died. At last, the Heat of my Passion being over, I found my Strength decay ; and lest, falling into my former Weakness, they should renew their Attempt to circumcise me, I bad the Slave go and fetch a Surgeon, and told 'em, they had best take care not to let the wretched *Dervis* come near me again ; for that I would certainly murder him, tho' I should be impal'd alive the next Moment ; and that if it were not for some Considerations, I'd murder all the Persons that had had a hand in their laborious Wickedness. At that very Minute, *Mariola* entered my Room, and bad me moderate my Passion, and hear the Excuses that would be offered me for what they had done. Then she made me eat a Mess of Soup, and some Sweetmeats, which she had been ordered to bring me.

It was now Night, and, consequently, the whole Family thought of betaking themselves to Rest ; when somebody knock'd at the Door, as if they were in the most violent Haste. The Slave who went to the Door, returned and told his old Mistress, That a Man at the Door wanted to speak with her. She bad him desire the Gentleman to walk in ; and who should it be, but a young Merchant of *Marseilles*, whose Name was N...? His Business was, to give my Mistress an Account of the sad Misfortune which had befallen her eldest Son, who was made a Slave by the *French* Corsairs. He assured her, That he defended himself very valiantly, and kill'd the Captain of the *Frenchman* with his own Hand ; that he had received five Wounds in his Body ; that his

his Brother, who was Lieutenant of the same Corsair, had sent him this News in a Letter; and that, if she had a Mind to ransom her Son, she had nothing to do, but to pay him 500 Crowns; and that he would engage to procure his Release, by transmitting a Note to his Brother. This Piece of News alarmed the whole Family; and all the Women ran to my Grandmother's Apartment. It was soon brought to me by *Mariola*, who came and told me, That I was revenged upon 'em for the Trick they had play'd me; that the Master of the House was dangerously wounded; that he had fallen into the Hands of the *French* Corsairs; and that almost all his Men were lost with the Ship, which was sunk in the Fight. This Relation, which would have very much rejoiced me at another time, rather added to my Affliction now. I desired *Mariola* to go and tell my Grandmother and my Aunt, That I had my Share of the Grief occasioned by such a Misfortune; and that if I durst go thither myself, they should know how much I had their Interest at Heart.

As soon as 'twas Day, the *French* Merchant had Orders to redeem the Captain; for which Purpose, a Bill was delivered him, of the Sum he demanded. Three Days after, he came back again to return the Bill to my Mistress, and to condole the Death of her Son; having received fresh Advice, that he died of his Wounds, the fifth Day after the Fight, very much lamented, even by his Enemies. From the Time that Gentleman first came till now, which was three or four Days, there was nothing to be heard in the House, but Howling and Crying; which was so redoubled by this After clap, that never was any Country-life so dull as ours. Everybody kept a profound Silence; which tho' it did not hinder the Fruit-harvest, yet it deprived us of the Mirth and Liberty of a Country life.

In a few Days after this unlucky News, *Mariola* told me, I must prepare for a Rencounter one of those Nights, for the Picture that was in the Box lately taken from me; for which her Cloaths were already bespoken. I thanked her for giving me Notice of it, and prepared to play my Part as well as I could. I had not seen either

of my Mistresses all the Time of their Mourning; but *Mariola* came to me every Day, to inform me of the State of their Health; and to make me a thousand Declarations of both their Affections for me.

The Night *Mariola* had forewarned me of, being, at last, come, about Three in the Morning the young Widow entered my Chamber, disguised in her Slave's Habit. I did not see her, by reason she carry'd a dark Lantern; so coming to my Bed-side, and believing I was asleep, she called me several times before I would make her any Answer. With that she opened her Lantern, and having viewed me earnestly a good while, she set it upon the Floor; and, fixing her charming Eyes upon my Face, Awake, *Luzaisem! Luzaisem, awake! said she.* I could no longer withstand her Embraces; but pretending to take her for *Mariola*, began to call her by that Name, and to assure her, that I did not at all approve of her Conduct; that indeed I was glad to see her in the Day-time, were it only to inform myself of my Mistresses Health; but that I could never forgive her for coming in the Night, to expose me to all the ill Usage the Discovery of such a Visit would occasion me; concluding, that if ever she came again, I'd acquaint my Mistress with it. To this she answered not a Syllable, but only squeezed me between her Arms; but I carry'd myself with an entire Coldness and Insensibility, still pretending I took her for a Slave. At last, addressing herself to me, in the *Turkish* Language, which I then understood perfectly well, --- Thou may'st be happy, if thou wilt, *Luzaisem!* said she; and Fortune has now thrown the fairest Opportunity to make thyself so, as ever thou could'st wish! --- Ah! Madam! answered I, knowing her by her Voice, Is it you! To what Danger do you expose yourself, by coming hither alone at this Time of Night! If your Eunuch so much as suspect you, we are both ruined! Oh! never fear! reply'd she; every body's abed and asleep, and none awake but myself! Myself, miserable Woman! waked with Love! Love! that allows me no Enjoyment, but when I see thee! Such is the Art of Pleasing, Christian! and thou feelest not a tenth Part of the Pain thou makest others endure! Before ever I heard,

heard, that thou wast of my Husband's Blood, I conceived the Tenderness I now declare to thee! 'Twas I that so imperiously demanded the Jewels of thee, thinking to have found there the Picture of some Rival! If *Mariola*, whom I have made the Confident of my Passion, had been so kind to me, as to let thee know, how much I was troubled, when I found I had not what I wanted in that Box, she might have told thee, that I stood like a Stone for two Hours together; and that, at last, I formed the Design of getting that Picture at any rate. Thou wast then known, 'tis true; but of all the Accidents which befel thee, (of which we were not insensible ourselves) none of them afforded me an Opportunity of putting my Enterprize in Execution. At present, that a favourable Occasion offers, I beg of thee, deny me not the Favour, to assure me, thou lovest nothing in the World! ----- No; *said I*; I love nothing at all, and to this Day I have been insensible to all the Beauties of the Earth! 'Tis true, when I was yet a Child, a young Princess at *Rome* presented me with her Picture, which I have kept ever since for her sake! But that Princess has now been dead these ten Years; and making some Reflections, in this my slavish Condition, upon all the Accidents of my Life, I could recover no Idea of that Lady's Face, without looking on the Picture; and this putting me in mind of the Change of my Fortune, I could not refrain Tears at the Remembrance of my lost Liberty!

Hast not thou, then, *added she*, given thy Heart to any Fair? And canst thou assure me, without lying, that no Lady possesses it? ----- No, *answered I*; I have yet felt nothing of what they call *Love*; and indeed, I fancy I am not capable of any other Love, than that of my Liberty. Thou art charmed with that, then, art thou? *reply'd my Mistress*; and would not a Lady that should bring thee Abundance of Wealth, and by that means procure thee that Liberty, merit something at thy Hands? ----- Alas! *Madam, said I*, What Lady would think of a Man in my Condition! I never do any thing contrary to my Conscience! and I am aware, That I can think of no Settlement in this Country, without
violating

violating the Faith I have promised to God. ----- Never trouble thy Head about that, *answered she*; I'll make thee easy as to all thy Scruples: But before I tell thee all I design to do, give me that Princess's Picture, and thereby convince me, that thou lovest nothing but Liberty, as thou saidst. Thereupon, I gave her the Picture I had drawn at *Patras*, before I went into the Country; and my Mistress returned to her Apartment, lest, the Day approaching, she might possibly be discovered. Taking her Leave of me, she told me, That when we returned to *Patras*, we should have some private Conversation in her Apartment, and desired me, in the meanwhile, to learn to make the *Selan*, or Nosegay of Flowers, that we might understand, and communicate our Thoughts to each other, at such times as we could not get an Opportunity of talking together! I promised to follow her Advice; and she presented me with a Heart of Gold, enameled, and set round with rich Diamonds, with a large Ruby in the Middle; she gave me likewise a Bracelet of her Hair, and ty'd it herself about my Left-arm. Then leaving me, I saw her no more, till four Days afterwards, that we arrived in Town.

The next Day after our Arrival, all the Persons of Distinction that were there, came to welcome the two Ladies home; for they were Persons of as good Repute as any in the Country, and my Mistress's Brother, who was a Favourite of *Cuprolis*, and had a considerable Post at the first Minister's of the Empire, added much to the Reputation of the House of the *Museullem*. Not long after, I had the Honour to be presented to the *Sangiac*, as a Relation of that illustrious Family. As I spoke the *Turkish* Language perfectly well, it was no difficult Matter for me to pass for one of their Nation too. My Grandmother had desired me to take upon me that Character; and I acquitted myself perfectly well, being honoured, at taking my Leave of the Governor, with divers Presents, and other Marks of his Esteem. All this while, I desired nothing more, than to return to *Naples*. I had been now near two Years a Slave, (if the Manner I lived in could be called a Slavery) and could by no means be reconciled to the Habit of an Infidel; and
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though I was known by nobody but the *Italians* who were taken with me, yet I could not appear even before them without Confusion. One Day, as I was walking alone without the City, I happened to meet the Captain of the Vessel on board of which I embarked for the Isle of *Malta*, and who was taken into Slavery with me. He did not at all know me in the Habit I was in, and he was so much altered, that I should scarce have known him, had not I taken an Opportunity to speak to him. He was coming from a Garden just without the City, and had a Basket full of Orange-flowers upon his Head; so flinging him a Handful of *Medins*, I desired him to give me a few Sprigs. He answered, in *Italian*, That he wish'd he were Master of the Flowers, that he might present me with them all; but desired me to content myself with what he could then spare me. By the Tone of his Voice and Language, I presently knew him again; and taking the Basket from his Head, I embraced him, and called him by his Name. The poor Man then knew me, notwithstanding my Disguise, and flinging himself from me, as if he had spoke to the Devil, ---- Go! be gone! wretched Villain! *said he*: What! Have you deny'd your Faith for a little Pelf! Better, ten thousand times, you had died, than have brought such a Scandal upon your Religion!

Thereupon, that ignorant and unpolite Fellow made me a more sensible Discourse, than ever I heard in my Life. For Answer, I assured him, That I was as good a Christian as himself; that he suffered himself to be led away to censure a Man only for an Outside; that he did not know half the Mystery of my Dress, and that if he would but give me a Meeting in any Place where I might talk freely with him, I'd surprise him with the Relation of my present Circumstances, and we would set our Heads together, and contrive our Escape. The Captain was a Man of a quick Apprehension, and was, besides, a very bold and skilful Sailor: I no sooner inspired him with the Thought of Liberty, but he listen'd to my Proposal, rely'd on my Promises, and appointed to meet me, at such a Time, without the Gate of *Athens*, thro' which he went every Day, to go to his

Master's

Master's Garden. About the same Hour the next Day, I met him again, coming from the same Place; where I acquainted him with the State of Affairs between me and *Azemire*, and represented to him, how easily I could carry off abundance of Gold and Jewels, if he thought fit to undertake our Escape. Upon this, the Captain began to kiss my Hands, and assured me, that he was so far from being afraid of it, that he would run any Risque to recover his Liberty, and see his poor Family again, of whom he had heard no News ever since we were taken, which was two Years. For this Purpose, *added he*, you must still pretend to be a good *Turk*; and since you are already taken for such, you must confirm your Relations in that Belief, and do nothing that may seem to reflect upon their Religion: Nay, you must not stick to go even to their Mosque, and if they speak of settling you among 'em, comply with 'em in every thing, and give 'em no Cause to mistrust you: When you have done this, you must ask Leave to go to Court, or to traffick by Sea; and by this Scheme we will lay our Design, for the Success whereof I'll be answerable.

Thereupon, I asked Signor *Antonio*, (for that was the Captain's Name) how I might come to the Speech of him, when I should be ready? He answered, That I had nothing to do, but to go to the *Bagnio*, in the Evening, when the Slaves went to their Rest; that as soon as I saw him, I should give him a Wink, which should be a Signal for him to get himself ready; and that the second time I made that Signal, he'd set out the next Morning, instead of going to Work. Having thus concerted our Measures, my Head ran altogether upon the putting my Design in Execution; I was never out of Humour, and the Hopes I had of returning to my dear Country, in a short time, gave me a healthful and pleasant Look, and made me chearful in all my Actions: This so charmed my Mistresses, that I got what I would of 'em, and it was no more than *Ask and Have*. The *Dervis* came to the House every Day, and being resolv'd to go thro' with the Work he had begun upon me, was buzzing me continually upon the Chapter of the *Mahometan* Religion. I pretended to be much more tractable

and coming than formerly, and assured him, I had no Objection to make, if he would only leave me in the Condition I was in, and content himself with the Operation he had begun, without going thro' with it. He told me, he must, however, go to the Mosque, and make Rejoicings, and give Thanks, for my Conversion. I desired him not to make it so public, since it was already sufficiently believed in the City; and alledged, it would expose my Grandmother to the Displeasure of the *Sangiac*, who took me for a *Turk* by Birth, and a good Mussulman; and that he ought, therefore, to be contented that I did all the Duties, without puzzling myself with the Ceremonies, which are not essential to *Mahometanism*. The *Dervis* was a good-natured Man, and affected to be complaisant to the Ladies. I redoubled my Respects towards him, and made him Presents. In a Word, I insinuated myself so far into his Favour, that he took me, in all respects, to be as zealous a Mussulman of the Law, as any at all.

Azemire thought herself so indebted to him for my Conversion, that she not only rewarded him very generously, but commended him extremely for having so well succeeded therein. 'Tis not usual in *Turky*, for the Men and Women to sit at Table together; but yet I always did with my Grandmother; and being young, she was always caressing me, and could not let a Day pass, without giving me Marks of her Affection: Nay, such a Power had I got over her, that I could easily dive into all the Secrets of the Family; and nothing was now done but by my particular Direction. I bought, I sold, I changed Slaves, and recover'd 'em from others; I was intire Master of the House, and all the Affairs thereof were left to my Care. *Zaide* too would scarce miss a Day, but come and range the Flower-pots in my Garden, and, by that mysterious *Menage*, let me know the favourable Sentiments she had entertained in my Behalf; to which she constantly found Returns in the *Nosegays* I presented her withal. And this Manner of entertaining each other with the Secrets of our Amour continued for some Months; during which time, I had held several Conferences with Captain *Antonio*, concern-

ing our Flight. I had a great mind to buy him for a Slave, but durst not ask *Azemire* so to do, for fear of being suspected: Wherefore, I made it my Business to strike an Acquaintance with his Master, who was a young brisk *Turk*, named *Josuf*, and who, since the Death of *Afen*, which made *Zaide* a Widow, had entertained a Passion for that Beauty, but did not know which way to disclose it to her. This made him proud of my Acquaintance; and my Relation to the Family being no manner of Secret, he would speak of his Affection to me, as to a Kinsman of the adored *Zaide*; and on the other hand, I promised him faithfully to speak a good Word for him, and do all that lay in my Power, to render him happy. Tho' I was sensible, *Zaide* loved me, and that her Slaves had not only told me so, but frequently assured me, that she desired nothing more than to join her Fate with mine; yet I so dreaded the Thoughts of marrying my Aunt, and, by that incestuous Act, to confirm the World in their Opinion of my Apostasy, that I resolv'd to hasten my Departure, and for that Purpose declared my Resolution to *Mariola*, with whom I held so good a Correspondence, that I could trust her with any thing. She told me, I should not find the Execution of my Design so easy as I imagined, and that it would even be a difficult matter for me to leave *Patras*, because of the secret Orders *Azemire* had every-where given, for the keeping a watchful Eye on my Behaviour.

No; you are mightily deceiv'd, said that lovely *Messinese Slave*; and your Measures will prove ineffectual in this Country: You think, 'tis with these People, just as 'tis among the Christians, which is a gross Mistake: 'Tis true, one *Turk* never mistrusts another *Turk*; but a *Christian* is always suspected of Want of Faith: I have heard *Azemire* say, That if ever you were capable of running away from her, and she could, by any means, catch you again, she'd put you out of a Condition to go off with your Life. 'Tis impossible to tell you, how that old Woman loves you; for she has charged me to get you to marry her Daughter-in-law. I think, you are always charged with ungrateful Commissions, an-

swered I: What! Would you have me marry my Uncle's Wife? ----- Nay, 'tis nothing to me, *reply'd Mariola*; but that is the Touch-stone, by which they design to try, whether you are a good Mussulman, and are willing to tarry here with your Family; for *Amelli's* Return hither is never expected, he being just made Captain of the *Turkish* Ships, by his Uncle's Interest, who has marry'd him to one of his Daughters, with a vast Fortune: This News came but Yesterday, in a Letter to his Mother; and *Zaide* was present, when *Azemire* charged me to propose to you to marry her Daughter-in-law, and, by that means, make yourself Heir of all she has: I know, your Thoughts are altogether intent upon your Return to *Naples*; and, believe me, there's no Method you can take so likely to facilitate that Design, as that of marrying *Zaide*. In a word, *Mariola* gave me a thousand other Reasons to induce me to accept a Proposal that seemed so likely to open a Way to my Liberty: To which I pretended to yield, with Design only to improve my Deceit; and impowered her to give my Promise; adding, That indeed the Person she proposed, was not indifferent to me; so loth was I to let *Mariola* herself into the real Sentiments of my Mind.

The same Evening that *Mariola* had thus entertained me, *Azemire* sent for me into her Apartment; and having told me her Design as to my Marriage, she sent also for *Zaide*, who being come, *Azemire* bad her look upon me, for the future, as her Spouse; and that I should be made such the first Day of the next Moon. I answered all her Favours, in a manner that extorted greater from *Azemire*. I seemed really to enjoy my Happiness, and possessed, with *Zaide*, a Fortune envy'd by the greatest Lords of *Patras*. The Marriage was celebrated without any Splendor, by reason the *Turks* are not wont to make Entertainments upon those Occasions; for a Man might ruin himself, if he was to do it for all the Wives he takes. All he has to do is, to promise, before the Parents of the Woman, that he'll take care of her and her Children; and that he'll never let her want the Necessaries of Life. Then the Parents sending her home to his House, and desiring the Husband to give her good Usage,

Usage, the promises, on her Side, an inviolable Affection and Fidelity to her Spouse, submitting herself, for that Purpose, to serve him, and to expose her Life to please him. This Article is very strictly observed; for 'tis very hard for a marry'd Woman in *Turky* to have a Gallant, or play the Coquet, their Life is so retired.

Josuf no sooner heard of my Marriage, but he suppos'd I had bantered him, in promising to speak a good Word for him to *Zaide*; and resolv'd to be revenged upon me, at any rate. But not being able to meet me any-where, to demand Satisfaction, he made use of Captain *Antonio*, his Slave, to bring me a Challenge to meet him.

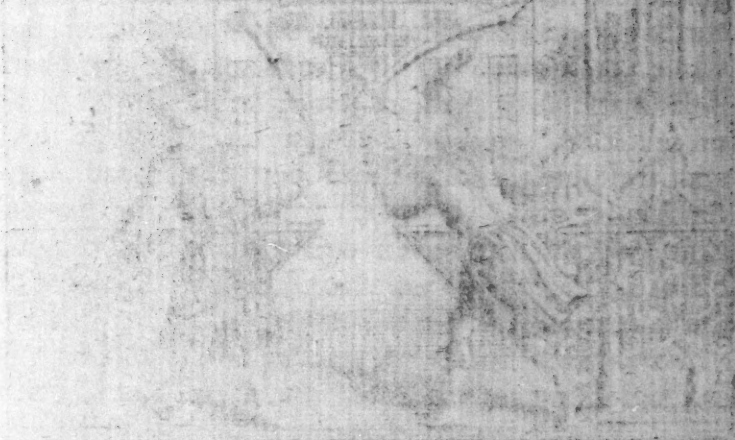
I was never more surpris'd in my Life, than when I was told, one Morning, as I was rising, that one of *Josuf's* Slaves wanted to speak with me on the part of his Master. Soon after, Signor *Antonio* came to me, and, with an Air of Sadness,---Lord! What have you done? *said he, lifting up his Eyes*; and what has induced you thus to knock our Design o' the Head! My Master has sent me to tell you, that he is your Enemy, and that he will neither eat nor drink, till you have given him Satisfaction for the Affront you have put upon him, in marrying *Zaide*, whom you had promis'd him for a Wife: He alledges, *continu'd Antonio*, that you have betray'd him, and desires to see you, Sabre in Hand, in a Garden near the Gate of *Athens*: There's his Note, whereby you'll see the Hour of Meeting.-----This Proceeding of *Josuf*, I say, very much surpris'd me; for I was not us'd to handle a Sabre, and always endeavour'd to avoid falling out with *Turks*, upon that very Account. I desir'd Signor *Antonio* to tarry a little, and went into my Chamber to draw up an Answer. *Mariola* being there when I wrote, read my Note, unseen by me, and went and told her Mistress the Substance of it. Immediately *Zaide* came and forced me to give her the Note, whereby she was inform'd of a Quarrel between me and *Josuf*, and the Hour and Place of our Rendezvous. As it set her all on Fire, she ran and brought back the Slave *Antonio*, who gave us an Account of the Ambuscades which my Adversary design'd to prepare for me.---He

has commanded me, *said he*, to come behind you, and disarm you, while you are fighting : Afterwards we are to tie you to a Tree, where my Master designs to glut himself with revengeful Cruelty, by dividing you piecemeal. But, in short, *continu'd he*, you know the *Turks* never forgive an Injury ; and therefore, if you don't, by some means or other, rid yourself of him, you'll be continually plagu'd with affronting Messages : At least, 'tis absolutely my Opinion, that you must kill him ; and accordingly, I do assure you, that I'll cut off his Head while you are fighting. The Shame of such a barbarous Assassination, and the Fear of being always in Danger of my Life, except *Josuf* lost his, render'd me mute and irresolute for some time ; but at last I bad *Antonio* tell his Master, that I'd meet him at the Place appointed, that Evening, at Seven o'Clock, by Moon-light, and bring no Person with me ; and desir'd him to be there at the same time, without Company also.

I was very uneasy all the rest of the Day. *Zaide*, still trembling for my Life, was all in Tears, and would fain have acquainted *Azemire* with my Design. I desir'd her to do nothing that might make me change my Resolution ; alledging, that it were to lose my Affection, and that she might consider, whether of us two she had most Esteem for. Nevertheless, she reiterated her Prayers and Intreaties, and desir'd *Mariola*, who had always been successful in bringing me over to her Party, to dissuade me from so dangerous a Design. *Mariola* was indeed so witty, that I had a sincere Regard to what she said, were it only upon that account. I owe my Liberty to that young Slave, and it was by her Advice that I happily succeeded in that bold Enterprize. She demanded to know the Grounds of our Quarrel, and the Place of our Rendezvous ; and the long Abode she had made in *Turky* having thoroughly acquainted her with the Manners and Genius of the Inhabitants, she declar'd to me, That the Resolution I had taken to fight was the safest Method for me ; that I must kill my Adversary, let what would come of it, if I had a mind to save my own Life ; that Greatness of Soul was very unseasonable among Barbarians, who are utter Strangers to good Manners and Sincerity ;
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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

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that I ought principally, instead of standing upon Puntillo's of Honour and Bravery, to arm myself with Cunning and Treachery, to deal with this Enemy; that since we had agreed to fight in the Night, it concern'd me to take the Advantage thereof, and especially not to neglect Fire-Arms, with which they fight at a Distance when the Match is not equal: In a Word, *said she*, I'll see, with my own Eyes, all that passes; for which purpose, I'll put on Man's Cloaths, and follow you at a Distance, in order to be your Second, if I see you want one.

The Courage and Resolution of the Slave very much surpris'd me: I admir'd at it: and with Difficulty persuaded myself, that so much Generosity was lodg'd in so weak and timorous a Sex. I thank'd *Mariola* for her good Advice; assur'd her, I approv'd of her following me in the Manner she had propos'd; and sent her to *Zaide*, to comfort her, and prevail with her not to trouble herself.

The appointed Time being come, I took my Arms, and went to the Place agreed on, without the Gate; *Mariola* following me in a few Minutes time. Finding the Garden Door open, I went in, and made the Signal concerted between me and my Enemy, to find one another. Nobody answering, I went to take a Turn in a Walk of Bay-Trees; but scarce had I enter'd the Walk, when I receiv'd a Blow upon the Back-part of my Head, which took away a Piece of the white Scarf that was wrapt about my Turbant. Having my naked Sabre in my Hand, I nimbly turn'd round, and, with a Back-stroke, cut off half my Adversary's Face. Being stunn'd with the Blow, he fell down; of which I took the Advantage, stamp'd upon his Guts, and sheath'd my Sabre in his Heart, before he had time to cry out. Captain *Antonio*, who was by, hearing the Blows, came to see how we stood affected, and seeing his Master's Corps extended upon the Ground, would fain have satisfy'd his Revenge, by cutting him in Pieces; but I took hold of him, and told him, 'twas our best way to bury the Carcase, and conceal the Action. *Mariola* having look'd for us some time, at last espy'd us, and taking us for *Josuf's* Men, advanced towards us, with her Sabre in

her Hand; but as soon as she found her Mistake, she assisted us in digging a Grave, to throw the Body into. After this Expedition, we return'd home, where I found *Zaide* in a Fit, in *Gabrielle's* Arms, to whom we related the Fight and Victory, recommending it to her as a Secret, which she inviolably kept.

One of *Josuf's* Slaves, who was a *Spaniard*, born at *Alicant*, and who, tho' now about Forty Years of Age, had been a Slave almost from his Childhood, and was yet so good a Christian, that he was ready to suffer Martyrdom for his Religion; this *Spaniard*, I say, who was an active stirring Fellow, and could never well brook his Slavery, tho' one would have thought it almost natural to him, came, soon after his Master's Death, and offer'd his Service to me. I ask'd him, whether *Josuf* had any Relations, and how one might know 'em? He answer'd, That that *Turk* had only Correspondents with whom he traffick'd; but that designing to fight with me, he had given out, that he was going a Voyage to *Constantinople*, and so had bid his Friends Adieu. This gave me great Satisfaction; for now I had nothing to fear on his part; and knowing the Polity of the *Turks*, who never correct hidden Faults, nor punish severely any thing but Scandal, I continued to lead a quiet Life; nor did any one ever pretend to speak to me, or ask me a Question concerning the Affair that had pass'd between me and *Josuf*.

The Spring was now approaching, and the Ladies having desir'd me to go with 'em into the Country for some time, I desir'd *Antonio* to contrive, in my Absence, some Method for our Escape, and to take in the *Spaniard* to his Assistance. He assur'd me, he would wait an Opportunity, and desir'd me to provide, in the mean while, Money enough to go thro' with our Design.

One Day, as I was shooting Small-birds, I went into a little Coppice, on the Brink of a pleasant Rivulet; and, tir'd with running about, the whole Afternoon, without Sport, I was returning home, in a melancholy Mood, when I heard, cross the Wood, a Voice not altogether unknown to me. I took all possible Care not to be discover'd, throwing myself, for that Purpose, upon
my

my Belly; and listening attentively to the Conversation of two young Persons, about twenty Yards from me, I discover'd an Adventure which was very diverting: It happen'd to be a Dispute between *Gabrielle* and *Mariola*, who were quarreling about their Love:----You are a Cheat, *Pietrocio*, said *Gabrielle*; and I perceiv'd very plainly To-day, that you have changed: 'Tis now above a Month that I have been endeavouring to cure you of your Indifference: I dress myself, and keep myself as neat as possible, to gain your Admiration; and is nothing capable of moving you to Constancy? You are now, forthwith, almost always with my young Master, and consequently too often in *Zaide's* Apartment: There one may see the Becks and Winks you frequently give her. Is this all the Regard you have for a hundred Oaths you have sworn, that your whole Life and Love should be your dear *Gabrielle's*? What Reason have you to forsake me? Think ye, that, if I had a mind, I could not satisfy my Revenge upon you? Yes; it would be no difficult Matter for me to inform *Azemire* of your Disguise; which would be sufficient; and you'd quickly pay dear for your Impudence, in thrusting yourself, disguised in Woman's Cloaths, into the Apartments of *Turkish* Ladies. But, no; I had rather be miserable, and suffer all your Cruelty, than so much as think of losing what I love. To all this Preamble *Mariola* made her no other Answer, than by a hearty Fit of Laughter. It was not, however, that sort of Coin which *Gabrielle* demanded, who was for something more solid and substantial. *Mariola* then, with a serious Air, upbraided her, in his Turn, with want of Discretion; and ask'd, If she was not asham'd to urge him to make himself sick?----Thou knowest, added he, that I am but an imperfect Man; and that my Parents Covetousness having induc'd 'em to castrate me, to preserve my Voice, I have nothing of Manhood left me, but a good Will, and the most violent Passions: And canst thou imagine, that one is always at Leisure to hearken to thy tender Accents, when other Thoughts ought to take Place? Thou knowest too what oblig'd me to wear the Habit of thy Sex; for I have told it thee a hundred times over; take care there-

fore not to reveal my Secrets. I should never forgive thee, if thou shouldst; and instead of glutting thyself with Revenge, thou wou'dst find thou hadst taken a great deal of Pains to ruin thyself: Let us live in Concert; I love thee, and, if thou art prudent, shall be always ready to yield thee what Pleasure I am able. How dost know but we may, in time, find an Opportunity of making our Escape? Our young Master lives here contrary to his Desire and Inclination; his Conversion and Marriage are perhaps the Methods he has taken to break his Chains: I know that his Heart is a great way off, and that he longs to return home to our Country; and tho' I have not yet been able to penetrate into the Depth of his Intentions, yet I am sure, I am not very wide of the Truth, when I tell thee, that he does all that lies in his Power to set us at Liberty, and carry us into our own Country. I believe him to be so much a Gentleman, *continu'd he*, that I persuade myself he will deliver us, if ever he has an Opportunity so to do: This he promis'd me one Day, as we were discoursing together about the Violence offer'd to his Conscience; and I do assure thee, if ever we live to see *Sicily* again, and I have the Happiness to enjoy thee there, thou shalt be content, and have no more Grounds of Complaint against me.

The Conversation of these two Persons had not ended here, were it not for a sudden Storm, that oblig'd 'em to house for Shelter, being not far from home, where I arriv'd almost as soon as they. In the Evening, after *Vespers*, I told *Mariola*, That I desir'd to talk with her, the next Day, in the Coppice, and therefore desir'd her to meet me there, in the Morning, before her Mistress was up. As I was wont to talk with her often in private, and 'tis the Custom of that Country for the Master to lay what Commands he pleases upon his Slaves, she went thither, without regarding the strict Rules of Decency. Nor was she there many Minutes before I met her, and conducted her to the same Place where I had heard her and *Gabrielle* discourse the Day before: As soon as we were arriv'd, I told her, That knowing the Excellency of her Wit, and her Affection
for

for my Service, I desir'd her Advice concerning my Behaviour, with respect to a Man disguis'd in Woman's Cloaths, who waited upon my Wife: That I could not, in the least, doubt of the Matter, by reason I had heard this very counterfeit Girl herself make *Gabrielle* the Confident of that Secret, with her own Mouth, in the same Place we were in: That I was loth to make a Noise about such a Disguise; but that I was as loth to murder that Person, in private, before she was known. The pretended *Mariola* had not Assurance enough to stand unconcern'd at this Thunder-clap, but thought himself undone; and not doubting but I had heard their Conversation in the Wood, or that somebody had given me an Account of it, he threw himself upon his Knees before me, and begg'd my Pardon for that Slave disguis'd in Woman's Apparel, who, he confess'd, was himself: He alledg'd, that however he had never entertain'd a Design against either my Honour or my Life, nor upon the Person of my Wife; and that tho' he had so long delay'd to make himself known to me, Fear and Respect had been the only Cause thereof. I had not the Courage to let him continue long in his Fright; but bidding him rise, assur'd him, that I lov'd him better for a Man, than a Woman. And because I fancy'd the History of his Cheat to be very particular, I desir'd him to give me the Account of it, and how he was made a Slave.

I owe too much Obedience to your Commands, said the pretended *Mariola*, to conceal from you a History wherein Chance and Fortune have had a greater Share than human Prudence: And since you know my Sex, I will no longer talk with you under the Name of *Mariola*, but under that of *Pietroccio*. After the Revolution of *Naples*, my Father, who was related by Marriage to the Family of the *N s*, was oblig'd to buy his Life and Repose with the Loss of his Estate, and to disguise himself, and go to *Sicily*; where he chang'd his Name, and went for a Native of *Venice*, which Place he knew perfectly well. He was known at *Messina* by the Name of *Bertholino Andrielli*: As he had brought but little Money with him, and was excel-

lently well skill'd in *Pharmacy*, he laid out what he had upon an *Apothecary's* Shop, which he kept there. I was born during his Exile, and increas'd the Number of his Family with a ninth Child ; and as he had not wherewith to settle us all in the World, he plac'd us out to different Employ's. His eldest Son apply'd himself to the Study of *Physic* ; two of my Sisters went into the Cloister ; another of my Brothers took the Habit of the Order of the *Great Friars* ; when five of us were yet unprovided for, and all five too young to be placed out. When I was eight Years old, I gave some Marks of an excellent Wit ; and Nature had furnish'd me with so fine a Voice, that my Singing charm'd all that heard it. My Father was advis'd to take Measures to preserve my Voice, as a sure Means to secure to himself and me a Maintenance in any Part of *Italy*, as long as we liv'd. His Avarice, join'd perhaps with Necessity, soon determin'd him to take the Resolution to follow that pernicious Counsel : So taking me to an Operator's, without my Mother's Knowledge, the Operation was perform'd upon me, who was altogether ignorant of their Meaning in it ; for I was so young that I had not the least Notion of the Wrong they did me. In a Word, about six Weeks after, being perfectly cur'd, I return'd home ; and my Mother asking me, where I had been so long ? I answer'd her, with Tears in my Eyes, That I had been at such a Place, where my Father had got me cur'd of a Distemper which would have kill'd me, if it had not been taken in time. But no sooner had my Mother found out what they had done to me, but she made a dreadful Hurricane ; at last, however, considering I must still be an Eunuch, she contented herself, and was appeas'd. And thus, as I never afterwards gave any Tokens of Manhood, every body call'd me *Capon*, which had like to have kill'd me with Grief. I never car'd to appear abroad, and so kept my Chamber long enough to learn Music, and to play upon the *Theorbo*. Being at my Window, which fronted the Gate, one Morning about One o'Clock, and thinking I was out of the Ear of all the World, I sung an Air, and play'd it at the same time upon my *Theorbo*.

A Commander of St. *John*, who had been playing at his Mistress's in the same Street, and was then just going home, stopped to hear me, and taking particular Notice of the House, came the next Day to see my Father, pretended to be one of his Friends, made use of his Medicines, and took the Confidence to propose to him to take away with him one of his Daughters, whom he had heard singing at such a Chamber-Window. To induce him to grant his Request, he promis'd to assist my Father, and all his Family; and that he would look upon the Girl he begg'd, as his own Child: Adding, That he did not ask for her to abuse her; that he was too old to entertain Thoughts of that kind; but that being charm'd with the Excellency of her Voice, he would do any thing to obtain the Favour he demanded. My Father requir'd abundance of Intreaty, and assur'd the Commander, that it did not depend altogether upon him to grant his Desire, but that he would speak to me of it. Accordingly, one Day, when I thought of nothing less, my Father came into my Chamber; and after having reproach'd me for living so savage-like, started the Commander's Proposal to me.——But there's one Inconvenience I don't like, *said he*; and that is, he takes you for a Girl, whereas you are a Boy. However, he told me, I must disguise my Sex, that his Benefactor might not be balk'd. The Commander, *added he*, is going to *Rome*, and thence to *Venice*, and so you'll have the Pleasure of Travelling, and at the same time so improve yourself, as to be able one Day to make yourself and all your Family easy. —The Thoughts of leaving *Messina*, where I durst no more appear, were alone sufficient to make me listen to and accept any Proposal. Wherefore I assur'd my Father, that I would most willingly go with the Commander; and that he had nothing to do but to provide me a Girl's Habit, nor fear but I would act my Part very dextrously, since, at worst, being a Boy, I could run no Risque. My Parole thus given, who should come into my Chamber the next Day, but the Commander? He found me abed, with a Girl's Head-dress on, and was so pleas'd at the Sight of me, that he said a thousand pretty things to me;

me; and as I was prepar'd to receive his Visit, I play'd my Part with wonderful Success. He presented me with a Diamond valu'd at a hundred Pistoles, and a Purse with a hundred more, to buy me a Suit of Cloaths. I took a Pleasure in this kind of Sport, which succeeded so well at the Beginning, as to make me hope for greater Advantages afterwards.

The Spring was drawing on, and that being the Season pitch'd upon for our Departure, great Diligence was us'd to fit us out. My travelling Habit was a long Vest lined with Ermine, and a fine black Peruke; but tho' the Commander desir'd me, I pretended I could never be reconcil'd to wear Breeches. In all the Towns thro' which we pass'd in our way to *Rome*, I chose to go for his Niece; and he had taken the Precaution to change his Domestic, who was an old Valet-de-Chambre, that had been in his Service above thirty Years. We tarry'd some time at *Palermo*, by reason of a slight Indisposition, which oblig'd me to keep my Bed for two or three Days: But as soon as I was able to sit in the Litter, we took the Route of the Kingdom of *Naples*. The Motion of that Carriage not very well agreeing with me, and being proud of keeping the Commander in his Error, by pretending all the Infirmities of a young Woman, I desir'd him to let us make the best of our Way to the Sea-side, and there hire a *Felucca* for *Naples*; as well because that Carriage would be more agreeable to my Constitution, as that we should be the sooner at the Place whither we were going. My Request was granted, and we embark'd as soon as we got to the Sea-side. But scarce had we weigh'd Anchor, when a violent Storm from Land having driven us, in spite of all we could do, to Sea, we had like to have perish'd. In this fearful Condition, we espy'd a Barque, which, making down directly upon us, came either to save us from Shipwreck, or to lay us in Irons; for we could not discern, at so great a Distance, whether she was Friend or Foe. At last it prov'd to be a *Turkish* Corsair, which, having made fifteen or twenty Christians Slaves upon the Coasts of *Calabria*, was returning home with his Prize. Our Captain, who was a brave
Gen-

Gentleman, and had formerly commanded the Gallies of *Malta*, knew, at first Sight, what he had to do. He began to inspire us with Sentiments of Christianity, and exhorted us rather to die on that Occasion, than by a Surrender to yield ourselves Slaves. His four lusty *Maltese* Valets, his Gentleman, and the eight Sailors, who had the Management of our Vessel, all well arm'd, promis'd to stand by him to the last Drop of their Blood. Whereupon, said the Captain, Let us aim at the Enemy's Commander; for if once he drop, we are Masters of the Barque: Let us therefore pretend to surrender, and while we are making him our Compliments, spare him not. Never were Orders better executed. The Enemy came up to attack us, but were surpris'd to find us in a yielding Posture, and imploring their Assistance. They threw us a Rope, and the Corsair himself relenting at the Sight of me, took me by the Hand, and assur'd me I should be the Mistress of his Heart, and of all he had in the World. At that Moment, the Pirates went to disarm our Men, and to load 'em with Chains, but were prevented by our Fire-Arms. Upon the Noise of the Fight, the Corsair ran to help his Men; but as he stood upon the Deck, he receiv'd a Pistol-shot thro' his Head; which so discourag'd the rest of the Barque's Crew, that they threw down their Arms, and we loaded them with the same Irons they had design'd for us.

'Tis impossible to express our Joy upon this Occasion. Mine, I do assure you, was such as I was never sensible of before or since: And the Follies and Extravagancies of every one of us, would have been unpardonable at any other time. Mean while, the Tempest continu'd, and it was impossible for us to reach the Shore. The Day being almost spent in fighting the Enemy, and resisting the Waves of the Sea, Night came on apace, and we were afraid we had escap'd the Cruelties of the *Barbarians*, only to be a Prey to the Monsters of the Deep. Under these Apprehensions, we took the Advice of an old *Turk*, (who had been the Enemy's Pilot, and whose Irons were taken off him, that he might steer our Ship) and cut down our Masts. About Mid-
night

night the Wind rose, and blew with that Violence, that we trusted to Providence, and let our Barque drive. But how dismal is the Sight! how terrible even the Thought of those Dangers! The Terror of Death frightens the boldest Man alive! In a word, nothing was to be heard in our Barque, but lamentable Sighs; Fear having depriv'd us all of the Use of our Tongues! We expected, every Moment, to be swallow'd up; and paid dear for the Joy we express'd upon our Victory! The Dawn of Day brought, with the Return of Light, some small Return of Hope! But, alas! That was the most unfortunate Day to me that ever I had in my Life! A *Turkish* Ship, mounted with 30 Pieces of Cannon, came down upon us full before the Wind; and taking us, by the Make of our Ship, for his own Countrymen, sent his Sloop to hale us, and offer his Assistance to our Captain. This Gentleman, who had not taken the Precaution to disguise himself, but resolv'd not to strike to the *Turk*, gave 'em to understand, by an angry and resolute Countenance, that he was not afraid to fight 'em: But to convince 'em yet farther, he fir'd upon the Sloop. Then animating our Men, and exhorting 'em to sell their Lives and Liberties dear, he began the sharpest Fight, considering its Inequality, that ever was seen. The fifteen or twenty Men aboard our Barque, behav'd themselves with incredible Bravery: But the Love of our Religion and Liberty had render'd every one of us an invincible Commander. Having resolv'd to die a thousand times, rather than fall into the Hands of the Infidels, we had no Regard to our Lives. Our Barque was already shot thro' in several Places, and just ready to sink; when our Captain's Gentleman, taking me by the Hand, — We must make our Escape, Madam, *said he*, or we are lost! The Barque is sinking! My Master is dead of his Wounds! Half our Men are kill'd, and the rest disabled! and only you and I are left of all our Crew! Come, let us jump into the *Felucca*, and expose ourselves to the Mercy of the Waves! It may be, God will have Compassion on us, and we may go a-head of the Enemy, without being perceiv'd! I had no sooner follow'd *Rufini's* Advice, (for that was the Gentleman's Name)

Name) but our Barque sunk down. The Enemy having discover'd our Flight, sent their Sloop in Pursuit of us, with twenty arm'd Men. *Rufini* still persisting in his Resolution to fly, and never yield to their Superiority, was kill'd with a Musquet-ball; and I found myself alone, expos'd to the most imminent Danger! The Fear of losing my Liberty was not the most poignant of my Grief! I remember'd my Disguise, and that very much alarm'd me! for I was no Stranger to the Passion of the *Turks*, with respect to Women; and trembled to think they would wreck all their Malice upon me! Not a Saint in Heaven, but was then invoc'd to my Assistance; and then 'twas that I made Vows to the Lord, which I design to perform, if it shall ever please him to give me the Recovery of my dear Liberty!

At last, being carry'd on board the Corfair, and presented to the Captain, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, he told me, That surely God design'd me for something of Great, since he had vouchsafed to deliver me from such an extraordinary Danger; and that the visible Protection Heaven had granted me, had, at least, procur'd me his Veneration and Esteem. Then he assur'd me, that I should receive no ill Usage while I remain'd on board of his Ship; and himself first set an Example for his Men to follow, with regard to the Civilities they ought to shew me. I must needs say, I was perfectly transported with Admiration at the Discourse of that Barbarian, which inspir'd me with I know not what Friendship for him, mixt with all imaginable Respect and Affection. I could do no less than assure him, that if he was sincere in all his Protestations, no Slave that he had should give him such Marks of Affection and Fidelity as I would do: Then falling upon my Knees, and embracing and washing his with my Tears, I earnestly begg'd of him, not to offer me any Violence, since I'd rather suffer the most cruel Death, than lose my Honour. The Truth is, I never had Occasion to complain of my new Master, who not only inviolably kept his Promise to me, but gave me ample Demonstrations of his Friendship. All the while we were crossing from *Lipari*, where our Barque was sunk, till we arriv'd
at

at *Patras*, I neither receiv'd Affront, nor saw Danger. Thither we came after eight Days Sail; and during that time, I was serv'd with all the Respect and Neatness imaginable. *Mulaxem*, our Mistress's first Husband, was as much a Gentleman as any of his Time, and had Principles of Honesty seldom found among *Christians*. When he had given me his Word not to make an Attempt upon my Honour, he inviolably kept it; and I may say, that during the ten Years I was in his Service, he never gave me the least Subject of Complaint, either against his Honesty, or his Usage of me in general; tho' the *Turks* often fail in those two Points, and sacrifice their Slaves of both Sexes to their Lust and Cruelty. But as *Mulaxem* was marry'd, he was extremely fond of his Wife, and durst not, for his Life, do any thing contrary to the Fidelity he ow'd her. He would often discourse with me concerning his Happiness, and how much he long'd to see and be with her. I sooth'd his Passion, and flatter'd him so handsomely and genteelly, that I soon became his lovely Confidant; and he would often tell me, that next to so dear a Wife, nothing was dearer to him than I. One of these I pitch'd upon as a fit Opportunity to desire him not to sell me away from him, and to assure him, that I was so far concern'd for all that belong'd to him, that I had as lieve die as be separated from his Interests. I may be of no small Service to you, said I, with respect to *Zaide*, who, you tell me, is young, and of a fickle Temper: Such kind of Persons have generally Caprices enough to provoke the most patient Man alive. Now, if I were her Slave, I'd use so great Diligence to make you absolute Master of her Heart, that the Idea of you should be fairly engraven thereon. My Master assur'd me, that he had too much Consideration for me, ever to part with me; and that he set a greater Value upon me alone, than upon all the other Prizes he had ever made together. At last we arriv'd at *Patras*, one Friday Night, in the Month of *April*. I will not trouble you with the Description of the Beauties of this Country, nor the Situation of the City of *Patras*: You have now been here some Years, and are a better Judge of those Things than I. The Mother of *Mulaxem* receiv'd her

Son.

Son with such Marks of Affection, as inspir'd me with a Love for that old Woman ever since. On the other hand, his Wife, who was then but a Girl of ten or twelve Years old, scarce spoke three Words to him, and seem'd to me insensible of the Embraces of so dear a Husband. I was still dress'd in my Vest and Peruke, (for my Chest of Goods was sunk at Sea) and that Habit became me so well, and set me off to such Advantage, that my Beauty made my old Mistress a little uneasy, lest her Son should have too much Regard for me, and slight her Daughter-in-law *Zaide*. The next Day she sent her Eunuch to tell me, that I was a Slave, and that my Queen's Dress did not well suit my ill Fortune. I was not surpris'd at that Compliment, but answer'd, smiling, that I expected with Impatience a Habit suitable to my Condition. The chearful Air with which I seem'd to submit to my Fate, fill'd the Eunuch with Admiration, and pleas'd *Azemire* so extremely, that she ran to embrace me, and assur'd me, that she esteem'd me for the many Virtues I possess'd, but would have me change Cloaths with her Daughter-in-law, whom she committed to my Care; hoping that by my Prudence I should always preserve Peace and Tranquillity in the Family, instead of causing Disorder and Confusion in it. I answer'd all her Civilities with the most respectful Expressions I could think of; for they understand *Italian* very well in all the *Levant*, by reason the *Frank* Tongue, which is every-where us'd, is a kind of corrupt *Italian*. I went therefore to *Zaide*, more her Mistress than she was mine. I invented every Day fresh Knick-knacks in dressing, and diverted her so many different ways, that she'd never be from me one Moment, nor suffer any body to lie with her but me.

I must confess, I was very much puzzled at the Proposal she made me of lying with her, and declar'd such an Aversion to it, that I made it a Scruple of Religion. I am a Christian, *said I*; and my Law forbids me ever to lie with an Infidel. I should believe myself a real Apostate, should I once grant your Demands; and the Thought of having been a Rebel to *Jesus Christ*, would be sufficient of itself to kill me with Grief. As she to whom

whom I spoke was but a Child, I found it no difficult matter to persuade her to desist from that Article. I desir'd her to love her Husband who ador'd her, and prevail'd with her to take him to Bed with her that very Night; a Favour which had not yet been granted him, by reason she was too young; and being, besides, the Basshaw of the *Morea's* Daughter, she was absolute Mistress of his Will.

Mulaxem's Uncle had procur'd him that Match; and they had been marry'd seven or eight Years, before she had shewn him the least Affection. I was ravish'd with the Thoughts of having procur'd this Satisfaction to a Master I had so great Reason to esteem; and it was no small Appendix to my Joy, that I had escap'd running the Risque of betraying the Secret of my Sex. Our young Couple grew daily fonder and fonder, and daily gave fresh Proofs of their Affection. *Zaide*, who began now to love her Husband, was never free from the Fear of losing him; and told me, she should never forgive him, if he prov'd unfaithful to her.----I believe he is too fond of you, Madam, *said I*; so fond, that the greatest Beauties in the Word can never touch him. I'll be answerable for him, than whom I never found a Man of stricter Virtue. His Probity has won all my Esteem; and if you have a Desire to reward the small Services I render you, and the innocent Pleasures I endeavour to procure you, do it, I beseech you, by embracing your Husband in the tenderest manner.-----And thus have I liv'd the ten Years that I have been in this House. *Gabrielle* was brought hither a Year before you were made a Slave; and tho' she was young and beautiful, yet my Mistress did not distinguish her in the manner she did me: Her Habit and Employes were different from mine. 'Tis true, she was very much esteem'd for her Ingenuity and Handiness; for she was a complete Work-woman, and none excell'd her at Embroidery. She plays charmingly upon the Guittar; and sings tolerably well. And I was not a little pleas'd with her Disposition to Music; for as I have some Skill in it myself, and pretend to a great Mastery of the *Theorbo* and *Harpsecol*, I propos'd to *Zaide* to send for those Instruments from *France*, where they

they had a free Commerce. I was soon obey'd; and her Orders were so effectually executed, that in five Months time we receiv'd as fine a *Harpsecol* and *Theorbo* as could be got for Money.

Never sure did Slaves undergo so easy a Slavery; *Gabrielle*, with whom I lay, told me all the Emotions of her Heart. She was five Months gone with Child, when she arriv'd; and the Preparations I made against her Lying-in, inspir'd her with an Affection for me, which she could not express without Transport. She told me, that the Ladies of *Provence* are so passionate in their Embraces, as not to be able to refrain from biting and tearing one. It was now eight Months that *Gabrielle* had been brought, and we had lain together in the same Bed, without her knowing that I was a Man. One Night, when she could not sleep, she embrac'd me very tenderly, and finding I made her no Returns, she got nearer me, and discover'd I was not a Wench. All this while, I was so fast asleep, that I never felt her Embraces, and thought I should have died with Fright, when she told me, in the Morning, that I was very much in the Wrong to conceal from her a Mystery, into which she had got some Light with so much Pleasure. You are a fine Boy, said she; and 'tis no longer *Mariola* that I clasp in these Arms.---- I would fain have turn'd her Passion into Ridicule, and rally'd her out of her amorous Fit; but---No, no, said she; Thanks to your Sleep, I know your Secret: Make me therefore your Confident, or I'll go and ruin you. If they should happen to find out what you are under your Disguise, I should fall together with you, as an Accomplice of the Wrong you do your Master. Confess all to me, and fear not: I love you desperately; and will expose myself to a thousand Deaths, rather than betray the Secret you shall entrust me with.

What could I do at so unlucky a Juncture! I had been short in Prudence, in exposing myself too much to the Embraces of a young Woman, and was forc'd to humour her, and give her the History I have now told you. She made me buy Wit very dear; you have heard the Price she ask'd me for it, and the Coin she would be paid in. Now, I must confess, I am very glad, that Chance has inform'd

inform'd you of such an Adventure; for had you learnt it any other way, perhaps Things might have taken another Course, and you might have render'd a great many Persons unhappy.

I had then twice the Esteem for the pretended *Mariola* as I had had before, and took such a Delight in her Conversation, that my Affection inspired *Zaide* with a kind of Jealousy. This she could not forbear shewing me one Day, and exaggerating her Passion to me, --- *Mulazem*, said she, had a thousand Perfections, and a Love that nothing surely can ever equal: Never, alas! had I any Ground of Jealousy in his Time; and he went and came without the least Trouble or Uneasiness to me: I was sensible I lov'd him; but my Affection was never alarm'd: And I liv'd in a Repose which often disturbs that of so dear a Spouse. Thou occasion'st me a thousand Pains; and I no longer find the Sweets in *Mariola's* Conversation I was wont; no more do I long to see her, and embrace her: Thus wilt thou make two Persons miserable, *Luzaisem*, for which, one would think, thou hadst no Reason, after so many Favours heap'd upon thee. --- This Discourse of *Zaide* made me act far otherwise than I purpos'd to have done; for I was acquainted with her proud and fiery Temper. She look'd upon herself as sole Mistress of my Fortune; and as I always carry'd myself before her with Abundance of Civility and Respect, she had never fail'd to exercise an Air of Empire and Command over me, which render'd her absolute in all her Desires. I endeavour'd therefore, all I could, to forbear speaking to *Mariola* in her Presence, and to conceal from her the private Correspondence I carry'd on with her Slave. I likewise affected to be more careful of *Zaide*; for she'd certainly have run into the wildest Extravagancies, had she been sensible of my real Sentiments, or known my true Design.

The News of the Taking of *Candy* soon deliver'd me from these Hardships, and gave the first Overture to my Project for setting myself at Liberty. The Conquest of that Island, which had cost the *Turks* so much Blood and Treasure, in the Prosecution of a War of 24 Years, occasion'd

cation'd such an universal Joy throughout the Ottoman Empire, that all the Cities thereof strove to out-do each other in their Tokens of Gladness. Never was seen such a Number of Illuminations and Bonfires; and Captain *Antonio* propos'd to me to let off Fire-works upon the Water, on that Occasion, as a fit one for us to make our Escape. I had him secure a Brigantine, and *Christian* Slaves enough, disguis'd like *Turks*, that would dare to undertake their Flight. Every thing was order'd with an equal Readiness and Precaution; and Signor *Antonio* promis'd to wait for me, behind a Shelf, a League from *Patras*, with 25 Slaves of his Acquaintance. The Night appointed being come, as it was I that had given that Entertainment to the City, to testify my Zeal for the Empire, I found it an easy matter to persuade *Zaide* to go and see the Sight. She not only consented, but dress'd herself in all her Jewels, and the best Cloaths she had; and was attended, in her Boat, by her Eunuch and Slaves. I had hired some *Turkish* Rowers, to carry us, as soon as the Sight was over, to a little Country-Seat we had upon the Sea-side, where we intended to lie, to avoid the Trouble of a great Company. *Azemire*, being indispos'd, desir'd her old Friend the *Dervis* to make one among us, and bring her a faithful Account of our Diversion. The *Turks* are great Admirers of Fire-works, in which they are very short of Skill: And nothing could have more agreeably surpris'd 'em, than our Invention. The Design was a Moon of Light, embracing the whole World, of a Brimstone Fire, which dazzled the Eyes of the Spectators. This Machine was fix'd upon the Arch of an old Bridge, whence issu'd thousands of Rockets, and other Fire-works of all kinds. Upon the Water was an infinite Number of Boats, crowded with all the Inhabitants of *Patras*, except the Ladies, who saw the Sight from the Tops of their Houses. But as I liv'd in another manner with *Zaide*, and she was always perplexing me with her importunate Embraces, I desir'd her to dress herself, and all her Women, in Man's Cloaths, and to forget nothing that might render her Appearance magnificent, and add to the Honour of that joyful Night. We took Water about an Hour after the

Diversion

Diversion was over, and the Croud return'd home from viewing our Machine of Fire, and put out to Sea for *Vitcanin*, which was the Pleasure-house where we design'd to lie. The Watermen thought we were to land and stay there till the next Day; and the Servants in the House had Notice of our Intention; so that nobody had the least Jealousy of our concerted Flight. No sooner were we come in Sight of the Shelf, but the Brigantine, who perceiv'd us, ply'd their Oars, and came upon us before we were aware. *Zaide* and her Boat's Crew immediately took her for a *Turkish* Brigantine, who, knowing their Company, had a Mind to frighten 'em; but when she saw herself and her Women clapt in Irons, and her Watermen murder'd and thrown overboard, she look'd upon herself as lost, and ask'd me, Whether it was I that had play'd that villainous Trick, to make her Amends for the Affection she had shewn me? I must needs say, this Imputation touch'd me to the quick: However, I assur'd her that I had no Hand in it; and the better to persuade her, fell a calling Signor *Antonio* all the Names I could think of. The Captain, who took me right, immediately loaded me with Irons; and order'd his Men to put on Shore to land *Zaide* and her Slaves. In vain did I beg of him to leave me my Wife, or else throw me on Shore along with her; they only allow'd her the *Dervis* and *Gabrielle* for Companions; and that too, after they had stripp'd 'em all. I durst not once turn my Eyes towards the Land; but stopp'd my Ears to the Outrages she utter'd against me. Some Seamen afterwards gave me such an Account thereof, as defeated all my Resolutions; and *Gabrielle*, whom I saw some time after at *Rome*, had like to have made me lay down my Monk's Habit, not being able to bear with Patience all she told me of the calamitous Condition of my Family, of which I shall speak in its proper Place.

We set *Zaide* and her Companions on Shore, five Miles from *Patras*; and the fine Weather continuing to favour us, we discover'd *Sicily* after three Days Sail. Most of the Slaves that made their Escape with me, were *Italians* or *Maltese*. But among them was a *Frenchman*,

born

born at *Agde* in *Languedoc*, a very honest Fellow, to whom I owe my Life; for he hinder'd the ungrateful Captain *Antonio* from perpetrating the most perfidious and devilish Villainy that ever was committed. *Zaide's* Jewels and rich Cloaths tempted him, it seems, to undertake my Murder; and to put his black Enterprize in Execution, he had resolv'd, some time before we came to *Malta*, to stab me and *Mariola*, and, after having stripp'd us, to throw us over-board. The *Frenchman* was one of the Conspirators, and had promis'd to join and assist the others; but having landed, with Part of our Company, by reason the Wind was come contrary, he desir'd me to call *Pietrocio*, (for that was the Name *Mariola* then went by) and come to him. Then stepping aside, he told me, That he was going to communicate a Secret of the last Importance to me; that *Antonio* had resolv'd to murder me for the Lucre of my Riches; that himself was one of the Accomplices; but that his Intention in entering into that villainous Design, was only to avoid giving Occasion of Distrust to those Traitors; and that to convince me of his Sincerity, and that what he said was true, he had resolv'd to make his Escape with us, and not return to the Brigantine. I had, indeed, before observ'd those Seamen to make a private Signal among themselves; but never imagin'd they were capable of so hellish a Design. I deliver'd those Miscreants from the wretchedest Slavery, and provided Riches enough to satisfy 'em, and send 'em home in a tolerable Plight: And to reward me, they harbour'd the bloody Design of murdering me! I gave Thanks to God, for vouchsafing to deliver me from so imminent a Danger; and promis'd to adhere only to him, and to break with all the rest of the World. ----Let us therefore save ourselves, said I to my Deliverer, and avoid these Barbarians, who thirst after our Blood, as well as our Estates. ----My Companions consenting, we immediately made from the Sea Coast, travell'd up into the Country all Night, and by Break of Day were got about thirteen or fourteen Miles from the Sea-side: But that Journey cost me all the Skin of my Feet; and poor *Pietrocio* was so lame, he could scarce stand. Being still in our *Turkish* Habits, we were in Fear every Moment, lest

any one should meet us, and raise the neighbouring Villages upon us, whose Inhabitants, we knew, would use us very roughly, and strip us of every Rag of our Cloaths. I had a very fine Diamond about me, a Girdle quite covered with Turquoise Stones, and about some two or three hundred *Sequins* in Money; and tho' this was nothing in Comparison of what I had left in the Brigantine, yet I was so glad I had escap'd Captain *Antonio's* perfidious Design, that I had no Regard either to my Weariness, or to my Loss. I desir'd Monsieur *Isnard*, my *Frenchman*, to go to the next Village, and buy Cloaths for *Pietrocio* and me, while we staid for him in an old ruin'd House, which we shew'd him. Having given him the Money requisite for this Purpose, he executed his Commission with so much Dexterity and Address, that he return'd in the Evening with seven or eight Ells of coarse Woolen Cloath, and some Linen, and other Things sufficient to make us three a Suit of Seamens Cloaths each. Nor had he forgot Bread and Wine for our Insides, while he took such Care of our Outsides. He inform'd us farther, that we were in the Territories of *Lagosta*, and that it was but four Days Journey thence, by Land, to *Messina*, and one Day's Voyage by Sea. We made it our first Business to prepare our Tar-Dresses; and, for that End, tarry'd three Days in the ruin'd House, which being situate on the Top of a little Hill, gave us a charming Prospect of the Sea, and of every the least Vessel that approach'd the Land. In that time, *Pietrocio* sewing extremely well, and *Isnard* being not far behind him in that Art, our Cloaths were finish'd, and we were complete Sailors. The Day after we had run away from our Brigantine, we perceiv'd her to return to the very Bay in which we landed; and the Fear I was in, lest that cursed Crew should come in quest of us, made me very impatient till *Isnard* was return'd from the Village I had sent him to. As soon as he arriv'd, we told him the Grounds of our Apprehensions; but he inspir'd us with fresh Courage; for, being an excellent Pilot, and skill'd in all the Parts of Navigation, he assur'd us, that the Brigantine had been obliged to put back upon those Coasts, by reason she had, while at Sea, met with a
Wind

Wind directly contrary to their Passage to *Malta*; and that it would be impossible for her to budge from thence, before the Wind chopp'd about. This Answer gave us so great Satisfaction, that we slept more securely than we had done before. As soon as it was Day, to Work we went, all three, upon our Cloaths; and arriving, the third Day, at a Village three Leagues from our Ruins, we there receiv'd Advice, that a *Turkish* Galley had brought on Shore a Brigantine of Slaves, who had made their Escape from *Patras*. And this News was brought thither but the Day before, by one of the Slaves who had the good Fortune to give the Infidels the Slip.



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Signor *ROZELLI*.

I Can never express enough of Gratitude to my Great Creator, the unsearchable Paths of whose wise Providence I humbly adore, as well for my Deliverance from so extreme a Danger, as for bringing me out of so many Perils and Distresses, into the Haven of Rest and Comfort! — At last we arriv'd at *Lagosta*, which Town is one of the finest Monuments of the Grandeur of the antient *Romans*, for the many curious Antiquities that are still to be seen there: Particularly, the Remains of the Temple dedicated to *Galatea*, which stands upon the

Sea-side; *Polyphemus's* Den, and the great Shelf, that is reported to be the Rock which that Giant pluck'd from the Mountain, to crush *Acis*. This Place is situate upon one of the pleasantest Coasts in the Universe; and its Inhabitants are very courteous, and good Musicians. There are but few Noblemen among 'em; but then the Burghers are so polite and accomplish'd, that I forgot all the Fatigues of my Journey, upon the agreeable Reception they gave us.

We pretended to be *Sicilian* Seamen cast away; for we had no Marks of the *Turk*, having bury'd our Cloaths in the Ruins which we had just before made our Lodgings. So having tarry'd at *Lacosta* seven or eight Days, to rest our weary Limbs, we then set out by Land for *Messina*, where we arriv'd after a Journey of three Days.

The first thing I did after I came to *Messina*, was to go directly to the Church-door, not daring to enter that holy Place: There I kneel'd, and return'd my hearty Thanks to God; acknowledging *Jesus Christ* for my Lord and Saviour, and imploring his Pardon for the Scandal I might have brought upon the *Christian* Religion, by my feign'd Apostasy. This done, I repair'd to the Bishop's Palace, and having given him a Relation of my Adventures, I begg'd of him, that he would be pleas'd to reconcile me to the Church; and assur'd him, that my Apostasy was more to be attributed to Weakness than Wickedness. The Reverend Prelate granted my Request, and finding me very well instructed in the Mysteries of our Religion, and intirely perswaded of its Truth, order'd me a Retirement and Probation only of eight Days; after which he perform'd the Ceremony of my Reconciliation, before the Altar of *Our Lady of the Letter*, in the Cathedral. *Pietrocio* found his Family turn'd topsy-turvy, in his ten Years Absence. His Father and Mother were dead; and 'twas in vain for him to use Arguments to his Brother the *Physician*, to persuade him he was his Brother. That Gentleman would by no means own *Pietrocio*; but pretended to tell him positively, That the Brother whose Name he assum'd, was lost off of *Lipari*, a *Turkish* Corsair having sunk the Barque,

Barque, on board of which he was ; that he might have learnt the Particulars of that Action, as almost all the Inhabitants of *Messina* then did ; that he might therefore go look for his *Dupes* elsewhere, for that he had nothing to do with their Family — As I was walking upon the Wharf one Day after my Retirement, *Pietroccio* met me, and embracing me, let fall a Shower of Tears — Would I were still at *Patras* with my Mistresses ! *said he* ; for the *Turks* have more Generosity and Humanity in 'em, than my nearest Relations : By what evil Fate was I thrown into Bondage for the Space of ten Years ? Or by what more cruel Destiny is it enacted, may I say, that upon my Return my Friends won't deign to look upon me ; but abandoning me, force me to beg my Bread, or starve ? — I assur'd him, that I would never be unmindful of the Services he had render'd me ; and to convince him of my Sincerity, added, that I would most willingly divide what Money I had between him and me. I told him at the same time, that I had some Thoughts of retiring from the Clutter of the World into the Monastery. Nevertheless, as I did not very well know what to resolve upon, I tarry'd some Months at *Messina*, in Hopes of hearing of my dear Lady the Marchioness of *T*, before I enter'd upon my fix'd Course of Life. It was my Misfortune not to know any particular Person at *Naples*, from whom I might promise myself Advices of that kind ; but at last I struck Acquaintance with Signor *Citrani*, a Merchant of *Messina*, who engaged to satisfy my Curiosity. This Gentleman had a Son, about one or two and twenty Years old, who was going for *Naples*, and with whom I entrusted a Letter for the Marchioness ; and having shewn him her Picture, which I had still kept, he promis'd to let me hear from her within a Month. During that time, I liv'd a very pleasant and jovial Life. *Pietroccio's* excellent Voice had recommended him to the Governor, who, having heard the Account he gave of himself, soon oblig'd his Relations to own him ; and as he, by this means, became familiar with the Nobility, I was present at all their Diversions. I had procur'd myself a very genteel Dress, and had Money

enough to maintain myself in that Figure for six Months. The Design I had of retiring, in a small time, into the Monastery, made me very lavish of my Gold, and careless whether I could get more or not; insomuch that I made nothing to give Entertainments, and went a serenading the Ladies, for whom I pretended a passionate Affection. I assum'd the Title of the Marquis *Piroti*, and then first learnt, that Money will give a Man what Figure he pleases to take. Mean time, three Months were already pass'd, since young *Citrani* went for *Naples*; and tho' I went to his Father's every Day, could hear nothing of him, or my dear Marchioness. At last they told me, he had been like to die, but that he was now expected home in about a Week. No sooner, therefore, did I hear of his Return, but I ran to embrace him; and asking him, as soon as I had an Opportunity, how my Lady did? he gave me to understand, I was unfortunate; and that the Things he had to tell me, would require more Time than he could spare that Night, by reason he had a great deal of Company in the House; and therefore desir'd me to meet him the next Morning, in the Cloisters of the *Cordeliers*, where he would give me the whole Relation. I was to sup that Night with the Governor; and we were to go upon the Water behind the *Salvator*, which is a Citadel at the Mouth of the Harbour, the Gardens there being the most charming of all *Sicily*. The finest Illumination that ever I saw in my Life, serv'd to render our Voyage as light as if it was made by Day. The Ladies were gone before, and had made us, against our Arrival, a thousand pretty Garlands, adorn'd with Cyphers of Love and Gallantry. A young Widow, for whom I pretended the most violent Passion, play'd me several amorous Tricks, upon my Arrival; and among the rest, threw a full Pail of Orange-water at me. Never was Evening spent with greater Pleasure and Enjoyment; and I don't remember, that ever I was at a more magnificent Treat, than was made for the Entertainment of that illustrious Company. Every one appear'd with an Air of Gaiety and Mirth, and I was the only Gentleman that seem'd, as it were, serious, and insensible of the Pleasures others enjoy'd.

Some

Some Ladies, perceiving my melancholy Humour, were pleas'd to banter me about it; and the more I endeavour'd to shake it off, the more it conquer'd me, and grew upon my Spirits. My little Widow asking me, as we were going back to *Messina*, what made me so pensive and thoughtful? instead of making her a brisk Answer, which might have excus'd me, and given her Satisfaction, I was such a Fool as to tell her, I had a Fit of the Colic, which very much discompos'd me. That Answer was sufficient to make me the Subject of the Ladies Raillery all the Way home: And the young Widow, not having a real Affection for me, resolv'd to divert herself at my Expence. Accordingly, reaching our Lodgings about Twelve o'Clock at Night, by that time I was half undress'd, one came to tell me, that a Man at the Door wanted to speak with me about earnest Business. I bad my Landlord desire the Man to come up; but how like a Fool did I look, when I saw an *Apothecary's* Apprentice pulling a Glister-pipe out of his Pocket, and beseeching me to lie down a little, and he would do the Jobb in the Twinkling of an Eye? I thank'd him for his Remedy, but told him I had no occasion for it. The more resolute I appear'd not to take it, the more the Fellow redoubled his Instances to prevail with me to do it. At last I got rid of him, with much ado; but could not, for my Life, make him tell me whence he came. Well; I was no sooner laid down in my Bed, but they rapp'd at my Door again; and asking what they wanted, they answer'd, That it was another Glister for me. And in this manner was I plagued almost the whole Night, not being able to take a Wink of Sleep, for the Insolence of those Bum-peepers. At last, the tenth coming, I was resolv'd he should be the last; and, for that Reason, having lock'd my Chamber-door upon him, I clapp'd my Dagger to his Breast, and swore all the Oaths my Passion suggested to me, that if he would not do as I bad him, I'd murder him. Then I commanded him to empty his Glister into a Close-stool-pan, and drink it every Drop, out of the same. The Truth is, I was so enraged, that if he had made but the least Hesitation, I should certainly have stabb'd him in a

thousand Places ; but he saved his Skin, by executing my nasty Orders. This Action made a great Noise at *Messina* ; and the young Man's Master, the *Apothecary*, went and complain'd of the Violence done to a Member of the Faculty. The Governor, to whom the little Widow had, at first, imparted her Design, as to the Cure of my Colic, did nothing but laugh at him, and forbad the *Apothecary* to offer me the least Affront upon that Score, on pain of Death. This Piece of Raillery, however, balk'd me from ever going to Court afterwards. My Purse began to feel light, and I was no longer able to hold on the Course of Life I had led for three or four Months past.

As soon as 'twas Day, I repair'd to the *Cordeliers* Cloister, the Place of Assignment, to wait for young Signor *Citrani* : Nor was I long there before that Gentleman came to me, and we embraced each other with abundance of Civility and Affection. Compliments over, he told me, that he was come to give me an Account of the Commission I had entrusted him with to *Naples* : That he had done all that the faithfullest Friend could do, and that he would tell me such Particulars as should, at once, convince me of his Friendship and Punctuality.

As soon as I had dispatch'd certain Affairs, *said he*, which would admit of no Delay, I went to the Count of *P . . . 's*, to inquire what was become of his Daughter, and his old Sister, at whose House you had plac'd *Rosalia*. Coming to the Door, I ask'd for the oldest Servant belonging to the House ; whereupon they call'd one *Rotilio* to me, who assur'd me, that he had been there from a Boy — I know him, *answer'd I*, interrupting *Citrani* ; he is crooked, and has a smiling comical Aspect — The same, *reply'd he* ; and now I'll tell you what pass'd between him and me in a Conversation of two Hours. I open'd the Conference by assuring him, that I was come from *Sicily* to *Naples*, about Affairs of no less Importance than the Recovery of certain Papers, upon which the Quiet and Welfare of my whole Family depended ; and that I had receiv'd Information, that I should light of Intelligence at the Count of *P . . . 's*,
or

or the Marchioness, his Daughter's, which might be of great Service to me. I no sooner named the Marchioness, but the poor Fellow utter'd a hearty Sigh! and ——— What can you learn of the unfortunate Marchioness! *said he*, since the Count of P . . . , her Father, died of Grief, that he was not able to hear of her for four Years together, before his Death. Her Spouse has been in Castle *St. Elmo* ever since that time, to force from him an Account of his Behaviour towards a Lady of the Marchioness's Prudence and Wisdom. 'Tis the general Opinion, that she was poison'd at *Palinuro*, where, 'tis certain, she was, about four Years ago, and whence she was never seen to return to *Naples*. Her Aunt dispatch'd Messengers to all Parts of *Europe*, in quest of her, and sent her Picture to every Monastery in *Christendom*, to see whether, possibly, she might be shut up in any of those Places of Retirement: But all to no manner of purpose; and so, in the Ruin of that Lady, we see that of three or four Families involv'd! I desir'd to know, whether she had not written or left any Letter to signify the Cause of her Departure — That's what my Lord Marquis is imprison'd for, *said Rotilio*; they would have him speak to that Point, and he has nothing to say. He swears, that he has never given his Lady any other Occasion of Discontent, than by his Absence and youthful Follies, and that he is neither guilty of her Death, nor of her Escape. I ask'd my *Escop*, whether I might, by any means, speak with *Rosalia*? She's dead, *answer'd he*, as well as the Marchioness, or else they are both far enough from hence. But if you told me the Reasons, *added he*, which oblige you to ask so many Questions, I might, perhaps, tell you something. I thank'd him for his Civility, and told him, I'd see him again the next Day; but thought myself under no Obligation to keep my Promise, by reason I had executed your Orders, and believ'd you did not desire to know more, by the Instructions you had given me. Two Days after, I fell so dangerously ill, that it was impossible for me to write to you, and let you know how far I had been successful; and as soon as ever I could bear the Litter, I resolv'd to be at home

very shortly, and give you this Account by Word of Mouth.

This Discourse of young *Citrani* had made such an Impression upon me, that I was forced to sit down, to prevent my falling. That Gentleman, perceiving my Concern and Weakness, offer'd to assist me to the best of his Power; but I thank'd him, and desir'd him to leave me alone a little, to make some Reflections on my unhappy Fate; assuring him, however, that I would take an Opportunity to wait on him, when he should find me of a much more jovial Temper. 'Twas long before I could prevail with him to go from me; but won, at last, by my Intreaties, he went about his Business, and left me to take my Swing of the most profound Melancholy that ever possess'd the Heart of Man! I desir'd the Porter of the Monastery to let me into the Garden, which he did; and I was no sooner enter'd, but, believing myself at Liberty, and out of the Ear of all the World, I began to utter the most passionate Complaints! I call'd to mind all the Misfortunes of my whole Life! curs'd my Fate a thousand times! and ten thousand times the Day of my Birth! and express'd my Miseries in a manner capable of moving Pity in the hardest and most obdurate Heart!

It was almost Night, and I was still walking about, and had eat nothing all Day; when the same honest Porter that had let me into the Garden, came and told me I must go out; for he was order'd to shut the Gate. I readily did as he would have me, and returning him Thanks for his Civility, made shift to creep home to my Lodgings. I was no sooner arriv'd, but went to bed, and desir'd my Landlord to tell no Person where I was; for several *Spanish* Officers of the Garison us'd to come thither, who were capable of great Crimes, and greater Debaucheries. I had din'd with 'em several times, in the Inn, without knowing any thing of their Course of Life; and happen'd once to be in their Company, upon an Occasion, wherein had we been taken, we had every Man of us been severely trounc'd.

Those brave Gentlemen, very ill paid by the King of *Spain*, to support the Dignity of their Posts, and the
vain

vain Titles they assume to themselves, upon their Arrival in a strange Country, where they are not known, take all manner of Methods to get Money. They had form'd, among themselves, a Society of *Pick-pockets* of all sorts of Trades and Professions; as *Notaries*, *Attorneys*, *Lock-smiths*, *Joiners*, *Masons*, *Tailors*, &c. The *Notaries* inform'd the Gang what Money particular Persons receiv'd; the *Lock-smiths* made double Keys to all the Locks they made; the *Joiners* told the Contrivance and Workmanship of all the Cabinets, *Scritores*, and Wardrobes they sold. And thus they play'd, as it were, a sure Game; and nothing was heard of at *Messina*, but Roberies, the Authors whereof could never be discover'd. They met every Evening in certain By-parts of the City, and the Time of their Rendezvous was when the *Cordeliers* Bell rang Twelve at Night. That Troop of Thieves was compos'd of twenty Persons, one of whom was their Captain, and made as great a Figure as most Gentlemen of the City. Every Night that they went upon an Enterprize, they supp'd together, and then went, as they call'd it, *boscar la vita*, to get their Livelihood. The Robbery being committed, what they had taken was carry'd to the Captain's, and there exactly divided into Shares, every Man's according to his Rank and Abilities; and thus, after they had made themselves merry at the Expence of others, whom they had reduc'd to Misery, they all departed very well satisfy'd with their Booty. I had contracted a kind of Friendship with the Captain of this *honourable* Society, whose Name was Don *Juan Ladones*, a Native of *Seville*, but who had liv'd at *Messina* almost from his Childhood. That Gentleman had got so much Money by his Villainies, that he had purchas'd a magnificent Palace, and furnish'd it as richly as the Viceroy's. He never affected the marry'd State, but contented himself with a *Seraglio* of the prettiest Wenches he could procure from all Parts of the Island. And yet this Arch-villain, who had bought an Estate of 10000 Crowns a Year, out of the Money he had stoln, was look'd upon, by the whole City, as the most charitable and devout Captain that ever wore a Sword. An
Officer

Officer of the *Spanish* Garison told he, one Day, that he would introduce me into the Company and Acquaintance of an honest Gentleman ; and that if I had no Estate in Town, or could not get in my Rents, I should meet with such Ressources and Services in that Friend, as, perhaps, I could light of no-where else.

The Thoughts I had entertain'd of the Misfortunes which had befallen my dear Lady at *Naples*, join'd with the Inclination I ever had of making myself new Friends, soon determin'd me to accept the Proposal, and become acquainted with this pretended Gentleman. Accordingly, the Day was appointed, and we went to wait upon him at Dinner. His Conversation was extremely modest, and ran mostly upon the Pleasure of one Friend's doing another a Kindness. He related to me all the Adventures of his Youth ; and told me, he should think himself obliged to me, if, in Return, I would give him some Account of my Life ; for he fancy'd, by my Looks, *he said*, there had been something extraordinary in it, and that I had run through several Dangers : But, *added he*, Men never know themselves till they are in Danger ; for adventrous Deeds and Adversities are the only Touchstone of our Courage and Bravery. I perceiv'd by this, that my Gentleman had some Design in View ; but did not know, at that time, what he would have with me. However, I assur'd him, that I'd do myself the Honour to wait on him at some other time, to ask his Advice concerning some Affairs which I had under Consideration ; and conjured him not to deny me that Favour. Nor can I add to the Protestations of Friendship he made me, in Answer, by offering me even his House and Table, begging of me not to refuse him, and assuring me of the Esteem he had for me. Thus, it was not long before I made a Trial of his Generosity. Two or three Days after the mortifying News which *Citrani* had brought me from *Naples*, press'd on all sides, and not knowing which way to turn my Head, I met Don *Juan* coming out of the Cathedral, where he had been to assist at the Celebration of the Obsequies of an eminent Abbot lately deceas'd. They had bury'd him with all the Pomp becoming his Dignity, and left an
Emerald

Emerald upon his Finger of an immense Value. It was given out, that he had bequeath'd that Jewel to be bury'd with him by one of the Articles of his Will, and committed the Care thereof to the Canons, to whom he left considerable Legacies. By another Article of his fantastical Will, he desir'd 'em to take up his Body a Year after it was bury'd, and expose the Loathsomeness of the same to public View. Every one had something to say of this ridiculous Testament; of which I shall not make a Repetition.

Don *Juan* inform'd me of all these Particulars, by way of Conversation, or a Help to Discourse; but I could by no means relish his unprofitable News, who was already reduc'd so low, as to have sold my last Shirt to buy Bread. The Friends I had gain'd at *Messina* during my prosperous State, in which I had made such a Figure, now turn'd their Backs upon me, and scorn'd to own the Marquis *Piroti*! *Pietrocio* was gone to the Princess *R . . .*'s at *Rome*, where he had a very good Salary, and had written to me, desiring I would come to him, and assuring me he would have as much Regard to my Fortune as his own. But I now found myself penniless, and, consequently, not in a Condition to undertake that Journey; and besides, I could not resolve to go into a Country where I had been so generally known, and where I was still likely to renew my Acquaintance. In a word, I had a strong Fancy to try whether Don *Juan*'s Offers of Service were sincere or not. I told him, That if he'd please to permit me to wait on him home, I had somewhat of Secret to impart to him, which I could not, without some Inconvenience, put off to another time. He immediately offer'd me a Place in his Coach; and we were no sooner come into his Parlour, but I made known to him my Necessity, and what Occasion I had for Relief. Afterwards I gave him an Abridgment of the principal Accidents of my Life. He listen'd to me very attentively, afforded what Consolation he was able, and told me, that I should dine with him, because he must afterwards discourse with me concerning an Affair, which, perhaps, would not be disagreeable to me. I waited till Dinner-time, with the greatest Impatience; and when

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when 'twas come, fill'd my poor Belly, that had receiv'd nothing for two Days before. When they had taken away, we went into a great Garden; and without waiting for Don Juan's speaking first, I put him in mind of the Promise he had been pleas'd to make me. I have not forgot it, *said he*; for that's what I am now going to perform.

Why, here you are reduced to extreme Poverty, *contin'd he*, because you know not what to do, or, which is all one, can turn your Hand to nothing. But I can tell you of a Trade by which you may enrich yourself in a short time, and so extricate yourself out of the Difficulties under which you labour. Its Name, indeed, is somewhat mean and pitiful, and People will have it to be dangerous, and very hard to learn; but they are all Fools that fancy any Obstruction in it. A Man of Parts never meets with the least Difficulty; and 'tis, indeed, a Trade for Men of Wit and Spirit. ---How did I long to know that happy Trade, which was to make me flow in Riches! I assur'd him, that he never had an apter Scholar, nor one endued with a better Will.---I am going to tell it you, *reply'd he*; hear me therefore, and consider well of all that I shall say.

Do you know, that God is great, and that he is good and wise? Yes, very surely, *said I*. If you know that, *answer'd he*, then you ought to know, that as he is great, his Power made the whole World, and all that is therein: As he is good, he was pleas'd to make all that is made for the Use of Man, who is his Child, and his Image: And as he is wise, he has dispens'd all Things to Mankind, according to their several Conditions and Employments. 'Twas at first design'd, by the Wisdom of God, that all Things should be in common among his Children; but Force and Violence, and Injustice, have eluded his noble Designs; and hence proceeded that horrid Medley of Poverty and Riches which now we see. The same Wisdom, to punish the unjust Usurpation of the Rich, has infused a Spirit of Industry and Cunning into the *illustrious* Poor; and this is the Channel by which Riches flow so smooth and glib from the Rich to the Poor, to relieve them in their great Necessity,

ity. This Industry and Address which People have to get Money by, is call'd, by the Misers and Tyrants, Robbery, Felony, Knavery, Villainy, and what not? but among Men of Parts, 'tis ycleped Address, Ingenuity, Cunning, and a thousand other pretty Names, which suit that incomparable Trade. The Rich, who have bought, at a high Rate, the Power of committing Injustice with Impunity, don't love this kind of Address, and punish it sometimes a little too severely. But for one that they hang, a thousand escape the Gallows; for Judges have never order'd Restitution to be made of Things taken with a *bonne grace*.

How, Sir! *said I to that Satanical Master*, would you have me turn Thief, because I am poor! I'd rather die a thousand Deaths, than it should once enter into my Thought! No; I'll perish with Hunger first! and the very Idea of that Crime frightens me, and makes me tremble for Fear! Who spoke a Word of Thieving, or of Crimes? *answered he, with a smiling Countenance*: 'Twould be a fine Thing indeed, if *Taking* dextrously wherewithal to keep Body and Soul together, should be counted Robbery! On the contrary, 'tis to fulfil the Design of Providence, which is, that we should *work* for our Living. Now, you have no other Trade to get your Living by, than that of *Taking*; and therefore you must have recourse to that, if you design to live. And so, in short, you have nothing to do, but to resolve whether you will work or starve: If you would but be diligent, and set your Wits to work, there's the finest Opportunity To-day that you could have wish'd; the Abbot who is just bury'd, has above two thousand Crowns-worth of Jewels entomb'd with him in the Grave; now, prithee tell me, whether would they do you, or the Dead, most Good? and whether 'tis not down-right Felony, for the Dead to carry their Pelf with 'em into t'other World? ---But are you a Man that dares undertake such a Jobb? --There are a hundred Pistoles for you as soon as ever you deliver me his Ring and Cross, Boy!----Well; I'll leave you for about an Hour, because I must go and write to *Seville*. Consider of the Proposal I have made you, and be not timorous: That's a Defect becoming only Women,

Women, or People without Spirit -----I must needs say, I was strangely surpris'd with this kind of Reasoning: I had got a good Dinner in my Belly, but where to sup I knew not. They would no longer trust me at my Inn, for the Bed I lay on; but had turn'd me among the Swallows and Martins, where I had a new Bed-fellow almost every Night.

The Thoughts of a hundred Yellow-boys ran in my Head, to the Tune of a curst Temptation. Sure, *said I to myself*, there's no great Harm, in taking that which is useless where it lies, to support me in my great Need. The Mischief would be, to be surpris'd in the Fact! Thus having floated a long Hour between Virtue and Necessity, at last enter'd Don Juan, and ask'd me, Whether I was a Man? I answer'd him, Yes; and that I perceiv'd I must resolve to do something; but that I did not know which way I could succeed in an Affair of that Niceness. Why, *said he*, you must exert the utmost of your Skill, not forgetting the dismal Circumstances you labour under; but, above all things, take care you be not surpris'd. Go into my Wardrobe, and see what you want, and then march about your Business. That Wardrobe was a Magazine of all the Instruments made use of by Thieves; there were Cloaths for all Sorts and Professions of Men, and Tools to take off any Lock, or cut the thickest iron bar asunder. At last I resolv'd to put on the Habit of a Canon; and accordingly, having dress'd myself in a Cassock, and a Mohair Gown, I took a fine smooth File, and an Instrument to remove a Stone or Door withal, and away I went. But I did not forget a Dagger, to defend myself in case of Need; for I was resolv'd never to let 'em take me alive. At the Hour of *Complin* I went to the Cathedral, and desir'd the Chaplain to confess me. The good old Priest, who was, at least, sixty Years of Age, granted my Request, and heard me with abundance of Charity. I begg'd he would do me the Favour to tell me, whether I could say Mass, the next Morning by Break of Day, in the Chapel of *Our Lady of the Letter*; because, *I told him*, I was to set out very early upon a Journey of great Consequence, and would leave him Money to say
so

so many Masses a Day for me, till my Return, which would be in five or six Months. I obtain'd all that I demanded; the Church was open'd at Five in the Morning; and I came off in this Enterprize with flying Colours. I had observ'd, before I spoke to the Chaplain, a Chapel wherein there was an empty Altar; and pretending to go into the same, I first took care to hide my Implements, and then myself, till I was satisfy'd the Church doors were lock'd for that Night. Then creeping out of my Hole, to put my abominable Design in Execution, I was seiz'd with Remorse of Conscience at the Execrableness of the Fact; insomuch that I waver'd in my Resolution, and, what with the Fear of God, what with that of falling into the Hands of Men, suspended the Commission of it for above an Hour. At last, considering the deplorable State to which I was reduced, I made a Vow to God, that if I escap'd but that Danger, I'd never expose my Life again, but retire from the World, in which I had met with so many fatal Accidents. Thus, having long hearken'd to the Reproaches of a tender Conscience on one hand, and the pressing Reasons of Necessity and Misery on the other, I, at length, took Courage, lighted a wax Candle at the Lamp, and went directly to the Chapel where the Abbot had been bury'd. The Stone not being yet fix'd, I found no great Difficulty in removing it; but soon got to the Coffin, and, consequently, to the Body. I presently stripp'd it of its Ornaments, but found the Fingers swell'd so extremely, that it was impossible for me to get off the Ring, whatever I could do. Being impatient till I had gone thro' stich with my Work, I whipt a Knife out of my Pocket, and cut off the Finger; so taking the Ring, his Pectoral Cross, and some Pearls that were upon his Mitre, I got up into the Chapel, put the Stone over the Grave again, and return'd under the same Altar where I had hid myself before. 'Tis impossible I should tell you, how long and tiresome that Night seem'd to me; but it was in the Month of *December*, and tho' it is at no time very piercing in *Sicily*, yet I was never sensible of so much Cold in my whole Life. At last, the Chaplain coming to Church at Five o'Clock, I got out the next Moment,

Moment, and went to the Vestry to bid the good old Man Good-morrow. I desir'd him to get every thing ready to say Mass, while I went back to my Inn, to fetch my Purse, and give him the Money. I went out much better pleas'd than I came in, and ran directly to Don Juan's, to let him know what I had done, and, at the same time, to deliver him his Cloaths, his Instruments, and my Booty. He embraced me very heartily, made me stay to drink Chocolate with him, and told me out a hundred *Spanish Pistoles*. He afterwards assur'd me, that he already lov'd me more than all the rest that ever he employ'd; and that if I was wise, he would take care to find me Business upon the like Occasions, whereby I might get considerable Sums every Year. I return'd him hearty Thanks for his Affection, and went home to my Inn, to lie down upon my Bed, as well to rest myself, as to keep out of the Sight of Persons of my Acquaintance.

The Chaplain of the Cathedral, having waited a long while, and finding I did not come to Mass, at last grew impatient, and began to mistrust, as the Inhabitants of *Sicily* are naturally apt to do. He fancy'd, that either I had a mind to commit some Robbery in the Church, or that I had already done it; and therefore went peering about in all the Chapels; and perceiving, that the Stone of the Abbot's Grave had been mov'd, suspected that somebody might have robb'd the dead Man of his Jewels. He presently went and communicated his Thoughts to some Canons, who were then in the Vestry; and these having view'd the Place, and order'd the Grave-digger to put an End to their Doubts, he assur'd them, that the Abbot had neither his Cross nor Ring; that the Finger he wore it upon was cut off; and that moreover, he had found a Knife stain'd with the Marks of that bloody Operation. A Court of Justice assembled upon the Spot, which having drawn up a verbal Process against me, caus'd Papers to be affix'd in all the Corners of the City, promising a great Reward to any who should discover the Author of that Villainy: For 'tis the Custom in *Italy*, when they have a mind to rid themselves of a Man, to set a Price upon his Head; and by this means, abundance of poor Wretches are drawn in to hunt their
Fellows,

Fellows, who often put up the Innocent in that inhuman Chace. This detestable Invention is attributed to Pope *Sixtus V.* who, to clear *Italy* of the *Banditti* that infested the Roads, and render'd 'em impracticable, induc'd 'em, by Rewards, to massacre one another. A thousand Crowns, therefore, were offer'd as a Reward to any one who should discover me; and the Chaplain had given so exact and natural a Description of me, that I was forced to fly for Refuge to Don *Juan's*, for fear any one should view me too narrowly. Tho' the Priest's Habit, which I had put on, was a sufficient Disguise for me, yet, as the Saying is, *A guilty Conscience needs no Accuser*; and therefore I told Don *Juan*, That he must hide me, till the Storm was a little over. He assur'd me, that it was very agreeable to him, to see that I could repose a Confidence in him; and, without any more ado, shew'd me an Apartment, where the Devil himself would never have look'd for me. Don *Juan* had afterwards a mind to inform himself of the Reports which were spread about this Affair at *Messina*; and understanding that the Governor caus'd an extraordinary narrow Search to be made, he was afraid, that, to discover the Authors of the Robbery, Application would be made to *Conjurers*; and so resolv'd, lest Intimation should be given concerning him and his repeated Villainies, to rid himself of me by Poison. But I was sav'd by an old Woman, who liv'd in his House, and who, during his Absence, came frequently to talk with me. I fancy she had formerly been the Accomplice of his Crimes, and so, being, of Consequence, acquainted with Don *Juan's* cruel Temper, suspected I was in the Condemn'd Hole. I had long observ'd her to grieve and complain of my ill Fortune, and often repeat, *Che Peccato!* What a Sin is this! And being, besides, prepossess'd with the wicked and irreligious Life of my Landlord, a thousand frightful Thoughts came into my Mind; but not being willing to make known my Design to that old Woman, I ask'd her Leave only to step into the Garden for a Moment. As she had receiv'd no precise Orders, she told me, nobody hinder'd me. Going down, therefore, and perceiving the Street-door half open,

open, I ran out of that dismal House, and went whither my good Angel directed my Steps; for I was incapable of taking any Resolution. Press'd by the Fear of Death, and Remorse of Conscience, I fanfy'd the Officers at my Heels every Step I took. The first Church I came at, in I went, all in a Fright, without considering where I was. 'Twas a happy Turn for me, that this happen'd to be just about Noon, when very few People were in the Streets, and nobody took Notice of my Confusion. A little after I had been in the Church, I found it was the *Cordeliers*; and throwing myself upon my Knees before the holy Sacrament, I fanfy'd that God spoke to me, and order'd me to serve him in the monastic State, into which he had so often call'd me. Accordingly, I went to the Porter, and desir'd him to direct me to the Superior; but how was I surpris'd, when I saw it was Father *Carlos di Messina*, for whom I had maintain'd *Theses*, under Father *Laurea*, at *Rome*, during the General Chapter! Nor was it long before he knew me again, and having embraced me very tenderly, and offer'd to do me all the Service that lay in his Power, I desir'd him to confess me. He granted my Request, and I thence took Occasion to let him know the present Circumstances of my Affairs, and the Reasons that had oblig'd me to seek for Shelter among them. He comforted me very much, lamented my evil Destiny, and determin'd me absolutely to take the *Cordeliers* Habit, by assuring me, that so he would secure me from all the Misfortunes to which I was reduc'd by a hard and cruel Fate. I obey'd him, and the Day for my assuming the Habit having been appointed by the Provincial, I took that of St. *Francis*, at One o' Clock in the Morning, on St. *Bernard's* Day, presently after the Monks had been at *Matins*. The next Day, I was sent to *Catanea*, to make my *Noviciate*; and had not been there two Months, before I understood what a cruel Execution Don *Juan*, and fifteen of his Accomplices, had justly suffer'd. I return'd hearty Thanks to God, that he had vouchsafed to call me to himself, and snatch'd me as a Firebrand out of the Fire, by delivering me from so evident a Danger:

Danger: And my present State then seem'd to me the happiest in the World. 'Tis true, I was named in Don *Juan's* Confession, wherein he impeach'd me of robbing the deceas'd Abbot: But as he did not know my true Name, which I always conceal'd, and I was now, besides, in a State which every body was ignorant of, except Father Superior *di Messina*, I remain'd very easy, and finish'd my *Noviciate* with all the Joy and Satisfaction imaginable.

And here, I think, it may not be improper to tell you how Don *Juan* happen'd to be discover'd. Going to the Cathedral, to hear what People said of the Robbery, he found 'em viewing the Knife with which I had cut off the Abbot's Finger: He knew that it was made by the *Cutler* of his Gang of Rogues; and blushing at the Sight of it, as if he had been guilty of the Fact, it was taken Notice of by an able Physiognomist, whom the Governor had sent thither, on purpose to observe all that should come to that Place. The Penetration of the Physiognomist prov'd not vain; he follow'd the Gentleman, saw him take Coach, and go home; and placing himself at one Corner of the Street, to watch who went in and out of that House, he had not waited a Quarter of an Hour, before he saw a Footman go out, and return again in a Moment, with the *Cutler*. This Circumstance so heighten'd the Suspicion of the Spy, that he went directly to the Governor, and told him, that he made shrewd Conjectures concerning the Thief; and that he must send and seize such a Person and all his Domesticks, and then search the House narrowly, from Top to Bottom. Orders were immediately given to surround Don *Juan's* House, which being put in Execution, and himself surpris'd therein, he pour'd forth all the Curses he could think of against the old Woman, for suffering the Person to escape, who had been in one of his Apartments for Shelter. Together with him they seiz'd the old Beldam too, who, to revenge herself upon her Master, confess'd the Reason for which he had so abus'd her. Afterwards they took Possession of the House, and all that was in it, and, having search'd all the private Holes thereof, at last found the Ring and Cross
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which had been stoln from the deceas'd Abbot. Nor was it longer doubted, but Don Juan had been the Master-Receiver of all the Felonies that had been committed at *Messina* for twenty Years past. They obliged him to declare his Accomplices, among whom he did not forget to name me by my suppos'd Name: But I was then secure enough. Mean time, the Recital of this Story did not fail, at first, of making some Impression upon me, and giving me a little Fright; but this, however, was afterwards turn'd into Joy, that I was not of the Number of those unhappy Wretches, whom, from Port, I beheld suffering a miserable Wreck.

Scarce had I finish'd my *Noviciate*, but Father *Carlos* sent me an *Obedientia*, to go and teach Philosophy at *Naples*, where I held a Course thereof, to the entire Satisfaction of Cardinal C, who, not knowing me, was pleas'd to declare, that he had a particular Inclination to do me Service. But his Protection, which yielded me some Relief in the World, drew upon me the Envy of the Monks. As I had applied myself, during my Lectures, to read the Opinions of the modern Philosophers, and was particularly desirous to penetrate into the Science of Judicial Astrology, and the *Cabala*, some ignorant Fellows, before whom I had declared my Sentiments concerning those Sciences, took Occasion to censure me, and got me severely reprimanded by the Provincial, who forbad me those Sciences. But this not contenting 'em, they made me pass among the Seculars for a Fool, and a conceited Coxcomb, skill'd in nothing but the *Art Magic*. I was then above five-and-twenty Years old, and could not endure the Thoughts of entering into Orders. The Superior having often exhorted me so to do, and finding me averse to such an Undertaking, was resolv'd, at last, to deprive me of my Lecture, and to send me a begging with a Lay-Brother. 'Tis impossible for me to express what a Rage I was in, when they came and told me the Provincial's Order: I began then to be sensible of the wrong Step I had taken in becoming a Monk, and selling my Liberty. As I had no other Call to the Monastery than my Fear, Repentance and Mortification had not yet been able to stifle my natural Inclinations.

tions. However, after Abundance of Prayers and Tears, I submitted to the Superior, in Hopes of finding, in the Liberty I should have of going abroad into the City, an Opportunity of Revenge, and of making myself known. Cardinal C was gone a Journey to *Rome*, upon account of the Creation of Pope *Innocent XI.* so that I had not seen him in all my Troubles. No sooner, therefore, was I told of his Arrival, but I hasten'd to the Palace, to make him my Compliments. He was then giving Audience to several Lords, who were come to wait on him; and I was told, he would be at the *Theses* that were to be held by the *Dominicans* of *Santa Maria*. I had taken care to make my Brother Mendicant my Bosom-friend, and he had all my Concerns so much at Heart, that, for his sake, I was reconciled to the Trade of Begging. Assur'd of his Friendship, I desir'd him to leave me alone, to revenge the Affronts they had put upon me, and to say we had lost one another at such a time. I waited till the Hour appointed for beginning the *Theses*; and understanding that the Arguments were already open'd, I went in boldly, with my Wallet on my Back, and placed myself before the Monk of my Order, who was to dispute. I rally'd him very handsomely, and turn'd his first Argument into so much Ridicule, that knowing me, and not having Brains or Learning enough to confute me, he broke off at his second Syllogism, and could not, for his Life, utter another Word. At that I stood up, and having demanded leave of the Assembly to take my Brother's Place, whom, I pretended, some unforeseen Accident, and not Ignorance, had silenc'd, I resum'd his Argument, and, with my Wallet upon my Shoulder, led my Disputant such a Dance, that he was quite confounded, and could make me no other Answer, than by abusive Language. This Action made a great Noise among the Monks; for which Reason I went and threw myself at the Cardinal's Feet, and demanded his Protection; which he not only readily granted me, but took me home in his Coach, and sent Word to the Superior, that he was answerable for me, and that his Palace should be my Convent. Thereupon the Superior came to wait upon his Eminence,

to reclaim me, and desir'd him not to give Shelter to such a wicked Monk, who made use of the Magic Art to appear learned before Men, and who, at the Bottom, was but an ignorant, conceited Fellow. The Cardinal, who was a Gentleman of excellent Parts, and knew what Tricks the Monks were capable of, promis'd the Superior to examine into that Affair; and taking me aside, laid his Commands upon me, to tell him the Truth. I was thinking, at first, to imitate the Silence of *Jesus Christ* before *Pontius Pilate*; but considering I was represented to the Cardinal, as a proud, conceited Coxcomb, was afraid that such a Behaviour in me would make an ill Impression on the Mind of my Protector. Having therefore related the whole History of my Life to him, except changing the Names of my Father and other Relations, I brought over the Cardinal entirely to my Interests, and made him laugh at the Malice and Wickedness of my Enemies.

I am apprehensive, that in writing these Memoirs, People will blame me, for speaking, with too great Freedom, of the Monastic Life. And I am so much the more liable to Suspicion, in that I write 'em in a Place which affords but an indifferent Notion of any thing that concerns Religion: But I call Heaven and Earth to witness, that I have no Design to decry that State, either in general, or particular. There are wise, and good, and holy Men among 'em; and I know, that the Scope of every one of 'em is to unite himself with God: But 'tis as certain, on the other hand, that all do not attain to it, by reason they hanker too much after this World, and the Things thereof, which they pretend to have abandon'd. And 'tis even undeniable, that there are a great many Monks, who have nothing else of Religion about 'em but their Habit; and that these are as capable of Envy and Jealousy as other Men: And this is sufficient to justify the Truth of what I write concerning them.

Cardinal C therefore, knowing the Monks were affronted, and enraged against me, resolv'd to snatch me out of their Hands; and for that end, wrote a Letter to *Father Francisco Barberini*, Protector of the Order, desiring

firing him to send an *Obedientia*, to permit me to remain in his Palace; for that it was his earnest Desire to keep me as his Chaplain. The Protector, to whom an Account had been given, in Writing, of my Action at the *Theses*, had sworn he would trounce me for't, and accordingly took a very pretty way to discharge his Oath. He granted me an ample and honourable *Obedientia*, and wrote an excellent Epistle to the Cardinal my Protector, thanking him for the Honour he did to one of his Children, disapproving the Conduct of the Superior at *Naples* towards me, blaming the Provincial for having oblig'd me to quit the Course of Philosophy which I had begun to teach; and promising to make up that Affront to me, and repair my Honour which they had endeavour'd to tarnish, by nominating me Reader of Divinity in the Convent of the *Holy Apostles* at *Rome*, if his Eminence was pleas'd to approve of that Nomination.

This Letter being communicated to me, I found myself under a strong Temptation to go and be Professor at *Rome*, as being of Opinion, that that was the likeliest Place for me to expect Preferment in. My Head was already possess'd with the Mitre and Purple; so that I imagin'd 'twas almost impossible I should miss 'em. I declar'd therefore to the Cardinal, That if his Eminence thought fit, I would accept of the Protector's Offer; and, for that Purpose, should be glad to take Orders as soon as might be. The good Cardinal, who was much better acquainted with the Monks than I, advis'd me not to take the Exchange, assur'd me, that all those smooth Words were nothing but a Lure, to draw me in; that he would, indeed, give me Orders (which he did about a Week afterwards); but that, if his Advice were taken, I should by no means go to *Rome*. His Dissuasions serv'd only to increase my furious Desires, who was so vain as to believe, the Cardinal had more Regard to his own Satisfaction, than to my Interest. He perceiv'd my Sentiments by my ill Humour, and so, without saying another Word to me, wrote to the Protector to send the *Obedientia* he had propos'd. Nor was it long before I receiv'd it. I set out with Abundance of Joy, and taking

my Leave of the Cardinal, he wish'd me good Success, and bad me remember his Advice.

How apt are young Persons to deceive themselves, when they imprudently reject the Counsel of grave and judicious Men, even such as Age has furnish'd with a long Experience of the World! -----I soon found, that I had foolishly flatter'd and chous'd myself, by entertaining such fond Ideas: For no sooner was I arriv'd at Rome, in Company with Signor Barberini, but I perceiv'd an Air of Coldness, which gave me some Presages of the wrong Step I had taken, and of the Misfortunes which afterwards besel me. He told me in the Evening, that he would cause my *Obedientia* to be read in a full Chapter, and bad me therefore be present thereat. I readily obey'd him, and went; but how was I confounded, to hear myself sentenc'd as a Rebel and Fomenter of Divisions! In a word, they condemn'd me to six Months Imprisonment; to appear three times a Week in the Hall, without my Cowl, while the other Friars were at Dinner; and, as soon as they had din'd, to receive thirty-three Lashes of the *Discipline*, in Remembrance of the Years our Saviour liv'd among us. I govern'd my Passion as well as I could, and contented myself with saying, that the double Fault I had committed as well in becoming a *Monk*, as in trusting myself in the Hands of any of *them*, was but half-punish'd by that kind of Mortification. I acknowledg'd myself unworthy the Protection of the Cardinal, whose good Advice I had foolishly contemn'd: And as I durst not therefore write to him, to inform him of my Sufferings, I e'en underwent that Humiliation of six Months, and abandon'd myself to a thousand Reflections, which would certainly have thrown me into Despair, had it not pleas'd God to order it otherwise. My Atonement at last made, they pretended to give me some sort of Comfort and Satisfaction: To this end, they appointed me Under-library-keeper, forbidding me, at the same time, to stir out of the House, and ordering me to make Annotations upon the Penitential *Psalms*, which, one would have thought, I had done before. However, I was glad to be or do any thing; and thought myself not very ill us'd,
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in being confin'd to a Place, where I had Opportunities of improving my Studies, instead of spending my Time in unprofitable Notions. I went about my Work with so much Zeal and Diligence, that in less than a Month, I had prepar'd it for public View. I treated, therein, of the Subject of the Seven Psalms, which was *David's* complicated Sin of Murder and Adultery, with respect to *Uriah*. My Preface was full of Erudition; and the curious Dissertations I made upon the Text, to explain the Manners of Expression among the *Hebrews*, together with my Moral and Mystical Inferences, as well concerning Sin as concerning the Church, gave a wonderful Reputation to my Book. In a Word, that Composition restor'd me to the good Graces of Signor *Barberini*, who pardon'd my Action at *Naples*, but whose Treachery at *Rome* I cannot to this Day forgive. The Festival celebrated in Memory of St. *Antony of Padua*, approaching, the Monk who had been nominated by the General (or Protector) to preach that Day, found himself at a Non-plus before he had half finish'd his Exordium: So, immediately standing up, I made my Reverence to the Assembly, and demanded the Protector's leave to supply his Place, and go on upon the same Subject he had begun. My Request was granted, and having first apologiz'd for the Want of Memory in my Predecessor, I pursu'd his Discourse in a manner which gain'd me the Applause of all the Cardinals and Princes who were present upon that Occasion. It may seem surprizing, that in so little time, and without any Preparation, I should succeed in an Undertaking of that Nature; but, as I told you before, I was Under-library-keeper, and the Monk who was chosen to preach, compos'd his Discourse in the Library. He told me, at first, the Text he had pitch'd upon; and as I was extremely pleas'd with it, I had a Fancy took me, to study a Sermon upon the same Subject; and my Memory being very good, I easily got it by Heart: And this nobody knew but myself. From that time they made a particular Institution for great Communities, namely, That a second Monk should always be prepar'd for the same Sermon, to prevent the Accidents which might happen upon such Occasions.

As soon as I came out of the Pulpit, Cardinal *Cibo* sent to compliment me in the Name of all their Eminences who were present at the Sermon. I receiv'd, likewise, the Compliments of the Princes *Ursini* and *Pamfilio*. But what was more particularly agreeable to me, and had like to have kill'd me with Joy, was to see *Pietrocio* come into my Chamber, with open Arms embracing me, and, in the *Turkish* Language, assuring me, that he was transported with the Sight of me. He blam'd me for concealing from him my Condition, and Residence at *Rome*, and offer'd to expose his Life and Honour to do me Service. This happy Rencounter put me into a perfect Ecstasy, and I bless'd God for ending all my Sorrows with so complete a Joy. Then I desir'd *Pietrocio* to come to me again the next Morning, which he did, and we tarry'd together till Noon, when I was oblig'd to go into the Hall. *Pietrocio*, in that Conference, inform'd me of the private Dealings between him and *Gabrielle*, who went for his Sister, and whom he had fix'd at the Princess *R*'s, where he liv'd himself, and had a Salary of a thousand Crowns a Year. He told me, that after he left *Messina*, where he had got some Money, he came to *Rome*, and going, one of the *Whitsun* Holidays, to the *Apollinario*, desir'd Signor *Carisfini*, who was look'd upon as the finest Musician in *Europe*, to let him sing a Recitative of *Veni Creator*; that after he had so] done, that Master, to engage him now and-then to do him the same Favour, propos'd to recommend him to the Princess his Mistress; and that having conducted him to her House accordingly, she was so taken with the Charmingness of his Voice, that she immediately order'd him a particular Apartment in her House, with the genteel Salary I told you above. ---I wrote to you, continu'd *Pietrocio*, to acquaint you with my good Fortune, and to offer you a Share in't: But never hearing from you again, I at last fancy'd you were dead, or that the *Turks* had sent a Spy from *Patras* to carry you off. Thus had I liv'd a Year and more in Pain, when crossing *St. Peter's* Church one Day, a Pilgrim made up to me, and begg'd my Charity. I was in the most violent Haste, being oblig'd to be present at
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a solemn Service, which the Family of R . . . are yearly at the Expence of, in Memory of Pope *Element IX.* their Uncle: And there being, besides, a great Concourse of People, I walk'd as fast as I could, without taking any Notice of Beggars. However, as soon as I came home, the Idea of that Pilgrim ran in my Mind; I went to Sleep, as the Custom of the *Romans* is; and was no sooner in a Doze, but I dreamt, that the same Pilgrim came to me, and ask'd me, in the Tone wherein she spoke to me in the Coppice at *Patras*; whether I had so soon forgot the Companion of my Slavery? I went to embrace her; but waking, found I had caught nothing but the Air. My Valet, who was in a little Room next to my Chamber, hearing me cry out, ran to me, to learn the Occasion of it; and finding me speechless, and grasping at something, he wak'd me quite, and ask'd me, whether I was ill? I made Answer, That I wanted nothing; but bad him call a Coach, to carry me to *St. Peter's*, with all possible Speed. The Boy did as I commanded him, and I hurry'd away to the *Vatican*, thinking to meet with *Gabrielle* there; but my Labour was lost for that Day; and tho' I ask'd all the Pilgrims I met, about her, none of 'em could tell me any News. Then I ran to all the Hospitals in Town, thinking to have found her in one of them, but to as little Purpose as I had before gone to the *Vatican*. Pressed, at last, by my earnest Desire, and persuaded that it was *Gabrielle* herself who had appear'd to me in the Form of a Pilgrim, I went to all the Places where People usually give Alms to the Poor, and found the lost Sheep at the *Mount of Trinity*. I no sooner arriv'd there, but I saw my Pilgrim, who was, indeed, *Gabrielle*, speaking to a Minim of *Marseilles*, named *Prunière*, to whom she had made herself known, and was asking his Advice about getting home to her Relations in *France*. She was so much altered, that I could hardly know her again. I waited till she had done talking with the good Father, and it being then time to receive Charity, and seeing her hasten, with the rest, to the Garden-door, to receive the *Minestre*, I order'd my Foot-boy to carry her a *Roman Crown*, and to follow her. That extraordinary Charity made her take me for

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some Prince; and being desirous to know whence it came, she kept Pace with my Coach, and seeing me alight at the Princess R . . . 's Palace, came up to me, and ask'd me, what I wanted with her? The Tone of her Voice made it no longer a Question to me, but it was *Gabrielle*; and I had a mind to try whether I should be also known in my Turn; but my Dress had perfectly disguis'd me, and my Peruke quite chang'd the Air of my Face. Having, therefore, conducted her into a Par-lour just by the Green-house, I ask'd her who she was? and whence she came? I bad her not be surpris'd at my Curiosity, since the perfect Resemblance she bore to a Sister of mine, whom I lov'd entirely, had made me very desirous of speaking with her. She then ask'd me, whence that Sister came? I reply'd, That she came from *Marseilles*, and that I knew her at *Patras*. Thereupon, *Gabrielle*, screaming out, threw herself into my Arms, and fainted away, with the Word *Pietrocio!* in her Mouth. I took this, at first, for nothing else but the Effect of too great Joy, and fancy'd 'twould be over with her in a few Moments: But, good God! how was I puzzled, when I saw that lovely Person upon the Point of expiring, unless speedily reliev'd! Such was the surprising Effect which Joy had upon her Mind! Wherefore; having call'd two or three Servants to my Assistance, I order'd 'em to carry her into a Chamber hard-by, and put her to Bed. I then desir'd the Surgeon of the House to go to her, who having cupp'd her, and given her certain Waters proper for the taking away the Violence of her Dislemper, she, at last, open'd her Eyes, and call'd, with a Voice scarce audible, *Pietrocio! Mariola!* I was extremely glad to find her out of Danger; and ran to the Princess's Apartment, and told her the Accident which had happen'd to a Sister who was come to see me, desiring her to suffer her to remain in her Palace, till she was a little recover'd. I added, that I should be proud of helping her to a young Woman of the brightest Virtue, and one of the fittest in the World to make her an agreeable Servant. As the Princess R . . . was extremely kind to me upon all Occasions, she readily granted all I desir'd, and went along with me to see my sick

sick Sister. The Fatigue she had undergone would not permit her to shew the Gaiety natural to her Temper; but even her tender and languishing Air was so pleasing to the Princess, that having assur'd her of her Good-will, she charg'd me not to leave her, but to remove her into one of her own Apartments. No sooner, therefore, were we left alone, but *Gabrielle* let fall a Shower of Tears, and taking hold of my Hands, protested she would not let 'em go, till I promis'd to give her the Pleasure of dying in my Arms, for that she was very sure she could never bear the least Separation. To what purpose should I repeat to you the Protestations I made her of an eternal Constancy? In a Word, I assur'd her of the Princess's Kindness and obliging Temper, told her how we must behave ourselves, to live peaceably and quietly in her House; that we must go for Brother and Sister; and gave her the necessary Instructions, by which we might make out our Relation, and speak of it with all the Appearance of Truth. At last, she perfectly recover'd her Health in three or four Days; and the Princess, being charm'd with her Wit and Address, made her her Gentlewoman and Confident, and would stir no-where without her. Yesterday, when you preach'd, she was with her Mistress; and as soon as I came home, ask'd me, whether I had known *Luzaisem*, our Master at *Patras*, who was now a Cordelier? I can no longer, said she, forbear speaking to him: I have a thousand things to tell him about his Spouse; for what I have told you, is scarce half of the History which concerns him. Let me conjure you, therefore, to go and desire him to come and see me, without Fail; and tell him, I want to talk with him as soon as possible, to advise him to take care of himself.

Hereupon, I promis'd *Pietrocio* to go to the Palace of R. . . . as soon as possibly I could; but let him know how much I was confin'd in that Convent, and the Disposition of the Monks towards me; for which Reason I desired him to come and ask the Superior for me in the Princess's Name, and to bring one of her Coaches to fetch me away. I spent the rest of the Day in paying Visits to the Cardinals who had honour'd me with their

Attention. The next Morning, as soon as it was light, I thought every Minute an Hour till *Pietrocio* came. About Nine o'Clock, Word was brought me, that he wanted me at the Door; and *Pietrocio* had so great Credit in *Rome*, that the Superior gave me leave to stay out the whole Day. As soon as we were arriv'd in the Palace, we went up into *Gabrielle's* Chamber; for she had feign'd an Indisposition, that she might the more conveniently talk with me. No sooner had I enter'd the Room, but embracing me, without considering either my Sex or Condition, she wash'd my Face with her Tears. Then sitting down on the Bed-side with *Pietrocio*, she began to ask me, whether I had never seen any Person from *Patras* since my Departure? and in what manner I had liv'd after having abandon'd poor *Zaide*? That Name rous'd all my Tenderness; and as I was very uneasy among the Monks, I could not forbear uttering a deep Sigh, which convinced *Gabrielle* of the Cruelty of my Stars. D'ye sigh? said that lovely Person; nor can all the Tears of your whole Life make amends for those which are daily shed for you at *Patras*! 'Twill try your Courage, and shock your very Nature, to hear the History I am going to give you of your unfortunate Family! — After you had set *Zaide*, the *Dervis*, and myself, on Shore, and we had lost Sight of the Brigantine, which depriv'd us of all Hopes of ever setting Eyes on you again, how did the distressed *Zaide* wring her Hands, and tear her Hair from her Head! How many times did she attempt to stifle herself, by falling down, and forcing her Face into the Gravel! The Shame of seeing herself stripp'd, and of being betray'd by the tenderest Object of her Love, render'd her, of a sudden, all Madness and Fury! Nor would she hearken to any Persuasions either of the *Dervis* or me, but resolv'd not to serve her Disgrace, and talk'd of nothing but Poison, and Poniard, and Sword, and War! I propos'd to her to take Horse, and return to *Patras*; but — No, answer'd she, I'll die, and never see *Patras* again! Don't tell me of any thing! — The *Dervis* and I had not a Word more to say, but were forc'd to follow her the whole Day, without eating a Morsel of Bread,

Bread, or drinking a Drop of Water. As we follow'd a wandering Woman, and one who was not capable of Reason, we lost ourselves in taking care of her; and Night coming on when we were at a great Distance from the City, we were obliged to take up our Lodgings at a good Mussulman's, who had such a Conveniency for Strangers. We tarry'd there all Night, and having inform'd our Landlord of the Quality of our Mistress, and the Misfortune that had befallen her, he took care to furnish us the next Day with Horses, and went himself to conduct us to *Patras*, where we arriv'd about One o' Clock at Night. As soon as *Azemire* heard of *Zaide's* Misfortune, and your Escape, never was such a Desolation seen in any House, as was then in ours! All the Neighbours were surpris'd at my Mistress's Cries, and came to learn the Occasion; and the fatal News being, by this means, soon spread throughout the City, all the Persons of Quality of *Patras* immediately came and fill'd the House. A thousand Projects were form'd to revenge your Perfidiousness; Slaves were hired with Money and Promises, to go and search *Italy* for you, and bring your Head to *Patras*: Nor were there wanting those among the *French* and *Italian* Slaves, who undertook that Enterprize, and were set at Liberty upon that score, with the Promise of 10000 Crowns Reward, if they brought your Head. *Azemire's* Friends sacrific'd to her Revenge their Fortunes and their Slaves. In a Word, a Galley was equipp'd with wonderful Expedition, to land the *Christians* upon the first Ground they came at. She had not been out above eight or ten Days, when she return'd towing a Brigantine. Nor was it longer doubted, but they had overtaken you, and were bringing you back in Irons! Upon this Advice, *Zaide* had a few Moments Consolation, the Revenge she promis'd herself having suspended her Grief for some time. But how was it redoubled, when they inform'd her, that it was, indeed, the same Brigantine you had made your Escape in, but that you were not on board her, having landed in *Sicily*! She would needs speak herself with Captain *Antonio*, who was the Ringleader in the Enterprize; and having promis'd him his Life and Liberty, if he

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would tell her truly what was become of you, and finding that the poor Captain could give her no better Account of that Matter, than that you, and *Mariola*, and a third Person, had made your Escapes upon the Coasts of *Sicily*, she loaded him with Reproaches, and all the ill Names she could think of, and then sent him to the *Cadi*, or Judge of the City. The next Day, of the fifteen poor Wretches that had been brought back in the Brigantine, some were impaled alive before the *Bagnio*, and the rest cast into the Sea, ty'd up fast in a leathern Bag. This dreadful Execution over, the Town, and particularly *Azemire's* House, seem'd to be, in some degree, pleas'd: But *Zaide* still suffer'd a most cruel Emotion in her Heart: She became a perfect Stranger to Rest, and took so little Care of herself, that she was reduc'd to a mere Skeleton: Nor could the aged *Azemire* overcome her languishing Disease: But after she had sufficiently bewail'd the Loss of you, and that of *Zaide*, whom she already saw in the Paths of Death, she, at last, died herself of Grief, and added to the lamentable Complaints of her sorrowful Family. Soon after her Death, several Persons made Pretensions to *Zaide*, who was in Possession of a vast Estate, left to her by her Husband, and her Brother-in-law, at their Deaths; and who was grown much more haughty and proud withal. But of these she took no manner of Notice. A young *Turk*, whose Name was *Boosieremet*, found an Opportunity of seeing her one Day, and of entertaining her with the Protestations of his inviolable Affection for her. As he was sensible, that nothing could be more agreeable to his Mistress's Grief, than to hear of you, he assur'd her, that he had a *Venetian* Slave, who promis'd to bring him the Head of *Luzaisem*; that this Man was brought from *Messina*, where he had seen that perfidious Traitor; and that, if she would reward his Love, he would go along with the *Venetian* himself, and would not miscarry in the Design of Revenge, which he had form'd in her Behalf. *Zaide* might have excited a whole Kingdom in the Defence of her Cause: She was still the most finish'd Beauty in all *Greece*, and just in the Bloom of her Years, capable of heating the wisest or most

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temperate Man, with the Flames of Love. *Boosieremet* was very well receiv'd by that charming Fair, nor was he debarr'd of any Hope, since she assur'd him, that with the same Hand that he presented her the Head of her perfidious Spouse withal, he should take hers, and all she had. That rash Lover, having been instructed in the Ceremonies of our Religion by the *Venetian*, who was an errant Rogue, disguis'd himself in a Priest's Habit, and sail'd from *Patras* in a Barque which he himself had caus'd to be fitted out for that Purpose. They arriv'd by Night in the Road near the *Fare*, and soon after reach'd *Messina*. The *Turk*, in several Voyages that he had made, had learnt *Spanish* and *Italian* enough for People to understand him, and made all the Grimaces of a foreign, grave, and regular Abbot: But as he was afraid he might be discover'd, if he enter'd into all manner of Conversation, he confin'd himself chiefly to the Society of Monks, asking now-and-then a Question, by-the-bye, concerning you, for which he made several Pretences; for he had never seen you. Thus he look'd after you in all the Monasteries, without being known.

—— Here I interrupted *Gabrielle*, and told her, That I had seen at *Messina* an Abböt of an austere and haughty Countenance, who pretended to come from *Venice*, and said his Name was *Glitoni*: That I had several times observ'd him to look very earnestly upon me: That he had often made as if he wanted to speak with me about some private Affair; but that I did not suspect he was commission'd for my Ruin. He set out, added I, from *Messina*, four or five Days after the Assassination of my very good Friend *Stephano Calobroine*, with whom I had contracted a strict Friendship; and I can't doubt, but that *Turkish* Abbot mistook him for me, in the dark, and so murder'd him; for in the Morning, my Friend's dead Body was found without a Head; and he had not been known, but by a particular Mark which he had upon his left Pap. —— Your pretended Abbot, reply'd *Gabrielle*, was, indeed, *Zaide's* Emissary, and return'd with that frightful Head, which he had embalm'd. At that Sight, I thought *Zaide* would have stabb'd *Boosieremet* upon the Spot: She call'd him a thousand Names, and

and banish'd him her Presence for ever. Thereupon, the young *Turk*, not knowing what to make of so odd and unexpected a Treatment, left the Head upon a Carpet at *Zaide's* Feet, and would never after receive any Consolation or Nourishment, but went and pined himself to Death with Sorrow and Despair.

The Love which *Zaide* still had for you, made her examine that dismal Spectacle more narrowly than she had done before, by reason she wish'd it might not be yours. In a Word, she could not find some Marks in it, which she had observ'd on your Chin; nor was there any Sign of the great Scar in your Forehead: Wherefore, fancying you were still alive, she form'd the strange Design of going, herself, in Quest of you. For that Purpose, she communicated her Thoughts to me, and ask'd me, whether I should not be glad to see my own Country again? I assur'd her, that I liv'd so well and easy in my Servitude, that I felt no more the Weight of my Chains; and that I would gladly die in her Service. She then embraced me very tenderly; and after she had assur'd me, that I was as free as herself, and that she desir'd to live with me, as with a Sister, she requested me to serve her in her Intentions of seeking her Spouse, since she was no longer able to live without seeing him. But, Madam, *answer'd I*, whither shall we go to look for him? Nay, tho' we were even sure in what Place he landed, if he be dead, as, in all Probability, he is, (for this Head has very much the Look of his) what shall we do next? *Zaide* could no longer forbear, but interrupting me---What a Fool thou art, *said she*, to think that this is *Luzaisem's* Head! Certainly, none should know him better than I, and I am sure we may find him in *Italy*: Fear not therefore, we will want for nothing; we will pretend a Journey to *Constantinople*, whither we will actually go, and embark there on board some *Sicilian* Vessel, and seek him till we find him; The *Dervis* will take care of our House, and I hope, before the Year is at an End, we shall be easy and satisfy'd.

You will readily imagine, that I no longer withstood that Resolution; but, on the contrary, commended her
Courage,

Courage, and dispos'd her in such a manner for the rash Research, that in about three Days time we set out from *Patras*. Nor was it long before we arriv'd safe at *Constantinople*, where, being habited as Pilgrims, we gave out, that we were going to *Mecca*, to perform a private Vow which we had formerly made. We receiv'd high Commendations, upon that score, from the *Mufti*, who gave us a written Instrument of Benedictions, to receive the Hospitality of all good Mussulmans. While we, in this manner, amus'd Persons of *Zaide's* Acquaintance, I laid out for a Ship that was bound for *Sicily*, and, at last, agreed with a *Venetian* Master, who engaged to land us in that Island, for a hundred Sequins. We embark'd the 23d of *June*, and after fourteen or fifteen Days Sail, got Sight of *Sicilian* Land, and thought to have reach'd the Port in a few Hours, when a Corsair of *Provence* came upon us, and attack'd our Ship. He took her for a *Turk*, by reason she was built at *Algiers*, and had their Make, but had been sold to a *Venetian*, when the Porte and the Republic of *Venice* were good Friends. Our Captain, seeing himself attack'd by Friends of the Republic, thought he had nothing to do but to set up the Standard of Peace; but the Corsair, who was acquainted with the tricking Practices of the *Turks*, and perceiv'd, that instead of striking our Sails, we made the best of our way, came down upon us, and having taken away whatever was upon Deck, and kill'd some of our Men, was going to swallow us up at once, when a Storm parted us, and obliged him to leave us. The Corsair made towards the Islands of the *Archipelago*, the usual Nest and Harbour for Pirates; and our *Venetian* making the best of his Way for *Sicily*, we arriv'd at *Catanea*, three Days after the Fight; and resolving not to trust again to the Inconstancy of the Wind and Seas, landed there. *Zaide* had been so sick, and Fear had made such an Impression upon her Mind, that it threw her into a Fever. As soon as ever she set Foot on Land, we inquir'd for Lodgings, where we thought we should not be known; and that was in St. *Francis's* Street, at Donna *Maria Zabattilla's*, where we tarry'd fifteen or twenty Days.

Alas!

Alas! cry'd I, interrupting Gabrielle, I was then at *Catanea*, in the Convent of the *Cordeliers*, where I made my *Noviciate*!--I never once thought, reply'd Gabrielle, that you were got among the Monks, and therefore never look'd for you there: And besides, I was too intent on relieving *Zaide*, who was at the Point of Death: The intolerable Vexation of your Absence, the Fear of not finding you, and the Fatigue she had undergone at Sea, had so impair'd her Health, and weaken'd her whole Frame, that her Decay was visible, as Wax before the Fire: At length she died, with the Word *Luzaisem* in her Mouth. Not long before she expir'd, she commanded me to find you out, and to assure you of her Love and Fidelity, notwithstanding you had done her so much Wrong.

Zaide, with all her Charms, had never gain'd my real Affection; and tho' I had marry'd her, I had no other Inducement thereto than Violence: But when I was inform'd of her Constancy, and what she had done and suffer'd in quest of me, Generosity, Gratitude, Love, Sorrow, all penetrated deep into my Heart; and I lov'd a Person who so much deserv'd my Affection; but, alas! 'twas now too late! and she was irrecoverably lost! And with this Thought I had certainly put a speedy End to my miserable Life, but for the Interposition of *Pietrocio* and *Gabrielle*. Long did they represent to me, in vain, the Obligations of Religion, and the Regard I ought to have for my own Reputation! I was deaf to all Advice, and my Grief prevail'd so far above my Reason, that they were forced to carry me back, almost out of my Senses, to the Cloister of the *Holy Apostles*; and *Pietrocio*, being acquainted with the Superior, went and inform'd him of my Condition. The Superior, who was a Gentleman of great Wisdom and Charity, order'd me to my Chamber, and appointed a Frier to take care of me, forbidding him to leave me alone for one Moment. As they had not taken the Precaution to make me eat something, my Brains were quite empty, and I could think of nothing but my Misfortunes! my *Zaide*! my Estate! and the City of *Patras*! I spoke the *Turkish* Language, embrac'd my Lay-Brother, as if he had been *Zaide*, and
frighted

frighted him in such a manner, that he bawl'd as loud as he could for Help, and told People, when they came into the Room, That either I was turn'd Fool, or was possess'd by an evil Spirit. The Noise I made with my Gibberish, induc'd several Monks to come and see what was the Matter ; and not understanding a Syllable of the Language I spoke, they ran to their Chaplets and Relics, and the holiest of them took upon him to exorcise me. I was so insensible of what they did, that I took not the least Notice of them ; but went on with my Extravagancies, calling sometimes on *Azemire*, and by-and-by on *Zaide*. In a Word, this was my whole Night's Work, in which I neither slept nor slumber'd ; and *Pietrocio*, coming the next Day to see how I did, was very much concern'd to find my Distemper grow worse and worse. However, he desir'd the Superior not to shut me up, by reason my Illness was chiefly occasion'd by too long Fasting ; but insisted, that I might be made to eat well, and that they would give me some few sleepy Doses to force Rest. *Pietrocio's* Advice was taken, and I recover'd the Use of my Reason the Day following, after having taken a Nap of at least twelve Hours. As soon as I was come to myself, I knew, by what follow'd, that the Monks, who never pardon any thing, would not forgive even that Accident, tho' they were ignorant of its Occasion. This Consideration threw me again into a deep Melancholy, which did me a great Diskindness in the Opinion of the Monks, who thought me incapable of exercising any Office in the Order. But my old Friend *Pietrocio* soon eas'd me of that Grievance, by asking the Superior for me for a Fortnight. His Request was granted at first Word, and we went to Prince *Pamfilio's* Seat at *Frescati* to pass that time ; and before the same was expir'd, the Superior wrote to me, and thereby renew'd my Permission for as many Days more, desiring me to take care of myself, and return perfectly cured. We set out from *Rome* at the latter End of *August*, and did not return till *St. Francis's* Day. I shall not relate the Pastime we had at *Frescati* ; but all *Europe* knows, that 'tis the most charming and agreeable Situation in the Universe. For there Nature, with a little Assistance

Assistance of Art, presents you with the finest Rivers that ever you saw; and they are distributed the best of any in the World. All the Inhabitants of that happy Place are of a brisk and airy Temper, and great Lovers of Shews, and of the Exercises of Running, Tennis, and Ball. The Women have a Complexion and Beauty which they keep to old Age: Nor is there a *Frescatane* but triumphs over the most insensible Heart, as soon as she forms the Design of subduing it. Their melting Voices, their flattering and soft Expressions, and Manner of dressing themselves, render 'em the most charming and dangerous Persons in the World. So that had not *Zaide* entirely possess'd me, I had certainly left *Frescati*, in Love with its Beauty. The Prince's Gardener's Daughter, who was about Seventeen, us'd to make me almost mad by teasing me with one Folly or other; for *Gabrielle*, who was come to see us, had engag'd her to make me as merry as she could, to the end I might forget my Misfortunes. I would often begin to talk with her about *Patras*, and desir'd her to tell me how she came to *Rome*, after *Zaide's* Death: But she would never discourse of those Affairs; assuring me, that one Day I should know all, but that, at present, I must think of nothing but diverting myself. At last, having entirely recover'd the Tranquillity of Mind, which I had before lost, and appearing perfectly well and sedate, my Superior receiv'd me with all possible Demonstrations of Joy; and, which I took as a particular Favour, bad me prepare for a Sermon which he was to preach before Queen *Christina* of *Sweden*, according to her particular Desire.

That good Father, having been pitch'd upon by the foremention'd Princess, to preach before her every Sunday in *Advent* in *Lent*, in a Convent of Nuns at *La Longara*, near which her Palace was, took me for his Companion; and the Time for appearing in the Pulpit being come, the Superior went out of the Vestry, and desir'd the Queen to excuse him, if he could not merit the Honour she had done him, by reason of an Indisposition which had just seiz'd him; adding, that his Companion should take his Place, notwithstanding he was young.

young, if her Majesty would be graciously pleas'd to permit him.

That Princess, who had a wonderful Penetration, knew well enough, that the Sermon had been study'd, and that there would not be wanting one to preach it. She receiv'd, with Pleasure the Superior's Apology, and listen'd with a diligent Attention both to my Sermon, and to the Compliment I made her. Nor can I express to you the Honour she did me, and how highly she was pleas'd with my Discourse. In a Word, she order'd the Superior to let me continue her Preacher during *Advent* and *Lent*, and kept me in her Palace till after *Epiphany*. During this my Mission, I had nothing to do, but to compose, and learn by Heart. Once a Day I saw the Queen, who honour'd me in a very distinguishing manner. The second *Sunday* in *Advent*, I had five Cardinals, and a great Number of other Prelates, and Persons of the first Rank in Town, at my Sermon. That illustrious Auditory gave me fresh Encouragement, and drew upon me the Eyes and Attention of the whole Assembly. At last, I finish'd my Mission with Success, and was upon the Point of returning to my Convent, loaded with the Honours and Civilities of that great Queen; when, stepping into the Coach, which was order'd to conduct me thither, a veil'd Woman clapt a Note into my Hand, and pray'd me not to read it, till I got into my Chamber. I was so impatient to know what was meant by such an odd Adventure, that I thought the Way very long; but, at last, alighting at the *Holy Apostles*, I went into my Chamber, resolv'd to unfold this Mystery, and read as follows:

L E T T E R.

" IF the Reverend Father *Colli* was formerly *Franciscano* of *Naples*, he ought to look for the Marchioness at *Rome*: She has not miss'd one of his Sermons; and 'tis reserv'd for him to find, what the whole World has hitherto sought in vain."

O God!

O God! cry'd I, in an Ecstasy of Joy; Is my dear Marchioness yet alive! Lives she too in this City! Has she seen me! and been an Eye-witness of the Honour done me! What shall I do, great God, to find her out! Where shall I look for her! or of whom demand her! I'll go to *La Longara* this very Moment: Perhaps, the same Person who deliver'd me this Letter, will approach me, in Expectation of an Answer: I'll run therefore, and not lose a Moment's time, in the Search of so dear a Jewel, on which all the Happiness of my Life absolutely depends. In this Condition, I return'd to the Superior's Chamber, threw myself upon my Knees; and begg'd he would do me the Favour to let me go back to the Queen's, to fetch a Writing of the last Importance, which, thro' Forgetfulness, I had left in the Apartment I had there. The Superior, who was still in my Interest, fell a laughing at me, and bad me go and fetch a Jewel of greater Value, which I had suffer'd to be taken from me; adding, that he would befriend me in that matter; and desir'd to know what I had lost. I return'd to my Chamber, transported with Joy; and wrote an Answer to the Letter, almost Word for Word as follows:

A N S W E R.

“COLLI is the same *Francischino* of *Naples*. Had his
 “Eyes been as good as his Heart, he had found
 “ere now his dearest Lady: But since he lost her, his
 “Eyes could never fix themselves upon any Object.
 “Whoever you are, that tell me, in your Letter, my
 “dear Marchioness is still alive; upon the Receipt of
 “this, go, I beseech you, the same Moment, and pro-
 “test to her, in my Name, that I cannot live without
 “her!”

As soon as I had seal'd my Letter, I went out of the Convent, and flew to the Place where I fancy'd I might see the Person who came to me before. It grew late, and having walk'd to and fro for a long Hour, without seeing any body, I was returning home, very melancholy; and being just on the Middle of *Sixtus-Bridge*,
 one

one of the Queen of Sweden's Pages ran after me, and told me, that her Majesty, understanding I was near her Palace, desir'd to be inform'd, what I look'd for there? and what hasty Business had occasion'd so precipitate a Retreat? In a Word, he had Orders to bring me back to the Palace. I must confess, I was quite puzzled, and knew not what to say; but follow'd the Page, and appear'd before the Queen so mute and astonish'd, that she resolv'd to know the real Cause of my Uneasiness. I was no Stranger to the imperious Temper of that Princess, nor was I ignorant how dangerous it was to disobey her: And, on the other hand, I had heard of her generous and obliging Carriage towards such Persons as had repos'd a Confidence in her. Whereupon, throwing myself at her Feet, I begg'd she would excuse me from giving her a History, the Recital whereof might cost me the Esteem she had for me, and, at the same time, overwhelm me with Confusion. Rely on me, *said that illustrious Princess*, and be assur'd, that you neither hazard your own Secret, nor my Esteem. I foresee already, by the Trouble you are in, that your Affair is such as concerns the Heart. Conceal nothing from me therefore, but tell me the whole Truth.----- Since you command me to make my Complaints to you, Madam, *answer'd I*, I must obey you; for it would be a great Crime to keep Silence, after having receiv'd your Orders to speak. Know then, Madam, that 'tis the Marchioness of T... of Naples, whom I come to look for in these Parts: Either she is here, Madam, or at least she is in Rome, as the Letter which has been put into my Hands, informs me; and if I do not find her, I can no longer live, but abjure my Life from this very Moment. How came you to know the Marchioness? *said the Queen, quite amaz'd*; shew me the Letter you speak of. Thereupon, I related to her a Part of my History, during which time she sent Word to the Superior, that she would keep me in her Palace to transact some Affairs for her, which would be finish'd in about eight Days time.

'Tis impossible to tell you, how angry I was with myself, for having too easily betray'd my own Secret. I

was

was vex'd the whole Night, with a thousand dismal Thoughts; and not knowing what to resolve upon, expected the Day with great Impatience, that I might go and make my Compliments to the Queen. She no sooner saw me, but taking me into her Closet, she told me, That a certain Lady had just sent her her Picture; and that she had a mind to shew it me, to have my Opinion of it. No sooner therefore had she drawn a Curtain, but I saw, cross the Cloth of a Picture, instead of a painted Head, the real Face of my dear Marchioness. The Queen, whose Eyes were fix'd upon me, saw my Colour change at that Sight; and drawing the Curtain over it herself, she commanded me to sit down, lest I should be discompos'd. The Truth is, all my Spirits had forsaken me at that Moment; and 'twas after a long and mournful Silence, that her Majesty heard my Complaints. Alas! cry'd I, quite dissolv'd in Tears, 'tis in your Majesty's Power to make me the most happy or the most miserable Man alive! Has the Marchioness of T . . . the Honour of being in your Palace! Grant me then, I conjure you, the Favour of speaking but one Word to her; and when your Majesty shall afterwards doom me to Death, I will lay down my Life with Joy. You would grant me this Favour, Madam, if you knew how much I am beholden to that good Lady.----The Queen reply'd, that she had nothing but the Marchioness's Picture; that she was come to *Rome*, to demand her Majesty's Protection against the Attempts of her Spouse, who was daily persecuting her; that to prevent her being known, she had changed her Name, and went by that of *Donna Camilla Pradina*; but that she did not know on what particular Place she had fix'd her Retirement; so that tho' she might be in the City, she was ignorant of the Place of her Abode. Our Conversation lasted a considerable time; and the Queen having ask'd me again, how I came to know the Marchioness, I presented her Majesty with my entire History, from the Time I was her Page, till my Departure for *Malta*. I describ'd the Marchioness's Virtues in such lively and passionate Colours, and was so particular in enumerating the Obligations she had laid upon me, that that Princess, with

with her usual Goodness, was pleas'd to promise me, that she would make some Inquiry concerning my Lady. ----- I have a Wench, *added she*, in my Service, who is very likely to make a Discovery in such an Affair. I can have Entrance into all the Religious Societies of Rome; and how d'ye know but we may find her in some one of them? ----- Alas! Madam, *answer'd I*, if the Marchioness of T . . . is in Rome, she must needs be in the very Monastery in which I have lately preach'd: Begin with that then, Madam; and prevail with the Superior to let me wait on your Majesty, as having the Honour of being your Chaplain. 'Tis true, I don't merit that Quality; but your Majesty will pardon a Man touch'd with all possible Sentiments of Zeal and Gratitude for a Personage to whom he owes his All. The Marchioness, who was hid in a Closet hard by, heard every Word that was spoken. The Queen's Mass-time being come, I waited on her and her Court to Chappel, and had the Honour of accompanying her that Day at Dinner. All the while we were at Table, that Princess was pleas'd to hold me in Discourse concerning some Points of Natural Philosophy; and particularly, about the Separation of the Soul from the Body. She ask'd me, whether, when the Soul leaves the Body, to go to a nocturnal Assembly of Witches, it informs some new Matter? or whether the whole Man is transported into that Place of Horror? Having made her my Compliments for the Honour she had done me, in putting Questions to me upon so nice a Subject, ----- I know, Madam, *said I*, that your Majesty, who is skill'd in all the Sciences, and whose Capacity knows no Bounds, is far enough from joining with the Vulgar in their Belief of such an Assembly, where the Devil, in the Shape of a Goat, receives the Adoration of the poor Wretches who give themselves to him. The ridiculous Stories which are told, of the Feasts, and Dances, and Pleasures, of those Kinds of Assemblies, were invented, I believe, by our Forefathers, with Design either to frighten Children, or to intimidate good and well-meaning Men, who easily imbib'd all the superstitious Follies of former Ages. In a word, that Transmigration of Souls, or their aerial
Motions,

Motions, are every whit as ill-grounded, as what we are told of Fairies and familiar Spirits. What! then, *answer'd the Queen*, don't you believe in Fairies and Familiars? Heh! -----I have certain Persons hard by here, who will soon convince you of that Article. Pray, after Dinner, bid 'em call the Superior of *Araceli* and *Andrew Sacqui*, and you shall hear what those Gentlemen have to say to you upon that Subject; for I have resolv'd to deliver you into their Hands, that they may work your Conversion. I can't think, Madam, *said I*, that they will convince me without Experience. I am a strange Heretic as to the Article of Sorcery and Witchcraft; and yet I believe, with the Church, that there are some Professors of Christianity so wicked, as, by a Diabolical Science deliver'd to 'em by ancient Tradition, to give subtle Poisons, to destroy the Body, and this is what they call *Witchcraft*; or to corrupt the Mind, and this is call'd *Philtre*. And as to both those Poisons, I'll tell your Majesty what I read in *Gassendi*, and what befel me at *Catanea*, while I was passing my *Noviciate* there.

The Philosopher I have just now mention'd, is no Stranger to your Majesty. You know, that that illustrious *Provensal* join'd to a high Birth, a most profound Erudition, and untainted Probity; and writing only for his Reputation, he could not amuse himself with telling a Parcel of Fables, in his Treatise of Natural Philosophy. One Day, as he was meditating upon the Malice of the infernal Spirits, and their Subtlety, in deceiving and ensnaring Mankind, by chance a Company of Country-fellows went along just under his Window, dragging a Sorcerer to Prison. Upon the Noise made by those Peasants, *Gassendi* went out, and oblig'd 'em to leave the Conjuror to him alone. He lock'd him fast into a Room; and going to him at Night, desir'd him to teach him the Art of *Conjuring*, and to take him along with him to his Assembly. All the Excuses of the Wizard signify'd nothing; he must either speak, or be abandon'd to the Fury of the Mob. At last, by the Help of a Suppository made of a certain Ointment, which was compos'd of several Plants, and Sallad Oil, the Sorcerer fell
down

down in a kind of sleepy Trance: The ready Effect of this Secret surpris'd our Philosopher; who thereupon call'd his Valet, and gave him a Pistole to take the same Remedy, which the Fellow had no sooner done, but he also fell into a sound Sleep.

When they had slept four or five Hours, they both waked; and *Gassendi* examining 'em apart, they related to him a thousand comical Stories of the Adventures, Love, and Pleasures, they had both enjoy'd. And this, Madam, is what they call *Witchcraft*. They are Vapours excited by some Secret, which fill the Brain with I know not what Whimfies and Figures in one's Sleep.---Now, as for the Poisons which they call *Philtres*, I can speak of 'em to your Majesty a little knowingly, as having, myself, seen such an Experiment of 'em, as leaves me no room to doubt of their Efficacy.-----The Queen declar'd her Desire to hear that Adventure, and thereby obliged me to give it her as follows.

In the Town of *Catanea*, where I made my *Noviciate*, I and fifteen of my Brother Friars were poison'd with a Pye which was design'd for one Gentleman only. A Widow of that Place was desperately in Love with the richest and finest young Gentleman of the Country; but sure, he was the coldest and most insensible that ever won a Heart: He was already Five-and-twenty, when he had never yet told any Lady she was fair or lovely; and all the Sex of *Catanea* expos'd, in vain, their Charms, to make the Conquest of his Affection. Donna *Maria Pardi*, who had Youth and Wit enough, did not, however, despair; but, on the contrary, undertook the Task; and was so vain, as to flatter herself with Victory before-hand. The Cavalier, to whom she had, by degrees, made known her Passion, took no farther Notice of her, than he was oblig'd even out of good Breeding. His Indifference having inflam'd the Desires of that charming Person, who lov'd in good Earnest, and perceiving that her Sighs and Gestures signify'd nothing, she resolv'd to know the worst of it, and declar'd her Tenderness for him in plain and passionate Expressions. Her Assurance quite dash'd the young Gentleman; so that having extricated himself out of that Danger, he

determin'd to retire from the Sight of all the World. *Easter* was now coming on, and the Lady, fearing she should lose her Spark, affected to appear more regular, and brought him, by degrees, into his former Train again. 'Tis the Custom throughout *Italy*, to send Presents to one's Friends, of Wild-fowl, or Pasty, at the annual Feasts. Donna *Maria* took this Opportunity to gain her Lover, and made use of Philtres, which she mix'd up in the richest and most delicate Pasty that ever was eaten. This fatal Pye she sent to the Cavalier, desiring him to eat it for her sake. His Lacquey came to our Cloister, where his Master was, and told him, such a Lady had sent him such a Present. The Cavalier was then talking with the Father Master of the *Novices*, who was about to confess him. Nothing could have come more seasonably, Reverend Father, *said he*; you shall have this Pye, and I beg you'd eat it with your Friends; for I am willing not to taste it, for God's and for Religion's sake, and am desirous that the Servants of both should eat it. Immediately, the Lacquey was order'd to go and fetch the Pye; which was receiv'd with due Thanks to the Creator, and to the Donor. The next Day, as soon as the Break-of-day-Mass, at which all the *Novices* are wont to communicate, was over, the Master told us, he would give us a good Breakfast, and appointed the Treat in his Chamber. Thither we all repair'd, and the Pye was devour'd in a Moment. The Spirit of Mortification was so strong in our Master, that he did not so much as taste it; but, without his Assistance, we eat it every Morfel. After the Great Mass, we were all transported with a Desire to marry, and were so plaguily nettled with the Sting of the Flesh, that regarding neither Prayers nor Exhortations, abroad we would needs go to pick up Women. This general Desire put it beyond Question, that the Devil had a Finger in our Pye. The Master knew the original Design of the Poison, but conceal'd it for very Charity, and contented himself with bringing us before the consecrated Host; where having scourg'd himself with the *Discipline* till he was all over bloody, to obtain of God, that he would not permit innocent Souls to be trepann'd into the

the Snares laid for 'em by the Devil, we cast up our Pye, and they carry'd us into our Chambers half-dead. And thus much, Madam, I myself have experienc'd of the Power of *Philires*, and of the Wickedness of *Conjurers*.

The Queen hearken'd to this History with abundance of Attention. Mean while, Dinner being over, the Superior of *Araceli* and *Andrew Satqui* came in, and were order'd to convince me as to the Point of Fairies and Familiars. Those two Persons had render'd themselves very famous for the Stories they had told of these pretended Spirits. The Superior, tho' upwards of seventy Years of Age, was yet more brisk and vigorous than a young Man of five-and-twenty. He said, that being a Student in Divinity in the same Convent of which he was now Superior, a young *Observant* of the Province of *St. Louis* in *Provence* was come to *Rome*, to prosecute his Studies, as he himself was: That being lodg'd in a Chamber on the *French* Side of the Cloister, at Night when he was just got into Bed, he saw his Lamp go out, which somewhat surpris'd him: The young Father, who was wont to fall asleep meditating on some holy Thought, which he had read in a Book of Devotions in the Day-time, lighted up his Lamp again, and for three or four times after one another, saw it blown out as fast as he could light it; and after having reason'd with himself for a considerable while, Fear began to get the Ascendant of his Reason; whereupon he dress'd himself, and went down to the Choir, to hear the Monks at *Matins*. The Superior at that time, knowing well enough, that a strange kind of Noise had been often heard in that Chamber, ask'd the young Father, how it came to pass, that, fatigued as he was, he could not sleep? The *Observant* told him the Reason; and they desir'd him to fear nothing, if he was a good Frier; for that it was a familiar Spirit, which would be very serviceable to him. In short, the good Father, full of Trust in God's Goodness, and his own Innocence, obey'd them, and boldly return'd to his Chamber, where his Familiar did him a great many good Offices. Never was Chamber cleaner swept, nor Bed more nicely made.

But if this surpass your Belief, *continu'd the Superior*, I have been, myself, Witness of an Action, which, had not I seen it with my own Eyes, I should have look'd upon as mere Fable. The Princess *P*. . . . dying at *Neptuno*, several of our Monks of *Araceli* were invited to assist at the Funeral; and this was in the Month of *January*. Our Convent is situate on the Brow of a Hill, a long Mile from the Town. In the Morning, when the Caterer of the Monastery would have gone to fetch Provisions for the Friars, he could never go down for the great Snow that had fallen in the Night. There was neither Bread nor Wine in the Monastery; and thirty or forty Monks began to be very sharp set, and, consequently, to murmur. The young *French Observant* was then among us, and as it was no Secret to the Community, that he had a Familiar at Command, they jokingly desir'd him, to order his Spirit to go into the Town, and fetch their Dinners. The young Frier merrily made Answer, That if his Familiar lov'd him, he would not suffer him to starve for want of his Assistance. A Moment after, when we thought of nothing less, we heard the Hall-Bell ring to Dinner. Going down, there we found our Tables serv'd with all the most exquisite Meats, in Silver Dishes, mark'd with the Arms of the Prince *P*. . . . We were the more surpris'd at that happy Sight, in that the Prince's Cook was amaz'd to see his Dinner carry'd off by he knew not who, he knew not how. — Father *Colli* does not believe that, *said the Queen*. Nor should I, *answer'd I*, even tho' I had seen it myself, in which case I would always tell it as a Dream. Then *Andrew Sacqui*, with his affected Mien, and Air compos'd, desir'd her Majesty to permit him to relate what he had seen of the Fairies, when he was a little Boy. Cardinal *C*. . . . came in at that very Instant, and the Queen immediately went into her Closet with his Eminence, where, I was told, they sometimes tarry'd a long while together. As soon as I saw myself at Liberty, I hasten'd to the Apartment appointed for me, and there found a good Dinner, and a Servant, who had no sooner taken away, but he deliver'd me a Letter, and went out of the Chamber, without carrying

ing till I had read it. I found that it was written by the same Hand as my former Letter, and read as follows:

L E T T E R.

" *Franciscino* has enough of Sense, but wants Address! Were the Persons he is in quest of, under a Necessity of looking for him, they would ere now have found him a thousand times over! Is it, that they love most? Or, because he is not ingenious enough himself, to remove the Obstacles to his Satisfaction and Delight? — No! 'Tis because *Colli* is no longer the *Franciscino*, in whom the Marchioness of T. . . . found so much Cunning, and so great Merit! He is now a Monk, and that is all! O God! What Pity!"

The Reading of this Letter had like to have struck me with a sudden Madness: I ran about all over the Palace; and if I had had Admission into the Apartment of the Queen's Women, should, undoubtedly, have found the Persons I look'd for! But that Custom is intirely banish'd *Italy*; and I should have incurr'd the Queen's Displeasure, if I had acted with that Imprudence. My Business, therefore, was to wait my Opportunity, and speak to her Majesty alone. Never was any Visit so long and tedious, as that of the Cardinal then seem'd to me! I treated him scurvily in my Thoughts, call'd him all the Names I could think of, and could freely have buffeted him out of the House. — At last, his Eminence pleas'd me by taking his Leave; and I ran, as soon, to the Queen's Apartment, and threw myself at her Majesty's Feet, without considering my Condition, or the Personage to whom I address'd myself. I implor'd her to let me see the Marchioness, or to permit me to go to the Convent of the *Holy Apostles*; for that I could no longer doubt but she was in her Majesty's Court, since another Letter, which I shew'd her, had been handed to me. The Queen, who had resolv'd to divert herself at the Expence of my Ease, assur'd me

that I might look for her; and that, for this Purpose, she gave me Leave to go into her Womens Apartment, whither her Majesty would also go along with me. We went, but not finding her I wanted there, I was seiz'd with a Melancholy which threw me into a Fever the whole Night. To give some Relief to my worry'd Fancy, I set myself to answer my last Letter, and wrote the following Lines:

A N S W E R.

“ **E**ither shew yourself, and let me see you! or
 “ write no more, I conjure you, unless you are
 “ pleas'd to kill me! To divert one's self so long with a
 “ Wretch's Misery, is as much as to say, I don't value
 “ him! All the Address in the World is of no Use to
 “ him, if he is made the Subject of a cruel and pro-
 “ voking Raillery! Hide you again, tho', if you will!
 “ and be assur'd, I'll go and hide myself for ever!
 “ since I can't obtain the Sight of my dear Lady Mar-
 “ chioness!”

I folded up this Letter, and leaving it upon the Table, went to Bed. My Fever increasing, I was, in some measure, stupefy'd; so that I saw no Person enter my Chamber. The next Morning, by Break of Day, the Queen's Physician came to see how I did, order'd me to be let Blood, and bad me not get up. However, I resolv'd to see whether they had taken away the Letter I left upon the Table; and getting out of Bed accordingly, thought to have secur'd my own Letter, when I found that it was not my Hand, but the same with the two Letters I had receiv'd before. Thereupon I concluded, that all the Queen's Domestics were her Spies; and that they were all agreed to plague me, and make Sport of me. This Letter was couch'd in the following Expressions:

L E T.

LETTER.

“ **Y**OU know not what you would have, when
 “ you flatter yourself with the Sight of the
 “ Marchioness of T. . . ! Go! Cure yourself of a
 “ silly Passion! and resolve to answer the Sentiments of
 “ a Person who will know whether you love her, before
 “ you know who she is that loves you! You may ven-
 “ ture to give your Answer to her Majesty’s Dwarf,
 “ who is a pretty Fellow, full of incomparable Address,
 “ and in whose Discretion you may safely confide.
 “ Adieu: Don’t talk of dying! you shall be cured, as soon
 “ as People are satisfy’d you will not refuse the Remedy.”

This Letter fill’d me with rash and hard Censures; and I carry’d my Rashness to such a Pitch, as to fancy I had pleas’d the Queen, and that it was she who had written these Letters to me. However, as I could not persuade myself but that this Hand was the Marchioness’s, I answer’d it thus:

ANSWER.

“ **C**olli is neither a Cheat nor an Enthusiast: All the
 “ Riches and Grandeur in the Universe can’t
 “ make him forget his Obligations to the Marchioness
 “ of T. . . .; for whom he will die a thousand Deaths,
 “ whenever he shall be requir’d to give Marks of his
 “ Respect and Confidence!”

In the Evening, in comes the Dwarf, as had been intimated beforehand; and, with a languishing Air, I bad him take the Answer which lay upon the Table. And, don’t you ask me the Question, *said he*, to whom I am going to deliver it? — No; for you are order’d not to tell me, *answer’d I*; and if it be not to the Marchioness, I am indifferent to whom you give it. Some time after, they brought me a light, but very delicate Supper: But I had then so little Pleasure of my Life, that I eat without regarding what I did. One of the Queen’s Pages,

who waited at Table, look'd very wistfully upon me ; but I was so overcome with Grief, that tho' I cast my Eyes upon him several times, I never once reflected, that I had formerly seen a Person who very much resembled him. As my Life was become a Burden to me, I made but a short Supper ; and the Page, going out of the Room, said, he would tell the Queen, that I had a mind to pine myself to Death. I knew, at first Word, that it was *Rosalia's* Voice ; and ran after her as fast as I could ; but she made such Haste, that it was impossible for me to overtake her. Never did I spend a Night in such Torment in my whole Life ! The Agitation of the Sea by the most boisterous and impetuous Winds, is not comparable to that of my Mind with the different Thoughts which then possess'd my Imagination ! 'Twas at that very Moment, that giving no farther Bounds to my Grief and Despair, I resolv'd, in good earnest, either to leave *Rome* the next Day, or to see the Marchioness, who occasion'd all my Uneasiness. I wrote down my Resolution upon a Piece of Paper, which I left upon my Table ; and as soon as it was Day, without staying to see the Queen, I went to leave the Palace, and return to the *Holy Apostles*. The Letter which I had left upon the Table was as follows :

L E T T E R.

“ **I** Leave the Palace, contrary to my Duty ; and forfeit, by my Imprudence, the Esteem with which a great Queen was pleas'd to honour me. Were I to survive this Disgrace, ten thousand Wounds would kill me every Day : But I leave this Place, with Design to shut myself up in a Tomb, or plunge me to the Bottom of the *Tiber*. The Despair I am in, makes me fly to Death for Refuge against the Torments I endure, and for Remedies against all my Wounds. If you read my last Sentiments, you ! who gave 'em Birth ! Remember, I conjure you, the most unfortunate and most constant of Men ! ”

I was so carry'd away with Passion, that I had no manner of Regard to my Monastic State ; and I must own,

own, that in writing these Memoirs, I am put to the Blush, when I consider the Blindness into which Men are capable of falling! At last the Knot of this Affair was untied: The Marchioness was in the Convent where I had preach'd, and went by an unknown Name: *Rosalia*, who knew me, when I preach'd my *Advent-Sermons*, would fain have spoken to me several times, but was hinder'd by her Mistress; wherefore, soon after *Advent*, she found means to send me her first Letter by a veil'd Person, without the Marchioness's Knowledge. The Queen, to whom I declar'd my Passion over Night, was pleas'd to send for the Marchioness the next Morning, as soon as it was Light, and desir'd her to give her the Particulars of my History: Being thereby inform'd of the whole Truth, she made a Sport of my Passion, and employ'd *Marineta*, one of her Maids of Honour, to divert her, for some Days, with my Letters and Inquietudes.

Coming to the Palace-gate, with Design to go out, the *Swiss* told me, he had Orders from the Queen to let no Person out. Thereupon I return'd to my Chamber, thinking to have taken up the Letter I had left upon the Table; but somebody had prevented me, and it was gone. Then I resolv'd to hide myself in some Corner of the Palace; and running up and down in quest of a convenient Hole, at last I saw an old Press standing in a little Room; and this was the Place I pitch'd upon for my Retirement. Having shut myself up in the Press, I resolv'd to starve myself to Death in that Place, and never stir out of it again. The Day of the *Epiphany* drew near, and I had promis'd the Superior of the *Holy Apostles* to preach that Day to the Ladies of *St. Sylvester*, who are near the *Corso*; that Frier's Sister, who was Superior of the Monastery, having declar'd her Desire to hear me. Till now, I had not so much as chosen my Text, the lamentable Condition of my Affairs not having afforded me so much Rest, as to let me once think of my Sermon! Wherefore, summoning my Reason and good Sense to my Assistance, I reflected upon my past Follies, condemn'd the Fury of my extravagant Desires, which made me the mere Foot-ball and Sport of the whole Court, and resolv'd to go up into my

Chamber, and endeavour to repair the Reputation which so violent and dangerous a Flame had ruin'd, by stifling it, maugre all its Fury. Just as I was half out, half in, I heard a Woman's Voice call *Rosalia*. At that Name I was all hush, and there being nothing but a deal Partition between us, I soon found that the Marchioness was in the other Chamber. Nor can I describe here the Emotions of my Soul upon that Occasion: I thought I should have died upon the Spot: And my Heart was, all of a sudden, seiz'd with such an extraordinary Coldness, that I fancy'd my Spirit was upon Wing, ready, every Moment, to take its Flight: But, at last, the Marchioness's Voice rous'd me out of that doleful State. ---- *Rosalia, said she, speaking to her Maid, Art thou asleep? And shall we suffer Francischino to die? I am quite tired with the Queen's Ways, and am satisfy'd the poor Man is already half dead with Grief. Dost thou not see they make a mere May-game of him here? And has not Colli enough of Merit, to change this comical Scene into one more serious? For my part, I have not slept ever since I knew how he is treated; and tho' I love Colli no otherwise than as his Sister, (for, after all, either he is of my Family, or I am of his) tho', I say, I have no other Tenderness for him, than what is consistent with the most strict and untainted Virtue; yet I am not so void of Self-love, as to yield him up to the Queen, without Complaint or Murmur. I am determin'd to implore her Majesty, this Morning, to send us back to the Convent; where I shall enjoy a much greater Tranquillity. I had rather go there for Beatrice di Nepotino, than be known by the Title of the Marchioness of T. . . . As for my Brother, (for so that good Lady was always pleas'd to call me) I desire never to see him; but yet I would do him all the Service my unhappy Circumstances will permit me! ---- I lost not a Syllable of this Conversation; but retiring to my Chamber, resolv'd to use all my Endeavours to prevail with the Queen to free me, as soon as possible, from the Slavery I was in.*

As soon as it was Day, I went down to her Majesty's Apartment, to make her my Compliments, and assure her,

her, that I was well. She ask'd me, whether I had a mind to see the Marchioness? I answer'd, that I had recover'd my Mistake, and thought now, that she was not in *Rome*, as her Majesty had been pleas'd to make me believe; that my Passion might have made me utter Follies, which had given Offence to her Majesty; but which I desir'd her to pardon, and not impute 'em to me as a Fault whereof I was not guilty. The Queen gave me a brisker Look than ordinary, and told me, she had a mind to talk with me after Dinner. Mean time, the Marchioness having demanded Leave to go, her Majesty granted her Request, and sent her back to the Convent, loaded with Presents. I dispos'd myself in the best manner I could, to wait upon the Queen, and went into her Closet, as soon as ever she rose from Table. She promis'd me her Protection, provided I deserv'd it, and sent me back to the *Holy Apostles*, upon Condition I should come to her Palace, to assist at the Meeting of the *Virtuosi*, which was held there, twice a Week, at her particular Desire. This Piece of News fill'd me with Joy; for I had pretended to be easy as to the Affair of the Marchioness, only that I might go home the sooner, and put myself in a way to see her. Our Conversation lasted a long while, and ran mostly upon the Marchioness, with some little Interpositions upon different Subjects. She commanded me to shake off so dangerous a Passion, which ill suited with my Profession: And I must needs say, I was never more charm'd in my Life, than in hearing her excellent Discourse on Morality. The Jealousy I had entertain'd of her Majesty's Virtue vanish'd at once; and I left the Palace of *La Longara*, at last, the Day before the *Epiphany*, loaded also with Presents, and Promises of Protection.

I no sooner found myself at Liberty, but I set all my Wits to Work, to get a Sight of my dear Lady. The next Day, therefore, as soon as I had preach'd at *St. Sylvester's*, I desir'd the Superior, who was still my very good Friend, to permit me to take a Walk every Afternoon, without a Companion. He desir'd to know the Reason of my demanding such a Latitude. I confidently made Answer, that the Queen had laid her Commands

upon me, to teach a Lady of her Acquaintance Philosophy and Poetry; but that she order'd me to make a Secret of it, because the Lady was extremely nice and formal. My Permission obtain'd, I went immediately to the *Jews* Street; and having communicated my Secret to a *Jew*, whom I paid well for his Pains, he furnish'd me with an *Armenian* Habit, and a Box full of several Sorts of Trinkets, and most exquisite Perfumes. In this Equipage, and with a false Beard, and long lank Hair, like the *Armenians*, I repair'd to *La Longara*, to offer my Trinkets to Sale among the Nuns of that Monastery. Immediately the Parlours were full of those Fools, who are naturally curious and silly. All the Knick-knacks which I carry'd thither were not worth much, being made in *France*, tho' I sold 'em for *Etais* of *Persia* and *China*. The *Italian* Ladies are very easy of Belief, by reason they have very little Experience of the World; and the Nuns have yet less, such of them as are veil'd being sent to the Monastery, as soon as they come from Nurse. While I was chaffering with those Ladies, I spoke all *Turkish*, and pretended to understand very little of what they said; which encourag'd 'em to speak a thousand pleasant Things of me. They went and fetch'd *Rosalia*, to buy something for her Mistress; but when I saw her, I told her, in my Gibberish, that I had reserv'd a very pretty thing for her; - and that was, a Needle-Case studded with Silver, in which I had inclosed the following Lines in *Italian*:

“ **L**ove has so alter'd his Face, that *Rosalia* does not
 “ know her Brother! Nevertheless, his Heart is
 “ still the same, and his Affection for the Marchioness
 “ of *T*. . . . inviolable.”

Rosalia, having open'd the Case, took out the Letter, and read it; and knowing me under that Disguise, told me, she would go and shew it to her Mistress. I bad her come again as soon as possibly she could, because I wanted to be gone. She return'd the next Moment; and giving me the Needle-Case again, *Lucius Axor*, said she, (for that was the Name I then went by) My
 Lady

Lady does not like this; but desires you to bring more To-morrow, together with some other Trinkets, which she will buy of you. Then having given *Rafalia* a Nod, to put her in mind of her unfortunate Brother, I left the Parlour for that time, and went to the *Jew's*, to pull off my Mask, and pay him for the Gewgaws I had sold. Nor did I forget to make him, besides, a genteel Present for the Service he had done me.

The next Day, as soon as I came out of the Hall, I went and resum'd my Disguise, and arriv'd at *La Longara* between Twelve and One o'Clock. The Marchioness herself came down, with the Crowd of Nuns and other Boarders, to buy some of my Bawbles. I had found, in the Needle-Case which she sent me back, a Letter written with her own Hand, in the following Terms:

L E T T E R.

“ **W**HAT Torment! think you, dear Brother! to
 “ have seen you so near me, to have heard all
 “ your most tender Expressions; and, to be constrain'd
 “ to keep Silence, and not be able to reward your Con-
 “ stancy! You put too much Confidence in the Queen's
 “ Promises: Take care not to disoblige her. Be sure
 “ keep me your Heart: They have a mind to rob me
 “ of it; and perhaps I may be so unhappy as to lose it.
 “ O! Heavens forbid it! Come and tell me, To-morrow,
 “ that they shall first rob you of your Life. That De-
 “ claration will assuage the Storm which the Know-
 “ ledge of so powerful a Rival has rais'd in my Breast.
 “ You will find me alter'd by my Troubles, but in-
 “ capable of flagging, in the least, in my Constancy.
 “ Adieu!”

You may easily imagine, that such a Declaration as this quite transported me: I had not time to sleep that Night, but pass'd the tedious Hours in composing Songs and Verses, to mitigate, in some measure, the Pain I endur'd, in being separated from so charming a Person: The finest of these I put into an *Etui* much larger than the

the other; but shall not repeat 'em here, by reason I have not the Originals, and my Grief was too great for me to retain 'em long in my Memory.----As soon as ever I set Eyes on the Marchioness, I had like to have fainted away: My Looks sufficiently convinced her, that my Heart was all her own; and that I infinitely prized all the Misfortunes which had conducted me to such a happy End. Having return'd surly Answers to the Nuns who chaffer'd for my Trinkets, and ask'd excessive Rates for every thing they cheapen'd, the Marchioness, who knew my Cheat, told me, she desir'd also to see my *Caisse*. Thereupon I gave her the *Etui* she had bespoke, and told her, I would not sell her any thing, except when she was alone; because the others had taken Advantage of my Simplicity, and Ignorance of their Language, to play Tricks with me; but that as for her, I knew, by her Physiognomy, she scorn'd to impose upon any one. Hearing me mention Physiognomy, they demanded, whether I could calculate Nativities? I answer'd 'em, that notwithstanding I was born in *Armenia*, yet being a *Chaldean* by the Father's Side, I possess'd that Art in great Perfection. They would needs put me to the Trial, and I declar'd to 'em, that I would begin with the Marchioness, and so take 'em all afterwards, in their Turns; but that I must be with each alone. Thereupon they all went up, and left me in the Parlour with only my good Lady, and *Rosalia*, who was not suspected. Our Hearts being, once more, happily met, were so overcharged, that we wept, at least, a Quarter of an Hour, before either of us broke Silence. At last, recovering a little from my Surprise; Am I then with you, Madam? *said I*; or am I deceiv'd by an agreeable Dream? Alas! I feel, I see, I am not asleep! Yes, I am with you: I see you, I speak to you, and perceive, in your killing Eyes, the same Sentiments which conquer'd and subdued me, and robb'd me of myself! Not all my curst Absence has render'd 'em indifferent! and I am in an Ecstasy of Joy, to read in 'em, that you have sometimes thought of the unfortunate *Franciscino*! ---Nor was you deceiv'd, *reply'd the Marchioness*; and I am almost dead with the Thought of all I have suffer'd for

for your sake, since your Departure from *Naples*! How dear have I paid for the Pleasure of loving you too much! Nor will I longer defer to tell it you! since what might formerly have grown up to a Crime in us both, may now, perhaps, tend very much to our Glory and Happiness! Yes, *Colli*! I listen'd only to the Voice of Affinity, when first I declar'd my Affection for you: I was told the whole Story of your Birth and my own, not only by *Beatrice*, as I told you long since; but also the Nurse, to whose Care I was committed as soon as I came into the World, reveal'd the whole Secret to my Spouse, which made him so fickle and indifferent towards me: This Mystery was discover'd to me at *Palinuro*, whither I went soon after your Departure, according to the Orders my Lord sent me. He arriv'd there some Days after you were gone; and meeting with the Reception I usually gave him, that is, a very cold one, he told me, he wanted to see a Mark I had in such a Part of my Body. I knew that that Mark was the Secret of my Birth, and assur'd him, he should not see it; but the more I persisted in my Refusal, the more his Curiosity egg'd him on to ask it. Finding, at last, that I was too resolute to obey him, he twitted me of a Misfortune to which I had not in the least contributed, and told me, that the Count of *P.*, whom I took for my Father, had been let into the Secret, as well as himself. The disdainful Air with which my Lord, turning his Back upon me, spoke these last Words, threw me at his Heels in a Swoon; but he was yet so hard-hearted as to leave me in that Condition, without affording me the least Relief. As soon as I came to myself, I ask'd, where my Lord was? and was answer'd, that he was return'd to *Naples*. The Suddenness of that Retreat fill'd my Soul with ten thousand Jealousies and Suspicions, and I thought myself expos'd to the cruellest Dangers. Having tarry'd some time to recruit my Spirits, I took the Resolution to dispatch to *Naples* a Slave in whom I could confide. I suspected all the Domestics that were about my Person, and took all possible Precautions to guard myself against Poison, or any other sad Accident. I wrote therefore to *Rosalia*, at *Naples*;
for

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for you had told me so much of her, that I made no question, but she would come to me, if it were only upon your Account: And this is what I wrote to her:

“**Y**OUR poor Brother is just cast away upon my
 “ Estate; and is reduced, by Shipwreck, to the
 “ last Extremity: He begs of me to send for you hither,
 “ having a Secret to tell you, which he will trust with
 “ none but yourself. Upon the Receipt hereof, hire a
 “ *Felucca*, and furnish yourself with Peasant’s Cloaths, to
 “ prevent your being known: Tell no Person, whither
 “ you are going. I’ll make your Peace with my Aunt;
 “ and your Fortune shall suffer no Damage. Every Mo-
 “ ment you lose endangers the Persons who love you,
 “ and impatiently desire your Company. Adieu!”

The Slave took this Letter, and set out for *Naples*; but I assured him, before his Departure, That if he made Haste, and did his Errand well, I’d give him his Liberty, upon his Return. Nor could any thing have happened more to one’s Wish, than did the Slave’s Voyage: For the next Day, about Three o’Clock in the Afternoon, *Rosalia* came, disguised as I would have her. I immediately declared to her the Grounds of my Fear, and conjured her not to abandon me. This redoubled the Zeal of that generous Soul, who determined me absolutely to escape a Danger which threatened my Life. ---- I’ll go, Madam, *said she*, and engage Seamen to carry us out of the Kingdom, and return, in the Evening, and embark with your Ladyship.

By good Luck, I had all my Jewels about me, and the Farmer of one of my Estates had brought me almost two thousand Pistoles in Gold. I sew’d up as many of these as I could, in the tatter’d Cloaths which *Rosalia* had brought me, and secured my Jewels in a Place where ’twas almost impossible they should find ’em. *Rosalia* came back about One o’Clock at Night, and took as many of the Pistoles as she could well carry. Thus prepared, we expected Break-of-Day, with Impatience to be gone. I had taken the Precaution to command my Maids, over Night, not to call me, that Day ’till Eleven o’Clock.

o'Clock. I sent the Slave, who was returned from *Naples*, with a Letter to my Lord Marquis; wherein I declared to him, in Expressions equally strong and passionate, That the Knowledge he had of my Descent, rendered me, indeed, more unhappy, but not guilty of any Crime; That I abandoned him to the Repentance and Shame of having, himself, abandoned me; and, That I wished my Absence might cause him as much Remorse, as his Departure had caus'd me Torment.

I commanded the Slave not to set out till two Days after I was gone, and gave him an Instrument for his Liberty signed with my own Hand. He was a *Portuguese* Negro, called *Braa*; you have seen him a hundred times and know his Zeal and Readiness to do me Service. *Rosalia* and I arrived at the Sea-side by Sun-rise; and set Sail with eight Seamen, as soon as ever we were embarked on board the *Felucca*. The Sea was smooth as Glass, and the Wind as favourable as we could wish. The Captain, who was a very obliging Person, whisper'd me in the Ear, that I had nothing to do but to tell him which Way; and I desired him to steer for *Rome*, where we arrived in two Days. I was so unexperienced in Travelling, that I had not known where to have got a Lodging, if the Captain had not kindly provided us with a neat Chamber near the Banks of the *Tiber*. We passed the Night as merrily as we could, and the next Day, when I paid the Captain very generously, I desired him to get me a Coach to carry me to *St. Peter's*. Having paid my Devotions in that Church, I bad the Coachman drive to *La Longara*, the Queen of *Sweden's* Palace. It was almost Noon, when I asked to speak with her Majesty. Our Country Equipages were not sufficient Disguises for the Air of our Faces; for, all that Queen's Domesticks are extremely polite and accomplished. I can't say under what Figure the Count *d'Alibert* represented me to the Queen; but the Favour of being introduced to her Majesty was immediately granted me, and *Rosalia* and I were conducted to her Closet with abundance of Civility. Seeing her Majesty alone, I threw myself at her Feet, and demanded her Protection; to obtain which, I gave her an Abridgment of my Sufferings.

ings. Afterwards, I begged, that she would be pleas'd to send me to her Convent, there to finish my sorrowful Days. That great Queen was so touched with a Sense of my Misfortunes, that she took Pity on me, and gave some Relief to my afflicted Mind, by her numerous and gracious Promises. She ordered me a Dress suitable to my Birth, did the like by *Rosalia*, and, in the Evening, went herself to conduct us to the Monastery which was under her Protection, desiring Madam Superior to take as much Care of us, and shew us the same Respect, as she would do to her own Person. Nor has a Day pass'd, since my Retirement, but I have been made sensible of the Queen's unexampled Generosity and Kindness. She told me, what Search has been made, by my Relations, for me, since my Departure from *Naples*; and 'twas from her I learnt all the Misfortunes which happen'd to my Lord, his Death in Castle *St. Elmo*, and that of my Aunt, and the Count of *P. . . .* The Thoughts of never hearing from you, was then all that clogg'd the Ease and Quiet of my Life. Take what Pains I would, I could never learn what was become of you; and have, many a time, lamented you were dead: so that I confess, the Surprize I was in, to see you mount the Pulpit of this Monastery, put it out of my Power to hear a Word that you said. As much as your Person was altered, I knew your Voice as soon as I heard it; and when I asked the Queen, who you was, I found I was not mistaken. Her Majesty assured me, That your Superior had given her Part of your History; and particularly, what you did in the *Romish* Seminary, while a Student there. But to what Purpose do I mention these Things, since you have already told 'em me all? However, I should be glad to hear what you have done in a long, long Absence of several Years! --- And I design to tell you, Madam, *answer'd* I, without concealing any thing from you: But I am afraid, if we converse longer together, the Nuns will grow jealous, and too narrowly observe us. I'll send a Friend of mine to you To-morrow Morning, who shall give you the whole History of my absent Life; and I'll come myself, in the Afternoon, in this *Armenian* Dress, to have the Pleasure of seeing you alone. Mean time, I must

must be as good as my Word to those Ladies, and calculate their Nativities. I know Part of their History already; and shall be able, by what is past, to make Conjectures of what is to come. ---- Thereupon the Marchioness went and assured her Companions, That I was an incomparable Fellow at Predictions; and that *William Lily* and the *Dutch* Fortune-teller were Fools to me; which made 'em impatient till they saw me, the next Day.

As soon as I arrived at the *Holy Apostles*, I sent to desire *Pietroccio* to bestow the next whole Morning upon me, about an Affair of the last Importance. That generous Friend comply'd with my Desire, and I intreated him to go to the Marchioness, and give her an Account of me; for which none was better qualified than he. He went, and 'twas Noon before he returned. He protested to me, that I had infinitely obliged him, by procuring him the Acquaintance of a Lady of that extraordinary Merit; adding, That he would wait upon her often, and carry *Gabrielle* with him. The Marchioness met with so much Honesty in those two Persons, and so complete an Union between 'em, that she told me a hundred times, she could not forbear envying, in some measure, their Happiness and Delight. Thus I continued my daily Visits to the Marchioness, for the Space of three Months, under the Disguise of an *Armenian*; except the Days on which the Assembly of the *Virtuosi* was held in the Queen's Palace, at which I was obliged to assist, by her Majesty's express Order. I was so well pleased with my kind Fortune, that I made it my Study to keep her as long as I could possibly: But that Goddess had been already too constant, and was now resolved to trump up her slippery Tricks again, and make me pay back all her Favours with Interest. As I had gone almost daily (as I observed before) to please myself with the Sight of my dear Marchioness, for two or three Months together, it happened, that, one Day, while I was talking with her in the Parlour, the Queen came to make the Marchioness a Visit. As soon as she appeared, I and *Rosalia* stepped aside; but that Princess, having heard great Talk of the *Armenian*, for his Skill in telling Fortunes, sent for me, to tell what would befall her in the remaining Part of her Life. I excused myself,

as not understanding enough of *Italian*, of which, I said, I could speak but very little, and, consequently, should be put to it, to make the Queen understand me. In vain did I excuse myself; I was forced to obey the second Command, and appear before her Majesty. I know not, whether, in the little time that I tarry'd with her, she knew me again, or whether she had earnest Business with the Marchioness; but she put me off till the Day following, and charged me to come then to her Palace. Thereupon I flattered myself I was pretty safe, and that I had (tho' narrowly) 'scaped a Scowring; and so, not dreaming that I had a Spy at my Heels, who had Orders to follow me, and watch whither I went, away hurried I to the *Few's*, where I resumed my Monk's Habit, and returned to the *Holy Apostles*, full of Joy, that I had made such a Come-off. The next Day, the Count *d'Alibert* came in one of the Queen's Coaches, and asked for me. Going to him, he assured me, That her Majesty expected an *Armenian* Astrologer to come and calculate her Nativity; and that she desired I should be present at the Conference between her and that skilful Professor. I could not go back; but resolving to deny all they should charge me withal, got into the Coach, with the Count, and was soon set down at the Queen's Palace. No sooner were she and I alone, but I saw, in her Eyes, the Anger she afterwards made me feel. She broke Silence, with assuring me, That if I would tell her the Truth, she would forgive me, and pass over my Crime; but that if I would not confess ingenuously, that I had disguised myself like an *Armenian*, on purpose to get Sight of the Marchioness of T, she'd make me repent my Boldness. I perceived, That I had to deal with an unequal Power; that 'twould be Madness to shuffle, and deny the Truth; and that the shortest way was, to make an open Confession of the whole Affair. This Method taken, the Queen gave me a threatening Look, and going out of her Closet, ordered the Count *d'Alibert* to carry me back to the *Holy Apostles*, forbidding me ever to return to *La Longara* again, upon Pain of her highest Displeasure. That Order thunder-struck, but did not fell me: I told the Count, that her Majesty was absolute Mistress of my Will;

Will ; that I knew how to obey ; and that I should ne-
 cease to lament the Loss of her most gracious Protection.
 The next Day, *Pietrocio* came into my Chamber with a
 Letter from the Marchioness, which she wrote the same
 Day as the Queen surprised me in the Parlour, but had
 not, till then, an Opportunity of sending it to me. It
 was this :

L E T T E R.

“ SINCE our last Interview, I have not heard a
 “ Syllable either of you, or of the Queen : She
 “ knew you, notwithstanding your Disguise ; and, I am
 “ afraid, will revenge herself upon me, by depriving me
 “ of the Sight of you. I have resolved to see what will
 “ be the Effect of her Jealousy ; if it be fatal, may all the
 “ Mischief fall on me : 'Twill be tolerable, so you escape
 “ it ! As for me, I shall fear nothing, so you have no-
 “ thing to fear : *Pietrocio* will tell you what I feel. Sure,
 “ I can never bear it long ! Adieu !”

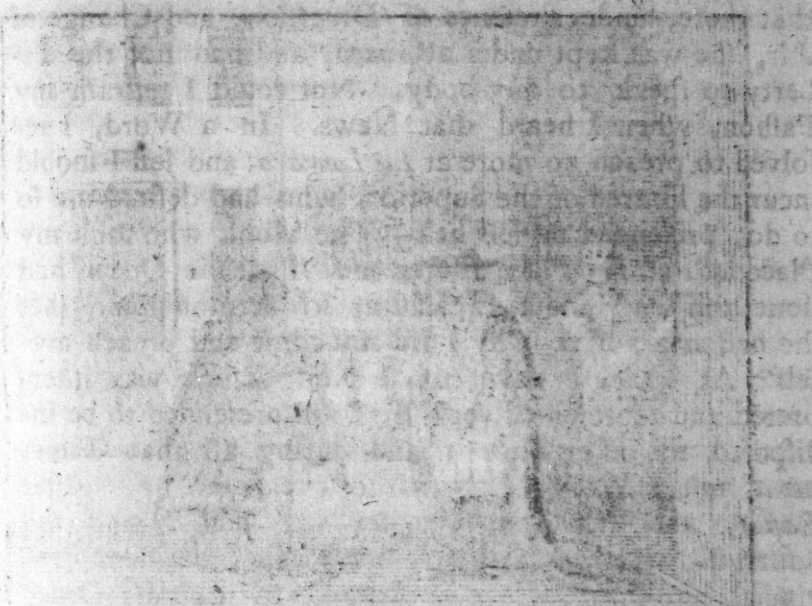
I was in daily Expectation of some great Misfortune,
 that should befall me, upon the Loss of the good Graces of
 Queen *Christina* of Sweden : Nor could I forbear
 communicating my Fear to *Pietrocio*, who yielded me
 abundance of Consolation, and offered to expose his own
 Life to procure the Tranquillity of mine. Mean time,
Lent came on apace, and being to preach, every Sunday,
 during that Season, in the Convent where the Marchio-
 ness was, I made Preparation for such an Undertaking :
 As I had promised myself the Honour of the Queen's
 Audience, which I had had every Sunday in *Advent*, I
 was much surprised to find, that the Pains I had taken
 in composing my Discourse were thrown away upon a
 few Wenches of but indifferent Capacities. The Mar-
 chioness had not written to me in four or five Days, and
Pietrocio had been at the Monastery several times, without
 being able to get to the Speech of her ; which made me
 conclude, Orders were given, that she should see no Person.
 For my own Part, I knew not how to inform myself of
 that Truth ; but desired *Gabrielle* to unfold the Mystery
 of

of this Affair. Eight or ten Days after, she came and told me, that the Queen had taken the Marchioness out of the Convent, and sent her to a Country-house; and that there, under Pretence of Diversion, and Change of Air, she was kept under a Guard, and had not the Liberty to speak to any body. Nor could I restrain my Passion, when I heard that News. In a Word, I resolved to preach no more at *La Longara*; and lest I should incur the Hatred of the Superior, who had desired me so to do, pretended myself sick. The Monk who took my Place assured my Place assured me, That the Queen had done him the Honour to assist at his Sermon; and that she had asked him, why I did not come and preach myself? At that, I gave him a Nod, which was interpreted and represented very ill. I still pretended to be indisposed till after *Easter*; and during all that Time, heard not a Word of News to cheer me up. After *Easter*, the Provincial Chapter was held; and the Superior, who was so much my Friend, was sent Provincial into the Province of *Bologna*, by express Order of the Pope, who thought thereby to reform Abuses in those Parts. The Superior who had persecuted me at *Naples*, and was made Superior at the *Holy Apostles*, being arrived, I knew, at first Sight, that he would be as great a Thorn in my Side as ever. I could never, by any means, gain, I won't say, his Esteem or Friendship, but even the Tranquillity which Charity and my Submission demanded: In a Word, finding that all my Friends abandoned me, because of the scandalous Character which that wicked Priest had given me, and that so I was like, once more, to be exposed to a thousand ridiculous and impertinent Mortifications, I resolved to leave *Rome*; and without waiting either for the Provincial's *Obedientia*, or the Advice of any Person in the World, left the Convent, one fine Morning, and went directly to the Palace of *Rospigliosi*, to inquire for *Pietrocio*. There I was told, that the Princess's whole Family was gone to pass some time at *Tivoli*; and that *Pietrocio* made one among them. I was surpris'd, that my dear Friend, who knew the State of my Affairs, had not given me Notice of his Departure; and resolv'd to go and reproach

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of the Cape and the same was taken to the



The Life and Adventures of the African. Eight or ten Days after the same was told that the Queen had taken the African of the Cape and the same was taken to the

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reproach him for his Indifference. My Visit was altogether unexpected to him; and he assur'd me, that he had written to me, but that his Letter was sent him back, and the Messenger told, that they did not know where I was, but suppos'd I was gone to *Naples*.

Thus intirely convinced of the Disposition of my Enemies, I determin'd to go to *Bologna*, to seek Employ of the Father Provincial, who was my intimate Friend. I had tarry'd eight or ten Days with *Pietrocio* and *Gabrielle*, talking about my dear Lady. They assur'd me, that they would find her out, and send me Word about her; and that I might depend upon it. I had been, as I said before, eight or ten Days at *Tivoli*, without seeing the Seats of Pleasure in that antient Place of the *Sabini*, when walking one Day near the Duke of *Parma's*, I saw the Marchioness and *Rosalia*, in Company with Cardinal C I left it to *Pietrocio* to take care what became of that Company, and to watch what Vineyard they retir'd to; and my dear Friend inform'd me, in the Evining, that the Marchioness was at the Cardinal's; that she walk'd with him daily in the Garden, and that she never stirr'd out, but to a Monastery of Nuns of *St. Augustin*, which is in that Town. I immediately took the Resolution to disguise myself in Beggar's Apparel, to tie up one of my Legs, and to put a Plaister over one of my Eyes, to prevent my being known. In this Posture I went and placed myself at the Monastery-gate; and as the Cardinal was with the Marchioness, I importunately demanded an Alms of 'em both. Not being at all known the first time, I went every Day at the same Hour, to beg at the Gate, in my Cripp'e's Drefs. At last, the Cardinal asking me, one Day, Why, since I had the Use of my Arms, I did not earn my Livelihood, rather than go a begging thus? I desired him to set me to Work, assuring him, that I knew perfectly well the Art of cultivating Flowers. Going out of the Monastery, he bad me follow him, saying, he would employ me, if I could do what I had pretended to. My Design succeeded according to Wish: I was taken into Service, and became such a Favourite of my new Master, that I wanted for nothing, but thought myself

myself very happy, tho' in that mean and abject Condition. *Rosalia* came and talk'd with me every Day; but it was some time before I made myself known to her. At last, I could no longer forbear speaking to the Marchioness, but discover'd myself, and agreeably surpris'd my Sister, by telling her who I was. You are a mere *Proteus*, said that lovely Girl; and I must confess, that you alone are a glaring Instance of the Power of Love: But after all my Joy for seeing you so near us, I cannot but fear, the Queen knows of your new Metamorphosis. The Cardinal is e'en mad for the Marchioness, who utterly detests him. Nay, so great is her Melancholy, that it has given her a kind of Fever for this Fortnight or three Weeks, which makes me tremble for her Life. The Truth is, I doubt this black Humour proceeds from some other more dangerous Cause. Thus, for about a Week past, I am never alone but I am drown'd in Tears; so that if she happens to die, I shall never survive so great a Loss, the Space of four-and-twenty Hours.

You will easily imagine, that this killing News put me into the most violent and desperate Rage. I made no question but my Lady was poison'd; and I'd have undertaken any thing to revenge so dear a Life. But, at last, finding no Method of Revenge, I droop'd away in such a manner, that my Face was quite alter'd. I saw *Rosalia* daily, and held her in Discourse at least an Hour every Morning. The Marchioness knew how near I was to her; but not being able to speak to me, by reason of her Indisposition, I receiv'd some little Favours from her every Day; and *Rosalia* read my Letters and short Poems to her, which she heard with abundance of Pleasure. As the Cardinal was oblig'd to repair to *Rome*, to be present at the Assembly of the Council, of which he was President, he told the Marchioness, that the great Heats render'd the Country very dangerous; and that, in a few Days, she must return to the Convent of *La Longara* in *Rome*. The Marchioness, who found her Strength decay'd daily, and was sensible, that Death could not be far off, intreated the Cardinal to suffer her to end her Days in Peace at that Place: I have no other Journey

ney to go, *said she*, than that of Eternity : The Queen's Protection has prov'd very fatal to me ; and has only put off, for a few Years, the Execution which Fate long since sentenc'd me to : Please to tell her, Sir, that I die with all the Sense 'tis possible for one in my deplorable State to have. Whether the Cardinal was an Accomplice of the Fact, or not, he affected to give Marks of an extreme Grief ; which, however, were censur'd according to their Merit. The Marchioness desir'd to be alone with *Rosalia* ; which being granted, she sent me the following Letter, which she dictated to *Rosalia*, but sign'd it with her own Hand.

L E T T E R.

Dear Colli !

“ T O O lovely, and too much lov'd Brother of the
 “ Marchioness of T, your Sister, and
 “ sincere Friend ! Receive, with this Letter, the faith-
 “ ful Sentiments of my Heart, and the last Expressions
 “ of my Life. I die at an Age wherein Death us'd to
 “ appear terrible even to the most Resolute : But for my
 “ part, I saw him coming at a Distance, and have render'd
 “ his ghastly Looks so familiar to me, that I now
 “ receive him without the least Uneasiness : My unfortunate
 “ Life, full of adverse Fate, has render'd him even desirable
 “ to me. Alas ! Why did not he come sooner ? and to what purpose
 “ did I come to *Rome* to avoid him, since he is inevitable,
 “ fly where I will ? You survive me ; and I leave you, perhaps,
 “ a Victim to the same Hand which has sacrificed me to his Pas-
 “ sion. Fly from these Places of Horror and Abomination,
 “ and suffer not yourself to be surpris'd in the Snares that
 “ will be laid to keep you here. You were born under as un-
 “ lucky a Planet as myself : Wherefore seek no Rest in this
 “ World ; for there is none : 'Tis only to be found in God,
 “ when our Days shall be no longer subject to frightful
 “ Nights. Remember this, after your Sister's Death ; and
 “ how much she stands in need of Prayers and Sacrifices.
 “ *Rosalia* will deliver to you a small Present which I make you,
 “ to VOL. I. K “ relieve

“relieve your Necessity : She has resolv'd to shut her-
 “self up in a Convent, as soon as she has render'd me
 “her last Offices : Do you never forget her, and excite
 “one another to the Love of God, and to think some-
 “times of her, who dies,

Your dear and good Sister,

The Marchioness of T

Rosalia brought me this Letter about Six o' Clock in the Morning ; and told me, with Tears in her Eyes, that our dear Mistress was at the Point of Death : You will learn by this Letter, *added she*, the Sentiments she had entertain'd in your behalf. If she dies, you will find in the Grotto of *Bacchus*, on the Right-side of the Fountain, a little Box bury'd about a Foot under Ground, which I have just interr'd by her Order : It will be of some Service to you ; for she foresees that you will one Day have Occasion for it. Adieu ! I can stay no longer : The Cardinal is our Spy, and I am afraid he suspects something of what you are, and of your Business here.

No sooner had I receiv'd this Letter, but I retir'd to a dull shady Walk, as well to read it, as to be at Liberty to make my melancholy Reflections thereon : Nor was I ever touch'd with so great Tenderness and Compassion in all my Life ; every Word drew a Sigh from my Heart, and not a Line but melted me into Tears ; and these, join'd with my Groans, drew the Cardinal into the Place of my Retirement : Coming softly upon me, he snatch'd the Letter out of my Hand, which I was going to read over again ; and so left me in the greatest Fright I was ever sensible of. Then I resolv'd, at once, to stick at nothing which might give me Satisfaction ; and running up to him, I took him round the Middle, threw up his Heels, recover'd my Letter from him, and gave him so many Blows upon his Stomach, that I left him for dead. After the Commission of this Violence, I consider'd that it was high time for me to make my Escape ; and accordingly, having taken off the Plaster which

which cover'd my left Eye, and set my ty'd-up Leg at Liberty, I leap'd the Wall, and gain'd the *Sabinian Mountains*. Thence I proceeded towards *Tuscany*, begging all the way I went (for I had not quitted my Beggar's Garb); and arriv'd at *Florence*, about a Fortnight after I had left *Tivoli*. I went to the Convent of the *Holy Cross*, thinking to have met with Father *Francisco-Maria*, Provincial of that Province, who was my generous Protector; but that Gentleman was then at *Bologna*. Wherefore, making no Stay at *Florence*, I took the Route of the *Apennine Mountains*, and lay at *Logano*, in a Convent of *Recollects*, whose Charity I demanded in the Name of God. The next Day, as soon as it was light, I continu'd my Journey towards *Bologna*. The Country thro' which I travell'd was so poor and barren, and the Mountaineers who inhabited it were so savage and brutish, that I had like to have died of Hunger among them. It was on a *Sunday*; and it being already about Four in the Afternoon, when I had travell'd without the least Food or Refreshment that Day, I could walk no farther, but finding a Fountain on the Brink of a little Hill, lay down upon the Grass, to give some Rest to my weary Limbs. I had no sooner done this, but two old Women, above Seventy, came up to me, and ask'd me, What I did there? and, Whither I was going? I told 'em, I was a great Sinner, and came from *Rome*; that my Penance obliged me to beg Alms in the Rags they saw me in, and that the better to mortify my Flesh, I always took the longest and worst Roads. The good Women seeming concern'd at my Condition, I had the Boldness to ask 'em for something to eat; but they excus'd themselves under Pretence of Poverty, and assur'd me, that they did not eat Bread above four or five times a Year. Thus, I perceiv'd, I must either perish, or make use of my Wits, to get something out of those old Beldams. Accordingly, I turn'd our Conversation into a Discourse on the Wickedness of *Conjurers*; and having told 'em some Stories, which I pretended to know the Truth of, I assur'd 'em, that his Holiness had furnish'd me with consecrated Wax, whose Virtue was such, that it would defend one against any kind of

Witchcraft whatever. Some of this they immediately demanded; but I gave 'em to understand, that they must first go and fetch me something to eat, and then I would make 'em sufficient Amends for their Charity. Away hobbled my two old Women to their Cottage, and made a quick Return, accompany'd by seven or eight young Men, and very pretty Maids, whose Beauty made me forget my Hunger for some time. I had made, against their Arrival, several little Crosses of Wax, of a Taper which I took at *Logano*; and those Highlanders valu'd my Presents more than all the *Agnus Dei's* in *Rome*. They gave me, in Exchange, some of their Fruit and Wine; and I took so much Pleasure in both, that I began to envy 'em their rustical way of Living. In short, had my Heart been less swell'd with Ambition, I should have resolv'd to live in that Place, free from the Noise and Clutter of the World; to which I was powerfully tempted, by the Youth and Beauty, and Angelic Modesty of one of those Country-Girls. She was, indeed, so every way charming, and glanc'd such Darts from her killing Eyes, that I was perfectly thunder-struck, and forgot, while I look'd on her, all the Beauties I had ever seen before. I view'd her with that Attention and Earnestness, that her Mother suspecting the Truth of my Passion, bad her Daughter follow her. Then turning about, all the little Troop march'd off, and took their Leaves with a *Buona Sera a vo' Signoria*; which is as much as to say, *Good-night t'ye*. As soon as I found myself alone, I bewail'd, at once, the Loss I had suffer'd, and the Tendernefs of my Captive-Heart. It already grew late, and I had two long Leagues to go, before I could get a Lodging. As I was oblig'd to leave the Woods before it was dark, by reason of the Wolves, I made all possible Haste to reach an Inn, which at last I did. The ragged Equipage I was in, render'd it a difficult Task for me to persuade the Inn-keeper to give me Shelter. As soon as it was light, I paid my Landlord, and set out for *Bologna*, where I arriv'd about Three in the Afternoon. I went directly to the Church of the *Cordeliers*, and ask'd the Porter, whether Father *Angelo* the Provincial was at home? who answering,

Yes;

Yes; I desir'd he would tell him, that a Stranger desir'd to be confess'd by him, who was come above a hundred Leagues to advise with him about an extraordinary Case of great Importance. The Provincial thereupon repair'd to the Confession-Chair, where I expected him upon my Knees. I made myself known to him, and having told him all my Circumstances, he assur'd me, That he had Orders from the Superior, and even from the Pope himself, to seize me; that, however, he would not offer me that Affront, because he found, by the Account I had just given him, that I was less guilty than unfortunate: Besides, I won't seize you, *added he*, because I have only Orders to seize Father Colli; and you don't look like him, in the Garb I now see you in; nor can I expose you to an evident Danger, by reason my Affection for you is still the same, tho' you are in this forlorn and miserable Plight: On the contrary, you are dearer to me in your Adversity; and to convince you that my Heart goes along with my Tongue, tarry a Moment, and I'll go and fetch you something which shall secure you against the Malice of all your Persecutors. Had it been any other Monk than he, who had talk'd to me at this rate, he had not found me upon his Return; for I knew, by dire Experience, how dangerous it is to confide in such sort of Persons, who, without the least Hope of Preferment, or of gaining the Good-will of the Grandees, stick at no Treachery or Perfidiousness, tho' of the basest kind. Having made all the Reflections which it is natural to make upon the like Occasions, in comes my Benefactor with a Letter in his Hand. There's a Letter, *said he*, directed to Signor Morosini, who sent to me for a Master of Philosophy, and the other Parts of Learning, to instruct his Son. In it, I desire him not only to receive you for that end, but to grant you his Protection, and to procure you that of the Republic, against your Persecutors. Go therefore, and I'll be answerable for the Success of your Journey. Your Enemies are not immortal, and unconstant Fortune will not be always constant in tormenting you. He gave me ten Pistoles to buy me a Suit of Cloaths fit to appear in before that Noble *Venetian*; and taking my Leave of my

good Friend, with equal Affection and Gratitude, I continu'd my Journey quite to *Venice*, under the same Beggar's Disguise, without meeting with the least Adventure therein, except that of a young Girl, disguis'd like a Boy, who had provok'd her Parents by too great Familiarity with a young Man in their Village, and was forc'd to fly from the Effect of their Anger. She kept me Company from *Rowigi* to *Padua*. At Night we lodg'd together in the same Inn, and the same Chamber; and she discover'd to me her Sex, of which I was ignorant the whole Day. Nor was this all: She could no longer contain herself, but begg'd of me to be constant to her, promising I should want for nothing, if I would but marry her, or pretend I had marry'd her. I consented to all her Demands, and so she bore my Charges from *Padua* to *Venice*. The Day after our Arrival, I told her I would go and look for a Lodging in some pleasant Part of the City; but went directly to the *Jews* Street, to buy me the Habit of my Order, to present myself before Signor *Morofini*: And thus I got rid of poor *Apollonia*, for that was the Name which my young Adventurer went by. The *Jew* to whom I apply'd myself, was a good old Man, very knowing in their Law, and particularly well vers'd in the *Cabalistic* Learning. He treated me with abundance of Civility; and I desir'd him to furnish me with what I wanted. He was very eager to please me; and having fitted me with a Suit becoming the Charge I was just entring upon, I went from Signor *Isaac Reikfer's*, directly to Signor *Morofini's*, and deliver'd my Letter to that Noble *Venetian*. Having discours'd together for some time, about my Affairs, he promis'd me his Friendship and Protection against all my Enemies. As it was highly necessary to enter into some Measures against the Powers that persecuted me, the first Step which Signor *Morofini* took, was to go with me to the Convent of the *Great-Friers*, and recommend me to the Provincial, telling him who I was, and the Office he had conferr'd on me, and entrusting him with my Person, in his own Name, and that of the Republic, who had taken me under their Protection. That Provincial was too good a Politician, not to obey the

the Orders given him; and knew, that as it was dangerous to oppose any Member of the Republic, so it was much more so, to defy the whole Body thereof. Wherefore, having told me I was welcome, he offer'd me his Service, and that of the whole Province. I made him no other Answer, than by a low Bow; and returning to the *Gondola* with my Protector, we went back to the Palace, very well pleas'd with the Civilities of the Provincial D

The next Day, I waited on Signor *Pietro Morosini*, my Protector's only Son, whose Progress in his Studies made me ample Amends for the Pains I was at in instructing him; insomuch that I must needs say, I never met with so many excellent Qualities concentred in the same Person. In less than two Years and a half, he was capable of returning an Answer, as to the Opinions of all the antient and modern Philosophers, and was admitted Doctor of Laws at *Padua*, from whence he return'd crown'd with the Bays of Honour. Never were more grateful and generous Sentiments express'd, than those which that young Lord utter'd in my Favour. I found considerable Presents, every Day, upon my Table; and none ever liv'd more contentedly than I did, in that honourable Retreat, in which I laid up above 500 *Sequins*. All the Learned in *Venice* courted my Acquaintance; and I had no other Thought to obstruct the Course of my Happiness, than that of the Marchioness's Death, Advice whereof was sent to me by the Provincial of *Florence*; who assur'd me, at the same time, that *Rosalia* was retir'd to the Convent of *St. Sylvester*, where his Sister was. He likewise sent me Word, how inveterate the Pope was against me; and that his Holiness had order'd his Nuncio at *Venice* to seize me privately, and send me to *Rome*. He mentioned no more of the Queen to me, than that Cardinal C, whom I had so abus'd, was in Disgrace with her Majesty of *Sweden*. Mean time, I found myself so well skreen'd at *Venice*, that tho' I should scarce have done it in any other Place, yet I continu'd to visit my Friends, and to learn the Oriental Languages. Rabbi *Isaac* was my Master above a Year; and I went to his House every Day to learn my

Lesson, and confer with him about Matters of Antiquity. That good Man took such a Fancy to me, that one Day, when his Heart was open, he told me, as a particular Mark of his Esteem, That he was extremely griev'd, that I was not a *Jew*, as well as he, by reason he had a mind to give me Instructions which it was not lawful for him to reveal to any but those of his own Nation. Having heard much of this *Jew's* Skill in the Science of the *Cabala*, I desir'd him to give me some Experience of it, to convince me that that Science was not a Chimera; and then shewing him my Hand, I told him, that I had for some Years felt a kind of Pain in it; and that I could wish, he would examine his *Cabala*, to know whence the same might proceed. He was so complaisant as to condescend to my Request; and I was never more surpris'd, than when he told me, in two *Hebrew* Verses, that in a Dream which I had dreamt at *Rome*, my Father's Murderer appear'd to me, and imprinted that Pain in my Hand. Nor did my Curiosity lead me to ask any farther Questions at that time; but I was seiz'd with an unaccountable Fright, which had never left me, were it not for the Desire I had to be instructed in that Science. I spent the Night in studying Methods to engage my Rabbi to communicate his Secret of the *Cabala* to me. The next Day, when I went to his House, as usual, to learn my Lesson, he was not at home; which gave occasion to his only Daughter, of incomparable Beauty, to bear me Company for some time, tho' that Practice is not very customary in *Italy*. However, the Priests, and particularly the Monks, enjoy certain Privileges above the common Sort, and are exempted from the general Law. I had no Affair at Heart; for ever since I had left *Rome*, I design'd never to engage myself again. On the contrary, I made it my Business to converse with the Learned and Curious, in order to be instructed in something Mechanic, which, I foresaw, would be, one Day, serviceable to me. One of the most ingenious, honest Men, that ever I contracted a Friendship withal, was a Gentleman of *Messina*, named *John Baptist Colonna*, who had been obliged to run his Country, for his Inclination to the *French* Interest, and was reduced to the Necessity of

of getting his Bread by Pleading, and several other ingenious Fancies, which diverted his Melancholy, and charm'd away his Cares. This Gentleman taught me how to make all sorts of Liquors and Perfumes, as well for the Complexion as Health of the Ladies, and a thousand other useful and diverting Curiosities. I spoke to him several times concerning the *Cabala*; and he assur'd me, that as it was known by none but the *Jews*, if we could but get an Insight into that Science, our Fortune would be rais'd to a Pinnacle envy'd by the greatest Princes in the World. But that Science promises a great deal more than it performs, as I afterwards found by Experience. Mean time, the little Knowledge I had of it made me so desirous to get more, that not thinking of any other Method whereby to gain so great Confidence with my Rabbi, I pretended Love to his Daughter, and gave her room to hope for all she desir'd. But I deceiv'd myself very foolishly, by entering into such Engagements with that fair *Jewess*, as I knew not how to extricate myself from. And hence did my Enemies take Occasion to perplex me. I was indeed aware, that such a Passion would prove very injurious to me; and to prevent its Consequences, endeavour'd to break the Neck of it, by keeping from her, and visiting no more the charming *Esther*, Daughter of my esteem'd Rabbi. Accordingly, I feign'd myself sick; and the Report of my Indisposition occasion'd me several troublesome Visits. I had not liv'd above three or four Days thus retir'd from the Hurry of the World, when, one Morning, somebody knock'd at my Door with a *Susciraro*. Immediately I ran to see who it could be, that was in so much Haste, and so uncivil. Who should enter, but a young Abbot, of a graceful Mien, and well-shaped, making abundance of Excuses for the Freedom he had taken in giving me that Disturbance, and desiring me to pardon his Boldness in coming to consult me about a Case of the last Importance! He assur'd me farther, That it was owing to my own Merit only; that he was thus importunate; for you are every-where had in great Veneration, continu'd he; and we have recourse to you, as to an Oracle. This Compliment, being pronounced with

an extraordinary good Grace, made me look with more Attention on the Abbot who express'd it : But I was so charm'd with his sweet Looks, that I did not know the beautiful Signora *Esther*, under that Metamorphosis, which had been fatal to her, had it been found out that she put on Priest's Apparel : For as she was a *Jewess* by Birth, the Inquisition would have trounced her severely for her ingenious Disguise. The Case she propos'd to me was this : I am, *said she*, a young Abbot of *Cremona*, but had always an entire Aversion against all that they call *Revenues of the Church*. Nevertheless, I have had in View, for some Days past, a small Benefice, situate in the finest Country in the World ; and would give all I am worth to get Possession thereof. It is in the House of a certain Lord of the Republic, and I am very sure of being refus'd it, if I should ask for it. On the other hand, I shall die if I have it not ; for 'tis a Benefice that concerns my Heart ! I am not willing to incur the Charge of *Simony*, but must be plain to tell you, that I find myself under an Obligation to do *any* thing to gain this important Point. Thinking to have answer'd an Abbot, who had done me the Honour to ask my Advice, I gave him a succinct Exposition of the Laws and Canons of the Church, with respect to the unjust Acquisition of Ecclesiastical Livings ; and having laid down the Objections of both Sides, and explain'd to him the Nature of the Demand which *Simon Magus* made to the Apostles, and particularly *Simon's* Meaning as to the Power of buying the Holy Ghost ; I concluded with telling the Abbot, That he could not otherwise obtain that Benefice, than by Permutation, Resignation, or a free and unbiass'd Collation ; by reason the Law was very nice and formal upon that Subject. Thereupon my pretended Abbot got up in a great Heat, and exclaim'd in such a manner against the Laws of the Church, that I found it was Signora *Esther* in that Disguise. She would fain have taken her Leave, and retir'd ; but I threw myself at her Feet, and talk'd with so much Passion to her, that, at last, the charming *Jewess* permitted me to adore her. In a Word, in vain had I fled the Power of her Charms ; and I found, in my closest Retirement,

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the Image of that killing Female still uppermost in my Fancy. But how did the Sight of her, and the Invention she had made use of to see me, add an invincible Strength and Vigour to my Passion! I yielded myself her Prisoner at Discretion, sacrificed all the Motions of my Soul to her Pleasure, and swore a thousand frightful Oaths, that, to convince her of the Sincerity of my Affection, I would obey all her Commands, and close with all her Wishes. These Protestations utter'd, fetching a deep Sigh, she told me, That our different Religions made us both miserable; that she had a mind to see clearly into that profound Abyss; and that if I could convince her, or she me, we might enjoy a Happiness to be envy'd, but not equall'd.——It is a difficult Matter for a Man of Sense and Spirit, not to take up with the Religion of her who is sole Mistress of his Heart. And I could quote innumerable Examples of this kind, which have given no little Scandal to the Church, had not I stinted myself to the writing of *Memoirs* only.

Signora *Esther* was now the only Deity to whom I paid my Devotions; and my Passion had so far transported me in her Favour, that I swore to her I would turn *Jew*, if she would but consent to marry me. She answer'd, That I must talk with her Father about it; for that, without his, she would never give her Consent. Thus this Affair was put off for that time; and going the next Day to visit my Rabbi, he receiv'd me with all possible Assurances of Love and Friendship. Compliments over, I broke the Matter to him, which he receiv'd with a Civility which I had no great Reason to hope for. Having taken the necessary Measures for my Circumcision, we agreed, that to avoid any unlucky Accident on the part of the Inquisition, I should retain the Habit of a Monk: And thus I once more apostatiz'd, worse than I had done before. So true is it, that Love is a foolish and furious Passion!——But God, who was pleas'd to deliver me out of this Snare, did, for that purpose, shew a kind of Miracle, to convince me of the Divinity of our Blessed Saviour *Jesus Christ*. The only Daughter of one of the richest *Jews* in *Venice* fell de-

sperately in Love with a young *Broker* in her Father's Neighbourhood, who was, indeed, so well-shaped and good-natur'd; and could do every thing with that Address; in a Word, who was so every way agreeable, that *Judith* (the young *Jewess*) was but too sensible of his Merit. She was scarce ever from the Window that look'd into the *Broker's* Shop; which soon convinced her Nurse, who was with her in the Quality of Governante, that a furious and unruly Passion had got deep Root in her Soul: Her incongruous Discourse, her continual Wakefulness, her frequent Sighs, her *Nausea* of all Food and Nourishment, her Eagerness to be at the Window; all these sufficiently confirm'd the old Nurse in her Suspicion. In a Word, perceiving her Mistress to have a visible Decay, and drooping of Spirit, and put to't to give the Father a reasonable Answer, who was daily finding Fault with her upon the score of his Daughter's Indisposition, she made bold to tell Signora *Judith* plainly, one Day, That she knew the young *Broker's* Charms had made an entire Conquest of her Heart; promising, at the same time, to render her effectual Service, if she would confess the whole Matter to her. Shame and Confusion quite astonish'd the young Lady, insomuch that she knew not what Answer to give her Nurse, who taking the Advantage of this critical Moment, to get out of her that dangerous Secret, oblig'd her, by her repeated Promises and Embraces, to acknowledge, that the young *Broker* was the only Object of her Thought, and the Cause of the Change which had befallen her Health. Nor needed there more, to determine the Nurse to break the Neck of a Passion so injurious and inferior to a Lady of her Quality. In a Word, her *effectual Service* was turn'd into a smart Representation of her Mistress's Greatness, the vast Estate which would come to her, and the great Credit and Esteem her Father was in among the principal Members of the Republic. Signora *Judith*, finding herself thus disappointed by the Nurse, reproach'd her for her Perfidiousness, and going to Bed, had all the Symptoms of an approaching Death. The Nurse being frighted almost out of her Senses, and not knowing what Course to take in this
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melancholy Conjunction, went to the Father, told him the Situation of his Daughter's Heart, and the sad Accident just befallen her. *Jacob de Montefior* (for that was *Judith's* Father's Name) ran immediately to his Daughter's Apartment, and seeing her in so sad a Condition, his Tenderness made him promise whatever she desir'd, provided she would live, and help to forward her Recovery. Flush'd with these Hopes, the fair sick Lady took new Spirit, made a quick Recovery, and as soon as it was perfect, put her Father in mind of his Promise; conjuring him to make her happy, by giving her Signor *Joseph*, the young *Broker*, for a Spouse. The Father consented; and, as the *Jews* never stand upon the Nobleness of Families, but (all the Tribes being now blended together) esteem, alike, such as are honour'd with the Character of God's peculiar People, made no Difficulty of raising the Fortune of a Child of *Israel*, by marrying his Daughter to him. To this end he sent for him home to his House, and liking him very well, gave him some old Cloaths to mend. The Nurse was also order'd to take an Opportunity to tell him privately the Felicity of his Condition, in that her Master had pitch'd upon him for his Son-in-law. *Joseph* receiv'd the Proposal with an Air of Coldness and Indifference, and told the Governante, That he thank'd her Master, and was obliged to him. The old Woman, at first, attributed his Answer to the Bashfulness and Modesty common to Persons of his Years; but the Sequel of his Discourse convinc'd her he was in Earnest. *Judith's* Father was very much surpris'd to find, that his Offers were of so little Weight, and therefore went himself to feel the young *Broker's* Pulse; but in vain, for *Joseph* refus'd him downright, as he had before done the Nurse; and thus the fair *Jewess* despair'd of Returns from a hard-hearted Person, whom she most passionately admir'd.

The wealthy *Jew*, who was a Man of vast Reputation, being desirous to revenge the Affront offer'd to his Daughter, summon'd the *Broker* before the Senate, in order to his repairing the Wrong he had done her, by refusing so rich, and handsome, and discreet a Lady.

Joseph

Joseph being before the Sovereign Council of the *Ten*, and interrogated as to the Reasons which might induce him to refuse a Match with a Daughter of his own Nation, so rich, and beautiful, and well-bred, made the following Answer: I shall always obey the Orders of this most Serene and August Republic, and shall never have any other Will than that of my Lords and Masters: But I conjure you, O illustrious Senators, by *Jesus Christ* of *Nazareth*, whom you worship as your God, and whom I myself acknowledge to be the true *Messiah*, not forcibly to marry me to Signor *Jacob's* Daughter. That Gentleman is descended from the hardy Wretches, who vilely spit in the Face of your Saviour, while hanging on the Cross. And this is such a Truth, that neither he, nor any one of his Family, has, ever since that Impiety, known how to spit. May it please your Excellencies to make the Experiment of what I tell you. He stands there: Be pleas'd to send for his Daughter, and all his Race; and if any of 'em spits, I'll no longer scruple to marry the charming *Judith*. This Discourse put the Senators, and all that heard him, into a Fit of Laughter; and the Doge, being present, immediately commanded the Merchant to spit. He answer'd, That indeed he could not; and own'd that the same Inconvenience attended his whole Family. This Affair made a great Noise at *Venice*; every one look'd upon it as a kind of Miracle; and Men of Parts ascribed that Defect to a natural Cause, by reason that may be done with Sweats, which cannot with Salivation. However, the *Jewish Broker* turn'd *Christian*; and his Example was follow'd by the rich Merchant and his Daughter, who got Instructions in the Mysteries of our Redemption, while I was preparing to turn *Jew*, to sooth up the Passion I had entertain'd in behalf of the beautiful *Esther*. The Day of my *Circumcision* was appointed for the first *Friday* in *March*, when the Operation was perform'd in the Presence of four Witnesses: And such, indeed, was my Blindness, that I really believ'd, there was no Religion better than that of *Moses*. But to confirm myself yet more in that Faith, I undertook to write a Book, which I intitled, *De duobus Impostoribus, Of the Two Impostors*.

I did, at first, but a little Sketch of it, dedicated to the Mind enlightened, and free from the Prejudices of Religion and Education. My Manuscript was sent into *Holland*, and transmitted to *Venice*, very well printed. The Curious who saw it, gave one to the Pope's Nuncio, who, thereupon, made all possible Search to discover the Author. And inasmuch as I was daily seen to have private Conferences with the *Jews*, and the Style was, besides, very agreeable to mine, they presently suspected me, and set Spies to watch me. Nor was it long before they seiz'd me, one Night, coming out of the Synagogue, in order to carry me to the Inquisition.

Had my Enemies been less passionate, they had now infallibly ruin'd me; But so eager were they to destroy me, that they must pretend to shut me up in the Inquisition, forsooth, without Leave from the Republic, which is, upon all Occasions, very jealous of the least Violation of her Authority. Nor did she fail to oppose my Ruin with Vigour; but resolv'd, herself, to take Cognizance of my Crime; and sent Secular Commissioners to me accordingly. You must needs think, that in the three Months time which I had been closely imprison'd in the Inquisition, and permitted to speak to no Person, I had not forgot to prepare an Answer touching the Book I had written. In a Word, I made so good an Apology for it, that my Commissioners judg'd me innocent, and assur'd me, three Days after, that I should be set at Liberty as soon as they heard from *Rome*, whither they had dispatch'd an Account of their Proceedings against me. Accordingly, in about eight or ten Days, the Nuncio himself came to take me out of the Inquisition, and assur'd me, That his Holiness was so well satisfied with my Reasons, that he had charg'd him to protect me on all Occasions. I receiv'd, with abundance of Joy, the News of my Inlargement, and of the Honour his Holiness was pleas'd to do me. The Danger I had escap'd, join'd with my Ambition, soon banish'd Love from my Heart. I thought no more either of the beautiful *Esther*, or of her Father; but having learnt the *Cabala*, had got all I aim'd at, by making myself a *Jew*. But *Esther*, who regarded me as her Husband,
and

and with whom I had liv'd as such for the Space of eight Months, prov'd to be with Child. She was inform'd of my Inlargement by Spies whom she had employ'd for that purpose : and finding I did not come home to her, and consequently that she was deceiv'd in me, sought all manner of ways to be reveng'd on me. On the Day of the Blessed Virgin's *Conception*, I repair'd to the Convent of my Order, where the most Serene Republic us'd to be present. The Preacher who had prepar'd to harangue that august Audience, was seiz'd with an Indisposition, so that he could not pronounce his Discourse before 'em : Whereupon I immediately offer'd to take that Frier's Place. My Request was granted ; I preach'd with abundance of Applause ; and nothing but Exclamations of Surprize were to be heard in the Church, after I had finish'd my Oration. I had prov'd therein, That the Blessed Virgin was free from Original Sin, by a Grace of Predestination, a Grace of Preservation, and a Grace of Revelation. And from this Principle I concluded, That *Mary* was purer than all the Angels, in the Bosom of God ; freer than all Mankind, in the Bosom of Nature ; and more glorious than all the Saints, in the Bosom of the Church. The Proofs I made use of appear'd solid and novel ; and as this Action riveted the Protection of my Patrons, so did it draw upon me the redoubled Envy of the Monks, and determin'd my secret Enemies to work my Ruin ; for which they already enter'd into close Cabal. I tarry'd some time at *Venice*, without asking a Question concerning either Signora *Esther*, or her Family. Nor would I venture into the *Jews* Street, for fear of reviving the Suspicion which had like to have cost me so dear just before. On the other hand, neither did *Esther's* Father, nor herself, dare to accuse me, for fear of being both burnt alive ; but stifled, as much as possible, the Grief occasion'd by my Treachery, and promis'd themselves a Vengeance suitable to the Magnitude of the Affront I had offer'd 'em.

At last the Time was come, when my Ruin attended me ; and there was no way left to escape my cruel Fate : Nay, I verily believe Heaven itself then conspir'd against me ;

me ; for the famous Comet, which appear'd some time in *Advent*, in the Year 1679, prognosticated my Destruction. All the Men of Letters in *Europe* were eager to explain the Consequences that might attend that strange *Phænomenon*. The learned *Padua*, and polite Muses of *Bologna* and *Florence*, publish'd several curious Dissertations, and foretold a thousand Events which never came to pass. The Queen of *Sweden* wrote Letters to all Parts of *Italy*, offering a thousand Pistoles to any Person that could unfold the Mystery of that prodigious Comet, or give an Idea thereof, sufficient to build a solid Judgment on. The Desire I had to appear once again, soon determin'd me to return to *Rome*. The Nuncio, whom I constantly visited, encouraged me in that Resolution, offer'd me his Service and his Purse, and wrote Letters to Cardinal *Cibo*, full of Expressions of Friendship and Esteem. I left *Venice*, notwithstanding all that my Friends could do, to dissuade me from that Journey. The Senator *Morosini* and his Son, desir'd me not to leave the Territories of the Republic, lest, if once gone, I should never return again ; and Dom *John Baptist Colonna* gave me abundance of Reason, to persuade me to lay aside my Design : But I could never believe that any Harm would befall me, by reason the Nuncio had so often assur'd me of his Holiness's Protection. In a Word, I set out from *Venice* on Friday Night, and taking *Bologna* in my way, made a Visit to the good Provincial, to whom I was so much obliged for his Protection and Friendship. That Gentleman would fain have persuaded me not to have gone any farther ; but I told him, That I had great Hopes of conquering my evil Fortune, and obliging even my Enemies to do me Justice, and become my Friends. *Lo faccia il Cielo !* (God grant you may !) reply'd the good Father, sighing : You and I shall never see one another again, Father *Colli* ; for all the malignant Influence of the Comet is going to fall on your Head. However, as nothing was capable of diverting my Design, but my Head ran altogether on my Journey, I took Post, and arriv'd at the *Holy Apostles* in *Rome*, five Days after I set out from *Venice*. I was receiv'd there with all the Marks of

of Esteem and Good-will that I could wish. The Superior, being advis'd of my coming, accompany'd me to the Palace of Pope *Innocent XI.* who admitted me to kiss his Toe, and, with a forced Smile, assur'd me he was extremely glad to see me at *Rome.* Having thus visited his Holiness, and declar'd my Desire to go, in the next place, and pay my Respects to the Queen of *Sweden,* the Superior was so kind as to go with me thither also. Her Majesty was surpris'd to see me, and ask'd me, in *Hebrew,* which she spoke very well, upon what Security I was come again into a Country where I had so formidable Enemies? I answer'd her, in the same Tongue, that I had nothing but her Majesty to fear; and that, would her great Soul but forget the Errors of my Youth, I'd take no Care for whatever angry Fortune could inflict of Cruel. She was pleas'd to assure me then, that she'd forget all, and that the Misfortunes to which I expos'd myself, forced her to pity me: But, *added she,* you are now embark'd, and must therefore trust to the Sea, wherein, I am afraid, you will suffer Shipwreck. You have a hundred Spies about your Person, who will give an Account of every the least Step you take. Your Destruction is already sworn to; and the *Jew of Venice,* and his Family, have deliver'd to the Commissioners of the Inquisition, the original Copy of your Book, *Of the Two Impostors,* which they sent for from *Holland.* Thus, I fancy, you'll be put to it, to extricate yourself out of this knotty Affair. Nevertheless, try whether you can explain the Meaning of the Comet; and, above all things, see you keep secret the Advice I have given you. The Superior heard not a Word of all this; but, as he knew nothing of the *Hebrew* Language, had had the Complaisance to withdraw: Wherefore, throwing myself upon my Knees, before the Queen, I implor'd her not to abandon me to my Enemies, but to furnish me with Means to extricate myself out of their Hands.--- I am not allow'd to beg your Pardon, *answer'd she;* Rise, appear to be merry and good-humour'd; perhaps the Tempest will blow over, and not fall heavy on you.

I return'd to the *Holy Apostles*, to outward Appearance, as easy and satisfy'd as ever I was in my Life; but my Heart was agitated with a thousand mortal Alarms. However, I went and paid my Respects to all the great Men of the Order, who were then in the Convent; and they all pretended the firmest Good-will and Esteem for me. Being a Stranger in the Place, I desir'd the Superior to permit me to eat my Meals in my Chamber; and he granted me that Permission, with abundance of obliging Expressions. The Windows of my Apartment look'd out upon the Back-part of the Palace of *Colonna*. In the Evening, when they brought my Supper, I would not venture to eat it, for fear of being poison'd; and the Queen of *Sweden* having sent one of her Pages to me just in the Nick of Time, I sent her Majesty Advice of my Apprehensions. She was pleas'd to send me an Answer, assuring me, That I might eat without Fear or Danger; for that the Malice of my Enemies would not so suddenly break out.----I desir'd the same Page to learn, whether *Pietrocio Momo*, who liv'd with the Princess *Rospigliosi*, was still at *Rome*; and if he was, to acquaint him that I was in that Convent. This, however, I committed to him as a Secret, and begg'd he would not say a Word of it to her Majesty. He assur'd me, That if *Pietrocio* was in *Rome*, I should see him the next Day, without Fail; and that if I would trust him with a Letter, he would certainly deliver it to him. The Air of Sincerity which the Page carry'd in his Face, induced me to write the four following Lines in the *Turkish* Language.

L E T T E R.

Dear Pietrocio!

“Come, with all possible Speed, to the *Holy Apostles*; for I want you: Every Moment you tarry will put me to a thousand Deaths, for fear you have forgot

Your dear Master,

LUZ AISE M.

My

My Letter was faithfully deliver'd ; and the Page was scarce gone out of my Chamber two Hours, before *Pietroccio* enter'd it. Our Embraces over, he told me, I had acted imprudently, in relying on Priests and Monks ; that all *Rome* had been alarm'd at the News of my Apostasy at *Venice*, and that my Ruin would be unlamented by all, after the scandalous Character they had given of me. I answer'd, with Tears in my Eyes, That I look'd upon my Ruin as inevitable, but that I was going to lose myself in Philosophy ; and that all *Europe* would speedily be alarm'd at the dismal Events which I was about to foretel, in the Explication of the Comet. Mean time, I desir'd *Pietroccio* not to be of the Number of my Enemies ; and that, if he would not relieve me, at least he would afford me Pity. He assur'd me he would do me what Service he was able ; but with such a faint and languishing Air, as convinced me, that I had lost the Pity of all the World. I shut myself up in my Apartment, and having consulted the *Cabala*, and made a general Research into the Consequences that might attend the Comet, prepar'd my Discourse for the Day appointed. The whole City, and all the learned Men of *Italy* were there ; and as there were no less than eight Competitors for this Prize, I convers'd with 'em daily, and heard 'em say abundance of curious Things, with some very impertinent, concerning the Comet. But all agreed in promising the Empire of the Universe to the Church. As the Comet extended its Tail from the East to the West, the *Turk* was threaten'd to be driven out of *Europe*, and the Emperor was to recover the Throne of *Constantine*, on t'other side the *Bosporus*. The Day appointed for me being, at last, come, I open'd my Discourse with establishing the System of the Meteors, their Matter, and good and evil Qualities : I proceeded next to my *Predictions*, and, as if inspired by the Spirit of God, began with those Words in the Prophet *Jeremiah's* Lamentations, *Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo ? &c.* How is this City, full of Abominations, still left standing ! Is it possible, O *Romans*, that you should be ignorant of the Evils which threaten you ? and that this City, so loathsome for its Frauds and Impieties, should

Should longer escape being turn'd topsy-turvy? What we read in History, of the *Attila's*, the *Alarics*, the *Didiers*, the *Henries*, and the *Germans*, in the last Ages, is but an Earnest of God's revengeful Justice prepar'd for this abominable City. She is, at present, given up to Impiety, Injustice, Impurity, and all the most sordid Vices and Enormities: In her, all the most insolent and unruly Passions range; and in the midst of her, the most crying Sins are perpetrated, under the specious Colour of Religion. God can no longer bear with Patience, that in one Corner of the Earth, a Handful of Men in Masquerade should make Him serve their disorderly and beastly Passions: His Vengeance will shew itself in the Comet, which foretels the Fall of the *Western* Empire, by the Invasion of the *Turks*; the taking of *Vienna*, and Ravages committed in all Parts of *Germany*; whole *Europe* in Arms, and fighting against the Truth: In a Word, an almost unheard-of Prodigy! you shall see the Father arm'd against the Son; and the Goods and Revenues of the Church apply'd to the Destruction of the Church herself, and to carry on the Designs of her Enemies. The Spirit of Discord has already laid the Foundations of his Empire in the North: His poisonous Breath shall infect both the Ends of the Earth; nor is there a Tree so strong and high, as not to bend under the Violence and Strength of his infectious Blasts. May the *Jonah*, who has excited this Tempest, perish! and be tumbled headlong into the Sea! May the Ships that carry this Crew of Pirates, founder, and suffer an eternal Shipwreck!

After having utter'd these fatal *Predictions*, with an Air of Prophecy, my Voice fail'd, my Spirits droop'd, and I fainted away. My Eyes being shut, and Death's pale Looks sitting on my Countenance, inspir'd the whole Audience with a kind of Suspicion that I had taken Poison, to extricate myself out of the Hands of my Persecutors. My Oration had lasted almost an Hour, and I had exhibited such an extraordinary Doctrine concerning the Consequences of Comets, that not one in any Age escap'd me, without a reasonable Account thereof. The History I had given of those Things added no small Weight

Weight to my Predictions : Wherefore, some looking upon me as a Man of extraordinary Parts, others as a hot-headed rash Fellow, I was blam'd by most, and generally abandon'd by all.

The numerous Cardinals, and other Prelates, who were present at my Action, were altogether bent on my Ruin; and therefore, instead of carrying me, in my Fit, into the Convent, away they lug me to the Inquisition, and commit me close Prisoner to a Dungeon. As soon as I came to myself again, and found whereabouts I was, I pass'd Sentence of Death on myself; and the only Comfort I had in seeing myself reduc'd to that extreme Misery, was, that it would soon have an end. Never did Wretch long more for Death to deliver him, than I did at that time; and if they had not taken the Precaution to clear the Room of whatever might have serv'd to abridge my Days, I had certainly undertook that desperate Enterprize. God, who had abandon'd me to the Evil of my Ways, gave me up to the most furious Rage, and deepest Despair: My Mind, which was abundantly more overcast with the Blackness of my Crimes, than was my Dungeon with the entire Privation of Light, was capable of forming no Notions but of Darknes and Horror. Thus was I three Days without so much as speaking, or receiving the least Nourishment. The Gao-lor, whose Business it was to carry Bread and Water to the Penitents, was amaz'd to see that for three Days I had not eaten any thing; and giving Advice thereof to the President of the Inquisition, that Gentleman permitted him to come into my Hole, Morning and Evening, and endeavour to yield some Comfort to my afflicted Soul. The fourth Day, therefore, I heard somebody open my Door, but at what Time of Day I knew not; for in that Place of Horror, *sempiternus horror inhabitat*, everlasting Terror dwells. I imagin'd, at first, that they were come to take me out, in order to drag me to some Place of Execution; and summon'd all my Strength to assist in my Defence. Rising up, therefore, upon my Bed of Straw, I gave the Keeper such a furious Look, as had like to have cost him a Fall. The Paleness of his Countenance entirely convinced me, that he was one of

Job's

Job's Messengers, and had brought me some bad News: Nor did I recover my Fear, till he told me who he was, and that he was come to relieve and comfort me in my sad Affliction. He desir'd me, in the Name of God, not to despair, assuring me that my Case was not so bad as I imagin'd, since he had heard, that several Grandees of *Rome* had interceded with the Pope in my behalf, and allerdg'd that my Crimes were owing to the great Heat of Passion, and of Youth. This sort of Language dissipated, in some measure, the Fright that had before possess'd my Mind. I was quite dissolv'd in Tears, and taking my Comforter by both his Hands, kiss'd 'em a thousand times, without being able to speak a Word. At last, having, in some measure, recover'd my Tranquillity, I told him, That I was sensible of my Crimes, and that I was not afraid of Death, but griev'd with the Thoughts of my unfortunate Life. He flatter'd me with the Hopes of doing me some Service, made me eat with him, and would fain have persuaded me to drink some of the Wine he had brought; but as I did not naturally love it, I would by no means taste it. Desiring him to let me have a Candle, and some Books to pass a little Time withal, he assur'd me, That that were as much as his Life was worth; that they must proceed fair and softly in the Affair of my Liberty; that he was willing to serve me, and would therefore keep his Compassion from the Knowledge of my Enemies, who would, otherwise, surely turn him out, and expose me to the Brutality of a new Keeper of their own Stamp. I knew not whence this so unexpected Relief came; and rack'd my Thoughts, in vain, to guess the Person to whom I was obliged for the Benefits I receiv'd, and the fair Hopes that were given me. At last, I arm'd myself with Patience, and, by degrees, (as formerly *Manasseh* in the Dungeon of the *Assyrians*) offer'd to God the Burden of my Chains, for an Expiation of my Sins.

It was now six Months since I was first committed to the Inquisition, and had heard nothing but the general Discourses of my Keeper, upon the Subject of the Protection my Friends would procure me; he al-

ways

ways assuring me, That if I had powerful Enemies, I had likewise Protectors, who left no Stone unturned, to save me. Asking him, What those abroad said of my Affairs? The Common-people, answered he, with whom you pass for an Atheist, wish for nothing more than your Death; the Grantees wish you had never returned to *Rome*; and your Misfortune has moved but a very small Number to Pity; but those few will never abandon you. Live, therefore, added my good Friend, with as little Concern as your Condition will admit of. You are not the only unhappy Man: But, to tell you a Piece of News, next to this very Dungeon, is that of the Man, who has made as great a Noise at *Rome*, as any living, and whose Reputation has been as good, both for Sanctity and Probity. 'Tis Doctor *Michael Molinos*, a Spaniard by Birth, who was taken up Yesterday about Noon, and is to appear, with two of his Disciples, at *La Minerva*, there to hear Sentence of Condemnation.

At the Name of *Molinos*, I skreamed out, and knowing the Piety and Merit of that Person, his Credit with all the Princes of *Rome*, and the particular Esteem which Pope *Innocent XI.* had for him, I could think no other, than that the Stars would fall from Heaven, after the Ruin of so great a Personage. The Truth is, I not only knew *Molinos* during the Time I lived in *Rome*, but had contracted a particular Friendship with him. He was a little, bald-pated Man, had a great Nose, black, large, well-cut Eyes, a high Forehead, thin Lips, and a Mouth somewhat wide, but full of Charms as often as he opened it to speak. His Complexion was a little swarthy; and his Temper naturally good and jovial. However, he was obliged, by his Place of *Director*, to make bold with his Humour, and affect a kind of Modesty and Reservedness. I took particular Notice of him at my late Action, when I explained the Meaning of the Comet; and knew, that he had given Marks of the particular Esteem he had for my Person, on some Occasions wherein I appeared. The History of that illustrious, unfortunate Gentleman, given me by my Keeper, and afterwards by himself, in the frequent Conferences we held in our Dungeons, is as follows:

Those

Those who had the nearest Access to the Person of *Innocent XI.* appeared to be Men of that Virtue and Integrity, that having nothing at Heart but the Interest and Grandeur of the Holy See, they had no manner of Regard to any Power that would encroach upon her Authority. *France*, who had always enjoy'd the Right of Franchises, which Right was made over to her, in Consideration of the great Services she had rendered the Sovereign Pontiffs, and the immense Riches she had helped 'em to, on several Occasions; *France*, I say, had never yet met with any Person, who durst dispute that Right with her, from the Time of *Charlemagne*, when it was first settled, to this very Age. The Court of *Rome* was highly offended at a famous Assembly of the Bishops of *France*, held at *Paris*, in the Year 1681; wherein certain Propositions were maintained, which, though, in reality, of no Importance, yet seemed to give some Check to the elevated Pitch, to which that See has rais'd herself. The Court of *Rome*, I say, was nettled at this Proceeding, and looked upon the Propositions of the *Sorbonne*, touching the Pope's Infallibility, &c. as a Blow at her Power and Greatness. Thereupon, a secret Congregation was held, in which none but those who were against the *French* Party were admitted. Doctor *Molinus* had talked therein with great Boldness and Strength of Argument, and propos'd several Methods to make the *French* repent of their rash Deliberations. *Cassoni*, the most insolent Person that ever breathed, a *Milanese* by Birth, and mortal Enemy to *France*, abusing the great Credit he had with the Pope, who suffered himself to be guided altogether by his Ministers; this *Cassoni*, I say, *Innocent XI.*'s Director, incensed him bitterly against the *French* King's Person. Nor did he forget to enlarge upon the Invasion of *Germany* by the *Turks*, and the Rebellion of Count *Teckeli* in *Hungary*, as both owing their Rise to the *French*, who still supply'd 'em with Arms and Money. The Court of *Rome*, thus persuaded, that the *French* designed to set all *Europe* together by the Ears, and dye her Rivers with *Christian* Blood, in order to reduce her under their Bondage, resolved to do that by Craft, which she could not by Strength; and according-

ly, procured the famous League of *Augsberg*, wherein (which future Ages will have much ado to believe) so many Persons, of different Interests and Religions, inviolably kept a Secret, for the Space of five or six Years; and in which they sold the Bear's Skin, before they had hunted him.

The Duke de D was then Ambassador at *Rome*; and was strangely nettled when the Court of *France* sent him Word, they knew better what passed at the *Vatican*, than he who was upon the Spot. The Ambassador, therefore, and the Cardinal his Brother, endeavoured to make amends for their seeming Negligence, by redoubling their Inquiries and Perquisitions for the future. Having taken the necessary Measures accordingly, they engaged Cardinal *Ottoboni*, a *Venetian*, (since Pope *Alexander VIII.*) in their Interest. That Cardinal informed the Ambassador, that the *Spaniards* were the only People that set his Holiness against the King his Master. *Molinos* was sacrificed as being Head of the Party for Cunning and Address, and he whose Counsel and Credit they had most Reason to fear. *Favoriti* and *Cassoni* were likewise suspected; but as it was too hardy and hazardous to attack the three prime Politicians of *Europe* at once, they judged it most convenient, to fight 'em all singly, and one after another. Accordingly, poor *Molinos* was the first that fell under their mortal Weapons. And here I will relate to you the Substance of what that unhappy Gentleman told me, in a Conversation of thirteen or fourteen Months, that we were next Neighbours, in the dark and damnable Prison of the Inquisition.

A Report was spread in *Rome*, all of a sudden, said he, That a certain Director, of the first Rank, taught an execrable Doctrine, and a Prayer, which was called, *A Prayer of Quietness*, whereby the superior, or upper Part of Man, having once sacrificed the Will, by an Act of Faith, the inferior, or lower Part, was incapable of committing Sin, and displeasing God; because as Sin is nothing else but a Will to be separated from God, by the Transgression of his Commandments, so that Will once offered up in Sacrifice by an Act of Faith, Man can sin no more; as the Brutes do not sin in following their

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Appetites. This Report was industriously insinuated even among the Mob, with such black and aggravating Circumstances, that nothing was to be heard in the Streets, but *Fuoco, Fuoco!* Fire and Faggot for the Broachers of Heresy! The next Thing was, to find out the Person, who asserted those damnable Positions. And as it would take from the Strength and Credit of the Calumny, to pick one out from among the Vulgar, I was pitched upon for the Sacrifice, and charged with propagating Errors, which, God knows, I never dreamt of. Nay, the very Day that the Officers of the Inquisition seized me, I thought of nothing less than such a Disgrace, since but the Day before, I had been assured, on the Part of the Pope, that I might depend upon the first Promotion. On the Day that I was condemned at *La Minerva*, where the whole City of *Rome* had placed themselves upon Scaffolds, I was the most surpris'd of any Man alive, to hear the Process read against me, whereof I had not before heard the least Syllable! Nor was I suffer'd to plead in my own Defence, but they condemn'd me to perpetual Imprisonment, without permitting me to answer one Word. Two Fellows from the very Riff-raff of the People, were condemned together with me; one a *Taylor*, the other a *Cobler*; both of 'em accused of having imbibed and cultivated my Errors, and of repairing to nocturnal Assemblies, wherein the most detestable Prostitution pass'd for a kind of Orison. When I came out of the Church, they conducted me to the Chamber of the Inquisition, where the *Inquisitor* gave me the Absolution, scourged me, and put me on the Penitential Habit. As soon as I had a little recovered the profound Surprize, which that horrid Ceremony had given me, I could not forbear, but, with an Air of Meekness and Tranquillity, Father, *said I to him*, God, who knows the Bottom of my Heart, and the Malice of my Enemies, will one Day judge us all, before the Face of all Nations. He answered me no otherwise, than by a Smile; and the *Barigello* having conducted me into the Coach, which waited for me, I was brought to this darksome Prison of the Inquisition, never more to see the Sun!

Molinos appeared so easy and unconcerned, while relating this melancholy Story, that you'd have thought it gave him no manner of Reflection. Daily and hourly did we comfort each other, with the Hopes of a speedy End of our miserable Lives ; and contracted a most strict and close Friendship, without seeing one another ; for we communicated our Thoughts to each other, thro' a thick Wall, in which we had, with Time and Pains, scratched a Hole with our Finger-Nails. I must needs say, I never met with a Friend so easy in Adversity, and so patient under Afflictions, as that *Spaniard* was. For, notwithstanding the Rancour, and Malice, and Injustice of his Enemies, I never heard him utter the least Complaint against them, nor indeed any Word that might argue Impatience. For my Part, I knew not what to think of him ; but if he was really guilty of the Crimes laid to his Charge, he was also arrived to the highest Pitch of that *Prayer of Quietness*, which raised him above all the Accidents and Troubles, and Incumbrances of this mortal Life. To speak Truth, I had not acquired so sublime a Philosophy ; but my Mind, incens'd by the Fall I had just received, and the Shame of having failed in Prudence, with respect to my Enemies, was in continual Agitation, and debarred me the Comforts of a Moment's inward Rest ! My Conscience was continually plaguing me with a *Memento* of my Apostasy ; and the racking Torments I endured upon that Score, were such as I am not able to express ! This inward Grief, joined with a very slender and disagreeable Diet, soon reduced me to a Condition out of the Fear of the Executioner's Cruelty. I found my Spirits decay, and my Strength dwindle, and endured the Burnings of an infectious Fever, with Transports of uncommon Joy ! My Keeper observ'd it, and took all possible Care to yield me Relief ; and, whether it was owing to the Goodness of the Remedies which he forced me to take, or to the Hopes he always fed me with, of getting, one Day, over all my Miseries ; most certain it is, that, after two Months Sickness, my Fever intirely left me ; and I perceived, to my Sorrow, that my Desire of Death would not bring it, and that, after all, I must yield an intire Submission

from to the Decrees of Providence. I had now been shut up above twenty Months, and my Prison and I were become much better acquainted than at first: I spent my Thoughts on a Book, which I had a great Itch to write, against the Rigours of the Inquisition; and, notwithstanding the continual Agitation of my Mind, I still continued to repeat all that ever I had learnt from my Infancy. I invented certain Rules for bettering my Memory, and us'd such a particular Exercise for that Faculty of the Soul, that I can safely say, I never heard any thing which I have not retained, or which I cannot retain as long as I live. At last, one *Palm-Sunday*, my Keeper came and told me, That Men abroad talked of putting me to Death, and therefore I ought to die like a Philosopher; that the People were incensed against me; that the *Anathema* had been pronounced against my Book; and, that they thirsted for my Blood, to atone for the horrid Blasphemies which I had spew'd out against *Jesus Christ*. I gave an easy Ear to all these Particulars of such a cruel and adverse Fate. You will have the *Massola*, added he, with an Air of Melancholy; and your Members will be divided into four Quarters. Then I asked, What Day was appointed for that inhuman Sacrifice? *Wednesday* in the Holy Week, reply'd he; and your Sentence was pronounced last *Saturday* Night. This News was told me at the Queen of *Sweden's* Palace, where they gave me strict Orders to impart it to you, to the end you might prepare yourself, and not lose your Soul and Body at once. I leave any one who reads these *Memoirs*, to judge what an Agony that Message put me in! 'Tis impossible to express it, without having first felt it: For the Terror of Death does not consist in the actual Separation of the Soul from the Body, but in the frightful Idea we entertain of that Separation; which, by a strong and lively Impression, suspends all the Offices of Life, and makes us undergo the Pains of Death, purely in Imagination. As soon as I recovered myself, I began to rehearse the Psalm, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto*, When *Israel* came out of *Egypt*, &c. and gave it a more brisk and lively Air, in hopes of enjoying speedily a Repose, out of the Power of all my Enemies to disturb. I

embraced my Keeper, who was all in Tears ; and, in my turn, encouraged him, who had before been so officious to give me Consolation, for the Space of three-and-twenty Months that I had been shut up in the Dungeon. It was he, who informed me, towards the latter End of my Imprisonment, that I was indebted, for his good Offices, to a Nun of *St. Sylvester*, whose Name was *Rosalia*. 'Twas she, who engaged the President of the Inquisition, *said he*, to afford you this small Comfort ; and you can't imagine what Pains she has been at, to procure your Liberty : But your Enemies are too powerful, and nothing less than your Blood can appease 'em. I could not suppose, that a Keeper would behave himself towards me with so much Respect and good Manners ; and the Name of my Benefactress put me immediately upon considering, that the President himself might be the Keeper, who paid me his daily Visits. I was confirm'd in my Conjecture, when I called to mind, that he would never hear of allowing me any Light ; and that, by the small, false Glimmerings of my Hole, it was impossible to discern any one's Features. Nor could I forbear, at the mentioning of *Rosalia*, to fetch a deep Sigh, and recal to Memory all that she and my dear Mistress, the unfortunate Marchioness of T . . . , had suffered upon my account ! I spent three or four Days in profound Silence, and without hearing a Syllable : But when I told *Molinos* the Message they had sent me, he made me a most excellent Discourse upon the Rest we might expect in the other Life ; and mixed such Christian Philosophy therewith, that he made me not only stare Death in the Face, but even eager to embrace him, as my Deliverer, and the Breaker of my Chains. The Pains of Death, *said he*, are never found, but in the Ceremony of Dying ; and the terrible Ado generally made about dying Persons, ought to affect only the Vulgar. Since you know, that you must die one Day, What Matter is it, whether it be To-day or To-morrow ? And, with Submission, Is not a Sickness, which makes you several Days dying, far crueller than a Hangman, who esteems it a Pity towards you, to take away your Life with a Jerk ? Ah ! Father *Colli*, *continued he* ; never bely your Interpretation of the Comet.

Comet. That Boldness, which has thrown you into this Place of Darknes, has made the whole City of Rome tremble! Your Fear, therefore, of Death, would give People occasion to laugh at your Faint-heartedness: Death is the Touch-Stone of a Noble Soul; and a wise Man beholds it coming with the same Indifference, as he takes the Event of the most common Accident.

Whether the Discourse of that illustrious Gentleman persuaded me, or not, 'tis most certain, that I enjoyed a more than ordinary Tranquillity; and that I had now no other Grief in my Prison, than the Expectation of being suddenly led forth to be executed. Mean time, I made very few Reflections on Eternity; and whether my Stoical Virtue was rather a Stupidity occasioned by Fear, than a generous Motion; I was ready to die, without once thinking of what would become of me after Death. I never considered myself either as a Son of the Church, or as a Child of *Israel*; but waited for Death, as the Thing that would deliver me from all my Troubles. The Desire I had to die was purely material, and had nothing of the good Man in it. On *Tuesday* in *Holy Week*, about Six in the Evening, I heard somebody open the Wicket of the Dormer-Window, through which they us'd to convey to me, once a day, my Allowance of Bread and Water. I was then in a Doze, but waking, demanded, Whether they were come to carry me to the Scaffold? A Voice, altogether unknown to me at that time, answered very low, *Si parla della sua Liberta*, They talk of your Liberty. I fancy'd it was either a Dream, or that an Angel had brought me that Piece of News. But the Voice soon moderated my Joy, by assuring me, that I should not die, but end my Days in the horrid Prison of the Inquisition. This Appendix to the former Part gave me some Pain; but at last, I considered, that it was a great Point gained, not to be cut in Pieces upon a Scaffold. I recovered, by degrees, my former Tranquillity; and two Hours after, the same Voice (for I never saw any Person) came and bad me take Courage; for that I should be taken out of my Prison, and sent on board the Gallies; but that I need not much concern myself at being a Galley-Slave,

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since I should never want the Charity of my Friends, sufficient to make my Life very easy and comfortable. These Assurances threw me into such an Ecstasy, as had like to have cost me my Life: For the Thoughts of seeing the Light of the Sun again, and breathing open Air, made such an Impression on my Soul, that I found myself heart-struck, and every Vein within me chill'd. My Heat, almost extinguished, was long returning; and, indeed, ever since that Fit, I have not found my Constitution so good as it was before, my Joy having given me a kind of Trembling, which I am not yet rid of, and which redoubles, as often as I think of my Misfortunes.

At last, the Hour was come, that I was, once more, to enter into the Land of the Living: About Eleven o'Clock at Night, the Door of my Dungeon was open'd, and a Man, with a Mask on his Face, and Sackcloth on his Back, brought me the Habit of an Abbot, and commanded me to put it on. I readily obey'd him. Then taking me by the Hand, he conducted me to the Street-Door; gave me a Purse wherein I found a hundred Pistoles; and --- Get you hence, *said he*, for ever; and remember, that you owe your Life to your Sister *Rosalia*; you shall hear from her, as soon as you have sent her Word, that you are arrived in a Place of Security ----- These Words uttered, my disguised Angel went in again, and softly shut the Door of the Inquisition. I remained some time at *St. Peter's* Galleries, quite amazed with the Thoughts of the singular Favour I had received. Being put to't, for a Way to get out of *Rome*, I went into the first Street, which presented itself to my View; and that happened to be *La Longara*. By that time I was got upon *Sixtus*-Bridge, the Clock struck Twelve. The Night was still, and very dark, and I was afraid of meeting some of the *Sbirri*, who seeing me with a long Beard, and Abbot's Dress, would have suspected, that I had other Business in the Streets of *Rome*, at that time of Night, than that of Walking. Those Fellows patrol in great Secrecy, with dark Lanthorns, so that they come upon you, before you are aware of them. All these Reflections, which I could not but think

think too well-grounded, had like to have made me mad; and Fear had such an Influence upon my inward Parts, that I had occasion to stop, without going a Foot farther. In a Word, it was not time to make Reflections; but I fanfy'd, that if I went into the City, I should certainly meet the Watch. I resolv'd therefore to return from whence I came, in order to get to *St. Peter Montorio*, and there throw myself into the *Tiber*, and swim cross it, for *Tivoli*, where I design'd to take up the little Box which *Rosalia* had bury'd in Cardinal C 's Vineyard. By that time I had taken three or four Steps, I heard some People talking, about twenty Yards from me, and, as dark as it was, perceiv'd I was surrounded with Archers. At that, I took two or three Steps, and got into the Bason, where I stood like an Image, till I found that those Villains were gone by, and that they did not look for me. As soon as ever I got out of their Clutches, I pursued my Design of swimming the *Tiber*, which I did very safely; and finding myself above Mount *Testaffo*, on the Side next *St. Paul's* without the City, made shift to reach *St. Sebastian's* about Three o' Clock, and thence continued my Journey directly for *Tivoli*, where I arriv'd in the Evening, half-dead. I went for a *Pole*, in the Inn where I put up, and assur'd my Landlord, who was a very honest Fellow, that the Reason why my Beard was so long, was because I had made a Vow to let it grow till I return'd into my own Country. Whatever carries with it the Name of a Vow, is look'd upon as highly sacred and venerable among the *Italians* in general. I paid him so generously, that he took me for a Person of Quality, and shew'd me a very particular Respect. However, I was resolv'd not to appear at *Tivoli* in that Garb. My Beard, which I would not cut off, by reason it very much disguis'd me, did not well suit with a *Prunella-Gown*, and therefore I would needs take up the Habit of a Hermit. For this end, I went directly to a Hermitage near *St. Pasteur*, where a *French* Gentleman had liv'd in Retirement for above twenty Years. But so wedded was he to his Solitude, that I had not Courage enough to offer my Service to him. In a Word, he had

only a little Hole in the Side of a Rock, and the Cloaths he wore were all that he cover'd himself with o' Nights. I went on till I arriv'd at *Tivoli*, which I could not do before late at Night. I would not go into the Town, by reason every House was as much dreaded by me, as if it had been haunted by evil Spirits. I went, therefore, to the Cardinal's Vineyard, with which I was very well acquainted; and climbing over the Wall, went directly to the Fountain, where I knew the Treasure left me by my dear Mistress was bury'd. Day came on apace, and the Fear of being surpris'd by some of the *Gardeners*, made me tremble, and act like one out of his Senses. I had so deeply imprinted in my Memory the Place that *Rosalia* had shew'd me, that I was not long in quest of it; but was forced to make use of my Nails, instead of a Spade; for they were both long and hard enough, in as much as they had serv'd me for Knives and Scissors above two Years; and had been us'd to that kind of Work, by continually scratching the Wall of my Prison in the Inquisition, in order, in time, to work my Way out. Thus I made a quick Discovery of the Box I look'd for, and had no sooner took it out of the Ground, but I fled the Garden by the same Method I had got into it, and that was by *Scalado*. Being arriv'd in a Forest about a Mile out of Town, I open'd my Cabinet, and found therein, 500 Pistoles, a Watch enrich'd with Jewels, three Rings worth 200 Pistoles, and a Pearl Necklace of a considerable Value. There were, besides, all my Letters, my Picture which my good Lady had had from her Aunt, and the Snuff-box, in which were the Pictures of the Countess her Mother, and the Chevalier C, my Father. Thus I found myself, once more, endow'd with Riches, and soon determin'd to quit the Territories of the Pope. Wherefore, as I would not travel in the Day-time, for fear my Dress should betray me, I turn'd out of the Road to *Tuscany*, whither I was going for Refuge, and took that of *Civita-vecchia*, in the Neighbourhood of which Place I arriv'd, after a March of 24 Hours. But I was in the greatest Surprize, when I found my Mistake: For no Person is suffer'd to go through that Place without being stopp'd,

stopp'd, and carry'd before the Governor. All I could do, was to trust to Fortune; and going into the Town accordingly, I made towards the Sea-side, in order to see for a *Felucca* bound for *Leghorn*, whither I resolv'd to transport myself. I had not gone far, before I espy'd a Detachment of *Sbirri* coming up to me, no doubt, to see who I was. I knew no readier way to get rid of them, than by going into the Church of the *Jacobins* (the usual Throne of the Inquisition); where seeing no Person, I went into the Pulpit, watching, some time, whether the *Sbirri* came after me, or not. Finding they did not enter the Church, I got out of my Hole, and perceiving a poor Country-Fellow, who was saying his Chaplet before the Altar of the *Rosary*, before he went to work with his Shovel and Spade, I went up to him, and taking him aside to one End of the Church, told him, that if he would but do me a small Favour, I would make his Fortune from that very Moment. He answer'd, That he would; and said, he should be oblig'd to me, if I did him a Kindness, by reason he was very poor, and had a numerous Family. With that I tipp'd him a Handful of Pistoles, and desir'd him to accept 'em, upon Condition he would change Cloaths with me, and give me his Implements. I assur'd him withal, that my Demand was ground'd upon a Vow I had made to God, that I would make the Fortune of the first poor Fellow I should meet in the Church, and change Cloaths with him, to atone for a Sin of Pride which I had lately committed. I said this, in so whining and persuasive a Tone, that my Country-man, touch'd more with the Sum of Money which I had presented to him, than with the Force of my Eloquence, reply'd, that he would consent to all I ask'd, provided the Money I gave him would not draw him into some Snare. I assur'd him, that he might set himself at Rest, as to that Point: Whereupon we both stripp'd, and I took the Peasant's Habit, and he that of an Abbot. In this Equipage, half cover'd with Dirt, I went directly to the Harbour, where finding, by good Luck, a Vessel just ready to sail for *Leghorn*, I gave the Master two Crowns for my Passage, and arriv'd there three Days after I had left *Civita-vecchia*.

The first thing I did, after my Arrival in a Land of Safety, was to change my Peasant's Habit into one more suitable to the present Situation of my Affairs. For this purpose, going into the Town, without any Fear or Danger, I took Lodgings in a *French* Cabaret, near the Gate, a Widow, a Native of *Provence*, then keeping the House. She was a very obliging Landlady, and perceiving, by my Air, that I was no Peasant, came and ask'd me, Whether I wanted a private Chamber, and would eat in secret? I affected a kind of Gibberish that they did not understand; but having made 'em apprehend, that I had been robb'd and stripp'd by a Gang of Rogues, who took all I had, as I had sav'd myself from a Shipwreck, I told 'em, I had nothing but a Ring, which I would sell, to furnish myself with the Habit of my Country, which, I pretended, was *China*; and that she would oblige me, if she would send for an *Italian* to value it: Which she did. For, in a few Minutes time, one Monsieur *Claude*, a Native of *Geneva*, came to look upon my Ring, which was one of the finest Oriental Emeralds that ever was seen. He stared at me a long while, before he took the Ring and valu'd it; but, at last, asking me what I would take for it, he was amaz'd to hear me demand but 100 Crowns. He told me, I thought myself still in *China*, and that he should think he had robb'd me, if he should not give me at least 50 Pistoles. I began, in my Turn, to review a Merchant, who seem'd to me of so great Probity; and because I would give him no Suspicion of what I was, I took his Money, and desir'd him to tell me, how I might find him another time, if I should have Occasion; he told me, my Landlady could direct me to him. He was no sooner gone, but I sent for a *Taylor*, and gave him Directions, tho' still abed. I order'd him to get a good Cloth, and make me a Suit after the *Chinese* Fashion. This done, I appear'd upon the Exchange, making use of an *Italian* Gibberish, scarce intelligible, and sold all my Jewels, except one Ring, which I will keep as long as I live. I contracted a close Friendship with Monsieur *Claude*; and being thus full of Money, nothing was wanting to complete my Happiness, but to
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be free from the Terrors of the Inquisition, which stuck close to me all the while I remain'd on *Italian* Ground. However, as Monsieur *Claude* determin'd soon after to return to *Geneva*, I resolv'd to go with him, and see that Enemy of *Rome*. But before I take my Leave of *Leghorn*, I cannot forbear relating a Passage that happen'd during my Abode there.

A young Gentleman of *Florence*, of the Family of *Contucio*, so famous for its Antiquity, but fallen to Decay, by reason of their Disgrace with the *Medicis*; this Cavalier, I say, being a younger Brother, spent his small Revenue at *Leghorn*, and endeavour'd, by a petty kind of Merchandizing, which he follow'd, to maintain himself like a Person of Quality. A *Goldsmith's* Wife in the *Strada di Jardini*, who was young and handsome, and full of Wit, seem'd to him a proper Object to become his Mistress. Nor did the Cavalier want any one of those Qualities which might ingratiate him with the Ladies, save only that of being rich and full of Money. Nevertheless, he thought that his easy and genteel Carriage, his charming Air, his moving Eloquence, and other Accomplishments, would prove sufficient Recommendations. Accordingly, he address'd himself to a Lady who was a great Crony of Signora *Angela-Maria*, the *Goldsmith's* Wife; and having engag'd her, by a Piece of Money, to do him all the Service she could, with respect to his Amours, he was surpris'd, when the old Woman told him the next Day, That his Mistress was haughtier and wiser than *Lucretia*; and that as for her own part, she had been roundly abus'd for him. This did not, however, balk the Gentleman's Fancy, who, on the contrary, watch'd all Opportunities of getting a Sight of Signora *Angela-Maria*, and never let a Day pass, without giving her Assurances, that he died for the Love of her. After two or three Years admirable Patience under the most violent Passion, Chance or Caprice made our Cavalier happy. Signora *Angela-Maria* saw, with Regret, that all the Ladies of her Rank were dress'd in the *French* Mode: Nor had she been wanting in her repeated Intreaties to her Spouse, to let her follow that Fashion, and buy her a Suit in which she might appear

appear dress'd like her Neighbours. The *Goldsmith*, being a saving industrious Man, instead of granting her Request, still represented to her the Burden of his numerous Family, and the true Circumstances of his Affairs; assuring her withal, That as soon as the Cloaths, of which she had enow, were worn out, she should dress herself as she pleas'd. This Answer was far from giving Signora *Angela-Maria* the Satisfaction she expected; so she cry'd, and complain'd, and grunted, and grumbled, and would scarce look upon her Husband; but all to no purpose: The good Man persisted in his Care of the main Chance, (as we term it) without regarding either the Tears or Menaces of his Wife. The Gentleman who was so confoundedly in Love with her, was soon let into this Secret by old Madam Crony; whereupon he conjur'd that Beldam to nick the Opportunity, and to improve the Misunderstanding between his Mistress and her Spouse, into a good Understanding between her and himself, promising her, in case she succeeded, the Reward of ten Crowns. The old Woman assur'd him of her best Endeavours; and waiting her Opportunity, one Day, when Signora *Angela-Maria* had been grievously affronted by her Spouse, and was all in Tears, she left nothing unsaid of the Cavalier's Love, his Constancy, his Generosity. In a Word, she made so good use of her Time, and so well improv'd the critical Moment, that, before they parted, Signora *Angela-Maria* promis'd to entertain the Cavalier, one Night, while her Husband was asleep. The Price of that Night's Lodging was agreed upon, at 100 Crowns. The Lover would have given all he was worth, to satisfy the Passion that had so long devour'd him. He promis'd to be at the Rendezvous, with all the Qualities requisite, on a *Saturday-Night*, Twelve o' Clock. Upon a certain Signal, which was agreed upon, they were to introduce him into a lower Parlour, where his Mistress would be ready to receive him. In the Evening, as soon as the *Goldsmith* had done Work, he told his Wife, that he was very weary, and would therefore go to Bed betimes. As she had pretended to be reconcil'd, she made no Scruple of obeying him; but scarce had they

they been an Hour in Bed, but----O dear, *said she, with a deep Sigh*, I am certainly the most unfortunate and hair-brain'd Woman living: I never once thought of a clean Band for you, tho' To-morrow's Sunday. What would they say of you and me at *Legborn*? I won't sleep till I have got one for you: 'Twill be soon done, and then I'll come to Bed to you again. All that ever the Husband could say to save her that Trouble, signify'd nothing: Go she would, and he found himself under the Necessity of yielding to the Importunity of his Wife, who was a Lady of notable Resolution. She gets up; the Gallant makes the Signal, and is introduc'd into the House: He tarry'd there the Time agreed upon, and came away so chagrin and melancholy for having spent almost a Year's Income, that the very Reflection had like to have made him mad. It was about Midsummer, and consequently Day-break, soon after our Lover parted from his Mistress: And as he was asham'd to go home, till he had been comb'd, and his Hair (of which the *Italians* are very careful) adjusted, he went into a *Barber's Shop*. The *Barber*, perceiving the Gentleman to be out of Humour, endeavour'd to divert him by all the little Puns and Tricks he could think of, in which my Countrymen are generally well vers'd. The Gentleman, scarce taking Notice of the *Barber's* Witticisms, which did not then in the least affect him, occasion'd *Tons* to be very importunate, to get out of him what his Pain was. The senseless Lover, thinking to gain a little Hearts-ease by the Bargain, makes the *Barber* the Confident of his Amour, but without naming Names. The *Hair-cutter*, on the other hand, endeavour'd to hearten him up, and promis'd to keep the Secret. In the Morning, when the *Barber's Shop* was full of Customers, all were told of this Adventure, and all laugh'd their Sides sore at it. The *Goldsmith*, so often mention'd, who was a Neighbour, and very intimate with the *Barber*, came likewise to be shav'd, and heard the Story, as well as the rest, and seem'd extremely diverted with it. But tho' he laugh'd, 'twas on the wrong Side of his Mouth: For having heard all the Circumstances of that fatal Intrigue, and, upon his Return,

finding

finding the Purse of 100 Crowns, as had been related; he immediately order'd his Wife to dress herself in her Wedding-Suit, and conducted her home to her Parents; assuring them, That he was come to deliver their Daughter to them again; and that he would not keep in his House a Work-woman who in a Night's time could get 100 Crowns by starching a Band. Every body admir'd at the Moderation of an *Italian*, in a Case wherein those of his Country know not what it is to pardon. Their Divorce confirm'd the whole Town in the Truth of their History; and Ballads of this Adventure were daily sung in the Streets of *Leghorn*, when I went away with Monsieur *Glaude*.

I had already been a Fortnight at *Leghorn*, under continual Apprehensions of a Discovery. The *Latin* Tongue, which I spoke very fluently, and which I pretended I had learnt of the Jesuits at *Pequin*, was very serviceable to me, as well upon account of Conversation, as the transacting my Affairs. Mean while, I long'd to be in a Country of Liberty: The Remembrance of the Hardships I had undergone in the Inquisition, would not suffer me to enjoy a Moment's Rest, in all the Places where I knew there were those Tribunals. And for this Reason, I say, my *Jeweller* being upon his Departure for *Geneva*, I took that Opportunity to leave *Italy*, which I did, without the least Hope ever to return into it again. After a Journey of about a Fortnight, we arriv'd at *Turin*, the Capital of *Piedmont*, in which the Duke of *Savoy* keeps his Court, and which, I think, is as polite and populous a City as any in *Italy*. I did not stop in any Place upon the Road, till we came to *Turin*; and therefore shall say nothing of *Genoa* and *Milan*, by reason I did not give myself Time to view them. But we happen'd to reach this Capital of *Piedmont*, just upon the Duke of *Savoy's* Marriage. The public Solemnities were extraordinary magnificent upon that Occasion, and the holy Handkerchief was expos'd to common View, with all the usual Pomp. As it was my Fortune to stand next an *English* Gentleman (who was then travelling) to see that great Solemnity, I heard him say the following Words in *Italian*: *Si questo Linsuolo é l' istesso,*
ch' in-

ch' involoppo Christo, doppo la sua Morte, é pur vero, che la Tela era stata ben fata, & l' Antichità non é poco: If that Sheet is the same that our Saviour's Body was wound up in, I must needs say, it is a rare Piece of Cloth for lasting, and besides 'tis very valuable for its Antiquity.

Having tarry'd four Days at *Turin*, we pass'd the *Alps*, and reach'd *Geneva* on *Saturday* Night, four Days after we had left *Turin*. I shall not amuse my Readers with a Description of that City, whose Situation is bad enough, being surrounded on all sides with Mountains, or the Lake *Leman*, so often mention'd in *Cæsar's Commentaries*. The Buildings are but very indifferent, and its Territory extremely narrow; but then the Inhabitants are so indefatigably laborious, that from their very Infancy they are taught, by some Method or other, to earn their Livelihood. They are extraordinary civil and courteous to Strangers, and particularly to such as are Refugees for the Religion contrary to that of *Rome*: There you are never troubled with the Sight of Beggars fore Legs, and other Filthiness; nor does the Stink thereof infect the Churches, as in some other Places: There neither does the Usury nor Knavery of the Burghers grease the Wheels of the Counsellor's Chariots, nor suffer the Attorney to build or buy stately Houses: There an exact Polity awes the *Butchers* and *Bakers*, and makes the *Ale-house-Wives* spin. In a Word, I saw at *Geneva*, that which I never did in any other Part of the World; that is, a great City which seem'd to be but as one House, always regulated by Labour, and always thriving by Trade. Alas! would I often say, admiring such excellent Orders, Are not these Inhabitants true *Christians*, since they express, by all their Actions, the Maxims of *Jesus Christ*? and can I think, that so pure and evangelical Virtues are of no Use to such a Number of good Men, whom the Catholics condemn? This Thought perplex'd me for some time; and as I lodg'd at an *Italian's*, who had formerly been a Monk of my Order, and had left the Monastery upon the account of some ill Usage he had receiv'd, I ask'd his Opinion of the Tenets which are there profess'd: My Landlord gave me

me an Account of his Faith, without abundance of Hesitation; but as he seem'd ignorant in several Matters which I put to him, I would not rely on his Decision of my Doubts, but made it my Business to insinuate myself into the Conversation and Acquaintance of the Ministers. Signor *Beneditti*, a *Lucquese*, who was indeed a great Scholar, but infinitely conceited, was the Person who then made the greatest Noise, and charm'd his Hearers with his Eloquence. I found means to gain his Conversation, under Pretence of instructing myself in the Religion of that Place: But he was so extremely disingenuous in his Exposition of the Passages of Scripture, the natural Sense of which he frequently mangled, and in his Quotation of the Fathers, whom he always murder'd, that he gave me a very ill Opinion of his Sect; and I concluded with myself, that the greatest Difference between *Rome* and *Geneva*, was, that *Rome* had the Truth and Spirit of Religion in her Books, and that *Geneva* had 'em in the Manners of her Inhabitants: That the *Roman-Catholics* practis'd quite otherwise than they believ'd, and that the pretended *Reform'd* believ'd quite otherwise than they practis'd. Being thus equally dissatisfy'd with one and the other, I stuck to my *Judaism*; but to a spiritual *Judaism*, which, without imbibing the gross Errors of the *Rabbins*, worships one God the *Creator*, and expects a Deliverer, to put an end to the Misfortunes in which our first Parents involv'd us so many Ages ago. Having vindicated my Sentiments, one Day, in the Presence of several Ministers, and the principal Elders of the City, whether my Discourse had made any Impression upon their Minds, or whether they fear'd an Emotion in the Republic, if I should at any time speak in Public, they conceiv'd the Design of taking away my Life. But as they wanted a Pretence, they came and inquir'd of my Landlord, who I was? Whereupon he told 'em that which I never desir'd should be a Secret, as, That I was come from *Rome* about Affairs of the last Importance; that my Name was *Lucius Azor*, and some other Particulars, which serv'd to heighten their Suspicion, and to put them in a sure way of ruining me, without embruing their

their Hands in my Blood. They resolv'd to deliver me into the Hands of the Pope's Legate residing at *Bologna*; and for that end spoke to the Resident of *France*, who promis'd to write to the Legate about it. A little Girl of twelve or thirteen Years of Age, who was a kind of Servant in the Resident's House, hearing that I was to be taken up, (for she appear'd so simple that they said any thing before her) came, one Day, as I was reading a Proof of a Book I was then printing, and gave me a particular Account of the Resolution my Enemies had taken. The Title of my Book was, *Inquisitione Processata*, or, *A Process against the Inquisition*. Wherein I gave an Account of the Establishment and End of that tyrannical Tribunal, so little conformable to the Spirit of the Gospel, and the Maxims of *Jesus Christ*. All the illustrious Wretches, who have felt the Rigours of that Tribunal, offer up Complaints and Prayers to God, against the crying Barbarities committed therein. There you may see an infinite Number of rich *Christians* treated like *Jews*, on purpose to get their Money from them; the Judges honour'd with the Title of *Christians*, tho' they are act'd by the Spirit and Temper of the *Synagogue*. In a Word, the Case drawn up before the Persons of the Blessed Trinity: The Justice of the Father pronounces *Anathema* against the Injustice of the Inquisitors, who abuse the Power he has put into their Hands: The Wisdom of the *Son* pronounces *Anathema* against the wrong Measures which the Inquisitors take, to recal the *Jews* and the Wicked to the Church; reproaching them, that his Spirit is a Spirit of Meekness and Peace, and not a Spirit of Fear and Slavery. Lastly, The Love and Goodness of the *Holy Ghost* thunders *Anathema* against that Tribunal, and will have its Name for ever extinguish'd, and detested of all true Believers; since the Character of a true Child of God is, to love him, and praise him, in all the Conditions of Life. Whereas in the Inquisition, one is forced to despair and blaspheme; and principally, because the Doors of that damnable Prison are open'd to the Unfortunate, either by the Spirit of Court, or by the Spirit of Interest. Wisdom exclaims aloud against those, who imprudently robb'd the Church

of

of the *Low-Countries*, by offering to bring their Necks under that abominable Yoke. Charity detests the Cruelty of those who exercise it; and Justice sees, with Regret, the Punishments inflicted on the poor *Indians*. And thus was my Process drawn up in all the Forms; God, from his highest Throne, pronouncing *Anathema* against the Ministers of so tyrannical a Tribunal.

I was reading a Proof in my Chamber, when the Girl before-mention'd enter'd it. She told me, trembling, that she was come to admonish me to take care of myself, for that I had secret Enemies in *Geneva*; that she had heard 'em talk of delivering me into the Hands of the Pope, and that they were to meet about it that very Evening at the Resident's House, where she was at Service. I could not but adore the Providence that rais'd up such a little innocent Thing, to be an Instrument of delivering me from the imminent Danger which threaten'd me. I intreated my little Angel to go to the Post-house, and inquire, Whether there were any Letters for *Lucius Azor*? She obey'd me, and return'd with a Letter from *Rome*, wherein I was convinced of the Kindnesses of my dear *Rosalia*: For I had written her word, four or five Months before, that being arriv'd at *Geneva*, I found myself, at last, in a Country of Liberty, where my Retirement would be secure against all the Attacks of my Enemies. She was extremely concern'd for the unexpected Flight of the President of the Inquisition, who was a Person of as bright Parts as any in *Rome*. He was, besides, extraordinary genteel; his Shape was very fine, his Deportment easy and free, and his Conversation witty, and full of Charms. Add to these, that his Affection for *Rosalia* was strong and inviolable; and she knew how to value the Esteem of such a Gentleman. It was she who had engag'd him to save my Life; and my Enemies were appris'd thereof, by the private Advices they receiv'd from *Leghorn* and *Geneva*; for it was to no purpose to conceal themselves, the whole Matter being at last discover'd. Thereupon my Enemies, who had been lull'd asleep with the Report of my being dead, wreak'd all their Malice upon Signor de, who vanish'd in an Instant. *Rosalia* inform'd.

form'd me of a great many more Particulars concerning the Queen of *Sweden*, who had fallen out with the Pope, upon the Score of Franchises. Some Politicians would have it, that it was nothing but a Contrivance to set *Germany* and *France* together by the Ears; since, as there was no doubt the latter would come to a Rupture with the Pope, that Action would be Colour enough for the League to fall foul on *France*, and endeavour to lower her. In short, every body knew what Violences the *Sbirri* committed in the Quarter of *Farnese*; and how far their insolent Temerity succeeded. I was at *Lyons*, when that Affair happen'd, having left *Geneva*, and taken *Fantine* along with me; who, tho' but fourteen or fifteen Years of Age, accepted the Proposal I made to her, of sharing my Fate, upon the Assurances I gave her, that I would make her happy as long as she liv'd. And indeed, this, at least, I thought myself oblig'd to do for that poor Girl: For since she had deliver'd me from a new Danger, by discovering to me the Plot which my Enemies had laid against me, I could do no less than redeem her from Beggary, to which she was reduced. From that very time I have never forsaken her, but have endeavour'd every Day for these fifteen or sixteen Years that she has been my Fellow-Traveller, to give her daily fresh Marks of my grateful Acknowledgment. We arriv'd together at *Lyons*, I under the Disguise of a Merchant, and she under that of my Foot boy. I was of Opinion, that not understanding the *French* Tongue myself, he would be very serviceable to me in the Affairs of Commerce. And tho' in that City there are abundance of *Italian* Merchants, I conceal'd myself, as much as possible, from all my Countrymen, lest any Spy should find me out: I therefore took the Habit of an Ecclesiastic, and having apply'd myself to the Vicar-General, with a counterfeit *Exeat* from *Venice*, which I had forg'd, I was permitted not only to administer, but to preach and teach. They offer'd me Scholars for Theology; but I would not undertake any Charge so public, but adher'd to a few private Gentlemen, who loaded me with Honours and Civilities. We heard of the Departure of Monsieur de
Lavardin

Lavardin for *Rome*; and soon after, the public News-Papers inform'd us of his Entry into that Capital of the Universe. We knew well enough the Obstinacy of Pope *Innocent XI.* not to give him an Audience, having just before shut up *St. Lewis's* Church, and excommunicated the Ambassador. The Eyes of whole *Europe* were attentive on the Event of all that Buffle, and a little Time unravel'd the Mystery. 'Tis notorious how many Lives were unhappily lost in that fatal Quarrel. I was then in a Place where there was no Fear of the Inquisition, and where People speak of *Rome* always with a Salvo to the Interests of their Princes. I had a Leaven in my Heart against that Court, and especially against the Pope himself; insomuch that I could not forbear venting my Passion upon a Slip of Paper, which I did in composing the Song which began thus:

Sacro Mercante, &c.

Those Verses, which I shall not repeat here, because they have already been dispers'd through all Parts of *Europe*, gave a lively Description of *Innocent XI's* Humour, with an Account of his Country, his Origin, his Defects, his want of Capacity to govern, and his want of Prudence in governing. I only dropp'd one Copy of it, one Sunday Evening, in the Square of *Bellecour*, and the next Day they were innumerable, and in every one's Mouth. Several Persons of Quality came and desir'd me to explain to 'em the poetical Fancies therein; but I appear'd very reserv'd upon that Occasion, having resolv'd to have nothing to do with Bigots; which sort of People are as dangerous in *France* as elsewhere.

I enjoy'd at *Lyons* all the Ease and Satisfaction I could wish. *Fantine* grew taller every Day, and became, at the same time, both delightful and serviceable to me. My House was always crouded with Persons that came to consult me, whether their Fortune would be good or bad; some of my Predictions having hit pretty right, and given me the Reputation of an extraordinary Conjuror. At last, a rich Burgher of the City dying the very Day that I had unluckily foretold, I was forced to remove my Quarters from that beloved Place, where I

got

got abundance of *Louis-d'Ors*. A Burgher's Lady, young and handsome, coming, one Day, to know her own and her Spouse's Fortune, I assur'd her, That she would be rid of him at such a time, with the necessary Circumstances to give Weight to my Prediction. She fulfill'd it, unfortunately for her poor Husband, but in a different manner from what I had meant; for being quite weary of the Burgher, whom she never could endure, she help'd, herself, to accomplish my Prediction, by treating her Husband with a Mefs of Poison, at the Time I had foretold. His sudden Death struck the whole City with Surprize at my Art of Conjurat[i]on. The Burgher's Relations, being Men of more Sense than to join the Vulgar in their Credulity, and knowing, besides, the Misunderstanding there had formerly been betwixt him and his Lady, suspected, that an *Italian* foretelling the Death of any Person, might affect the same by Subtlety. In a Word, they got the deceas'd Body search'd; and the Physicians and Surgeons unanimously agreed, that he died of Poison. The Wife was immediately secur'd; and one of the Physicians, who was present at the Search, being my very good Friend, came and told me what People said of me, upon Account of the private Dealings she was known to have with me.

I knew that I had fail'd in Prudence, and that the Trade of calculating Nativities was a very dangerous one. Wherefore, having return'd my hearty Thanks to my Friend, for the Care he took of my Reputation, I dispos'd every thing for my Departure. I took all my Gold, and prevail'd with *Janine* to follow me, lest any Misfortune should befall her. That Girl, whose Will was altogether dependent on mine, promis'd, without being in the least daunted, never to forsake me; and advis'd me to disguise ourselves, as we had done before. She resum'd her Livery, and I put on a rusty black Suit, all in Rags, with an old dirty Shirt, no Peruke, and a Hat with several Oilet-holes thro' it. Thus equipp'd, I set out from *Lyons*, begging the Charity of well-dispos'd Christians, and feigning myself blind. Nor did the Stratagem fail of the desir'd Success. I took the

Route

R^{oute} of *Paris*, with Design to see that Capital; for which Reason I made no stay at any Place by the way, but affected to go all the By-roads, and, where there was any, to lodge at Monasteries, to prevent any Accident that might otherwise happen. But I met with no charitable Persons in all the Convents I was at, having, for the most part, found it a difficult matter to get so much as a Lodging among 'em; for I was not so happy as to meet with the like Reception every-where. I remember a Passage that mightily pleas'd me, upon the Road, at *Sesane en Brie*, a little Place, about 20 Leagues from *Paris*. I went up to a Gentleman's House without the Town, and it being about the middle of *December*, and my Tatters scarce covering any Part of my Body, a Clergyman, who came to the Door, took pity on me, and let me in. Being enter'd, with *Janine*, in her Foot-boy's Dress, and the Dog which I had brought with me from *Geneva*, we were conducted into the Kitchen, and there plac'd by a good Fire-side, till the Gentleman, who was just sat down at Table, should be gone out. After Supper, all the Valets came and besieged the Fire-side, in order to make sport with me. Mean time, the Priest, who had let us in, did not violate the Hospitality due to Strangers; but blam'd and silenced those raskally Fellows, and bad me not mind the Jokes of seven or eight Villains, (as he call'd 'em) who had made themselves merry with me for above an Hour. As I murder'd the *French* Tongue in speaking, it was no hard matter for that young Abbot to find out what Countryman I was, as he told me in *Italian*, which he understood perfectly well. I answer'd him with my Eyes much better than with my Tongue. The few Words I spoke to him, made him sensible that I was not the Person I went for; whereupon, redoubling his Generosity, he order'd me an Apartment above my Fortune, and better than he would have allow'd me, if he had known me. In a Word, I was conducted into a Chamber richly furnish'd, and having a good Fire in it; and my Ecclesiastic, having embraced me several times, intreated me to lie in a very good Bed. The next Day, before we set out, he came himself, and breakfasted with me;

me ; pressing me to take a Crown, which he gave me out of Charity. At that time I could not resist his Generosity, but told him I did not want Money ; that a Reason of Conscience had oblig'd me to travel under that Equipage, and to beg my Bread ; that he was not deceiv'd in taking me for quite another Person than I appear'd to be in those Rags ; but that neither was I mistaken in foretelling him a thousand Felicities that would attend the Course of his Life, and the Glory and Honour which would be heap'd upon him in his latter Days ; and that perhaps Providence would so order it, that we should, one Day, meet in a Place where I might make myself known to him. These Words I spoke, taking my Leave of him, at the Castle-gate. From thence I set out for *Paris*, where I arriv'd four or five Days after, very much fatigu'd with so long a Journey, and so unfortunate a Life. My first Care was to find out a convenient Lodging, which I was not long about, being receiv'd by a good old Woman, who lodg'd poor Men for a Penny a Night. The Day after our Arrival, I desir'd my Landlady to send for a *Broker*, which she did in a Moment ; for of all the Nations in *Europe*, the *Parisians* are the most obliging courteous Dealers with Strangers, for Money, that ever I met withal. My *Broker* brought me, immediately, an *Armenian Habit*, and, two Hours after, one of the same for *Janine*. Under this new Metamorphosis, I went and took Lodgings in the *Dauphine Street*, upon a second Floor, at a *German Woman's*, who lett Rooms very neatly furnish'd for ten Crowns a Month. I had scarce been a Fortnight at *Paris*, but spending profusely with one Hand, and giving liberally with the other, I met with several Persons who made Proposals of Diversion to me. Some Women also made Attempts upon my Liberty, but all to no purpose. *Janine* was young and fond ; she lov'd me passionately, and I had no less Affection for her, which oblig'd me to slight all the Offers made to me by others of the fair Sex. Nevertheless, one Day, I had very like to have been drawn away by a young *Fruit-woman*, as I came out of the *Italian Play-house*. Observing a pretty young Person to fix her Eyes very earnestly on me, as she sat in her

Shop, I had a great mind to speak to her. Going up to her accordingly, I bought some Apples of her, and entertain'd her with a little of my broken *French*. I was surpris'd, that a Person who look'd so mean, should talk so well, and be Mistress of the *European* Languages. I left her, not without making some Reflections, and continu'd to see her every Day, under Pretence of staying till the Play began. *Janine*, who was very fond of me, was fearful that *Paris* would go near to cost her the Loss of my Heart. She found me more serious than ordinary, and not daring, out of Respect, to ask me the Cause of my Melancholy, made use of her Eyes to reproach me for my Inconstancy. I never came home, but I found her all in Tears; and could never get out of her the Cause of her Lamentation. She always answer'd me, That the Air of *Paris* kill'd her; that she was never rid of a violent Pain in her Head, and that if I did not leave that Place as soon as possible, she should infallibly die there. The Pretence was plausible, and seem'd very reasonable; but not falling in with my growing Passion, I told her, that her Pain would go off again, as soon as she became a little us'd to the *Paris* Air. I went to my *Fruit-woman*, whose Beauty, I fancy'd, exceeded that of the Angels; and as I had free Access into her Shop, which I was scarce ever out of, she, at last, began to be somewhat more free and familiar with me. I sigh'd, and gave her Marks of my Passion, by a thousand amorous Tricks which I play'd her. But she never took Notice of 'em before that Day, when demanding the Cause of my Sighs and Melancholy, I assur'd her, That I knew not what I would say; that I was quite confounded in speaking to her; that considering her with respect to her Merit, I trembled to tell her, that I ador'd her, and consum'd with the Love of her; but that I durst not declare to her the Sentiments of my Heart. My Discourse a little ruffled her; but recovering herself, said she, (in *Italian*, which she spoke extremely well) *Ogniuno è satomesso alla sua Stella, Signor; & tal vende i Fruti, che li sono stati offerti, altra volte, con Reverenza*: Fate has destin'd every Man to his Lot, Sir; and formerly Fruit has been offer'd, with Respect, to her who

now

now meanly sells it. — I find then, *said I*, that I was not mistaken. You did, indeed, seem to me, notwithstanding your Metamorphosis, to be a Person of Distinction; without doubt, therefore, your Fate has been as awkward as mine. Let us entertain each other with our Misfortunes, perhaps we may find in that mutual Confidence, some Subject of Consolation that we have never found yet. — Alas! *reply'd the young Fruiterer*, far from complaining of my Fate, I bless God that he permitted me to commit a Crime, which has brought me to the Port of Rest and Tranquillity.

I am a Daughter of one of the principal Families of Normandy. My Relations never had Posts in the Army inferior to the Colonels or Brigadiers. I was brought up with my youngest Brother, for whose Education nothing was spared, and in which nothing was wanting. It was so great a Pleasure to me to hear the Instructions his Masters gave him, that my Mother, perceiving my Inclinations, was pleas'd to order me the same Lessons. I was thirteen when I began my Studies; my Brother was fourteen; and the Desire I had to learn, made me forget that my Sex was different from his. I would needs be a Sharer of all his Pleasures and Diversions; and Hunting, as laborious as 'tis, came not amiss to me, provided it was in Company with my Brother and his Tutor. I shall not trouble you with a Relation of the Facility with which I learnt all the Sciences (for they were made a Part of my Study). In three or four Years, I spoke seven Languages perfectly well; nor was there a Poet, or ancient *Latin* Author, which I could not explain upon Sight, and understand his Meaning. My Genius, which inspir'd all that ever heard me with Admiration, inflam'd the Master who taught me, with Love. He never vented his Passion to me any other-wise than by Riddle; but I apprehended his Meaning, by the tender and passionate Manner in which he related to me, one Day, the Fable of the Vine and the Elm. How dangerous is it to hear a Master, whose Mind and Body are so well fram'd and match'd! Greatness of Birth, and Goods of Fortune, are too weak Fences to confine a Heart that is bent upon Love and

Gallantry. I abandon'd myself intirely to a Passion that Wit and Merit rais'd in my Soul : Soon did that Passion become so strong, that I could not master it ; and Monsieur . . . , who had already stolen my Heart, did not, however, keep the sole Possession thereof. For some Years our Pleasures were uninterrupted, and the Liberty we had of entertaining ourselves every Moment of the Day, was not capable of taking the least from our Felicity : But, at last, the Season of Repentance overtook me. I communicated my Uneasiness to my Lover, who being desirous to enjoy me wholly and without Constraint, put me upon the Resolution of leaving my Father's House : And indeed, that was the only Method I could take, to extricate myself out of the most imminent Danger. Young and unexperienced as I was, I rely'd altogether on the Love and Care of the most sincere and tender Man in the World. Under Pretence of going to pass a few Days time at an Aunt's of mine, who liv'd six Leagues from *Caen*, I set out from my Father's and desir'd 'em to come and fetch me home in about a Week. My Lover and I had agreed, that about six Days after my Departure, he should pretend a Journey into his own Country, which was *Lemans*. He knew the Avenues of the Castle to which I was retir'd ; and as we had appointed a Time for our Rendezvous, on the Day agreed upon I went into a little Coppice behind our House, and there found my Lover with Horses and every thing ready to carry me to *Paris*, where we arriv'd in three Days. We chose to retire to this great City, to be more out of the way of my Friends Searches and Inquiries. Three Days after our Arrival, my Lover being gone from our Lodgings, which were in the Suburbs of *St. Germain*, I staid up for him till one o' Clock at Night, with incredible Fears ; and so many dismal Thoughts came into my Head, that that Night seem'd the longest I had ever known. An old Maid, whom I had taken into my Service, did all she could to divert my Melancholy, but to no manner of Purpose. As soon as it was light, I sent her out to inquire for her Master at the likeliest Places she could go to : The first Visit she made was to the little *Châtelet*, where seeing a Crowd got together

gether before the *Meurtriére*, or little Chamber, into which they throw the dead Bodies of the unfortunate Wretches whom they find murder'd, she got in, and quickly perceiv'd her Master in his Gore. Without speaking a Word, home she comes, and having prepar'd me by a simple, but well-meant Discourse, to receive with Resignation that Stroke of Providence, she told me the dismal Fate of my Lover. Thereupon I disguis'd myself like a Servant, and would needs go myself to be an Eye-witness of my Unhappiness. I found that my Maid's Story was but too true: I fled immediately from that detested Place, and with much ado, got back to my Chamber: There, having utter'd a thousand Exclamations, and pour'd forth Rivers of Tears, I miscarry'd, after being three Months gone: However, my Youth and Goodness of Temper recover'd me from that dangerous Illness. As I was sensible the Blow I had receiv'd came from the Hands of my Relations, I thought myself expos'd to the same Hazard, if I should be known. Wherefore, having but little Money, and no mind to go to Service, I resolv'd to trust to the Advice and Conduct of my old Maid, (whom you see there) desiring her to permit me to call her *Mother*. I gave her Orders to look out for a convenient Place where I might drive some little Trade, and that of a *Fruiterer* was very agreeable to me. 'Twas just at the Season when Cherries were ripe, and the Lord gave a Blessing to my Undertaking; for in about three or four Months, I found I had Money enough to pay my Rent for a Year, and was provided besides with Winter-fruit to the Value of twenty Pistoles. I did not much appear at first, but my Mother bought and sold all; but after the Death of my Brother, who was kill'd in a Siege, I was not afraid to appear in a *Fruiterer's* Habit; and my Trade turn'd to so good Account, by the vast Quantity of Fruit which I sold, that four or five Years ago I had sav'd eight hundred Pistoles. I know that I am now an only Daughter; that my younger Brother being enter'd into Orders, I am Heiress to a great Estate; that my Mother has search'd every-where after me: Nay, People have ask'd me myself, Whether I knew any thing of myself? and

told me, That a Reward of a hundred Pistoles was offer'd to him who could discover where I was.-----And would you think now, Sir, *continu'd that lovely Fair*, that I have never so much as entertain'd the least Thought of altering my Condition, far happier than that of the greatest Lady at Court? Thus you see what an Influence Philosophy has over me: I have learnt to disregard all that may ruffle or discompose the Rest and Tranquillity of my Mind; and Honour and Riches are always accompany'd with Care and Trouble.

I listen'd, with Admiration and Surprize, to the History of so singular an Adventure; and having a particular Esteem for the young *Fruiterer*, gave her some Account of my Life, and hinted to her my Desire of tying my Fate to hers by an indissoluble Knot. She receiv'd my Proposal with abundance of Civility, and gave me no other Denial, than that she had made a Vow never to be any Man's again. What did I not say to her, to remove her religious Scruples? At last, she assur'd me, with a merry Air, that tho' a Philosopher, she nevertheless lov'd to have her Will in every respect, as well as other Women; and that her Liberty was therefore her Husband and her Lover. During my Conversation with this young *Fruiterer*, by chance I became acquainted with the Abbot B . . . , who introduc'd me at the Duchess of *Tuscany's*. That Prelate was an *Italian* by Birth, and so good at Intrigue, that he wriggled himself into the Affairs of several Powers, at which he was very dextrous. He was besides very gallant, and lov'd the fair Sex so well, that, to satisfy his Inclinations, he would not stick at the most extravagant Folly. The Abbot was very well acquainted with People of the first Rank at *Paris*, and finding my Person and Carriage very agreeable to his Temper, made me, at once, the intire Confident of all his Intrigues, and invited me to be his intimate Friend and Companion. I did not want much Persuasion; for I have ever so lov'd that sort of Life, as to have even an insuperable Passion for it. After this our Association therefore, we began to reduce all our unlucky Thoughts into Practice, tho', to my Shame be it spoken! some of 'em were execrable in the highest Degree.

gree. But when we were at the Great Duchefs's, we affected to appear like Gentlemen of the strictest Probity. For my part, I was so dextrous in playing the Hypocrite, that that Princess loaded me with her Favours, and gave me Proofs of her Protection upon several Occasions. While I thus lived at my Ease, *Janine* grew e'en mad, and made use of all her Art and Cunning, to remove me from *Paris*. But all to no Purpose; I took too much Pleasure in that Place, and would not be persuaded, by all the Frolicks which she pretended to play me, to leave it. Mean time, the Pleasures which the Abbot and I enjoy'd, were so frequent, that, at last, we began to be cloy'd with them, for no other Reason but because we arrived to the Enjoyment of 'em with too great Ease. We therefore resolved to make use of a *Talisman*, (or sort of Charm) to force such Persons as we had a Mind to enjoy, to love us whether they would or no. That damnable Contrivance had certainly carried us I know not whither, had not Heaven interpos'd, and, tho' undeserved, vouchsafed us a Deliverance: For, one Night, when I was abed with one of my new Acquaintance, I was so stung with certain venomous Creatures, that I was obliged to take *Mercury*, to cure me of so dangerous a Poison, which had like to have cost me my Life. The Great Duchefs, hearing the Nature of my Distemper, ordered me, as soon as recovered, never to set Foot in her Palace again. For while I was yet ill, the Abbot *B. . .* insinuated himself deeper into that Princess's good Graces, by giving her a very ill Character of me, representing me as a Villain, and assuring her, that I would have induced him to go along with me into *Holland*, in order to make him change his Religion; as I was afterwards told by one of the Duchefs's Pages. On the other side, as soon as I was upon the mending Hand, I was plagued with Remorse for having led so loose and unaccountable a Life; and had an intire Aversion for all my Companions in Debauchery. I therefore renounced them all, and designing not to stay any longer at *Paris*, for fear of the *Nuncio*, made haste to view its Beauties, and particularly, those of *Versailles*, a little Place, where the *French* King keeps his Court. I was far less taken

with the Magnificence of the Buildings, and the Richness of the Furniture, than with the excellent Order and Decency that is observed in the *Louvre*. Those immense Places, where there is always a great Number of Officers, are a thousand times more regular, than the Monasteries, which pretend to so much Decency and Regularity. The Sun, which warms, with his Beams, those delicious Abodes, gives Temper to all Things therein, and joins Virtue, or at least, an Appearance of Virtue, to Magnificence and Politeness. The Presence of the Prince struck me with Amazement; and I felt a secret Inclination in myself to love him; while I envy'd the Happiness of all those, who had the Honour to be his Subjects. In a word, the more I considered him, the more he seemed to resemble the *Apollo* of the *Vatican*, done by the Hands of the famous *Phidias*. His Nose, his Mouth, his Eyes, and that Majestic Aspect, painted by Heaven, to represent the Master of the World; all these, I say, struck me with wonderful Admiration, so that I could no longer master my Transports. My very Eyes spoke; and that great Prince, who always looks graciously on those who approach his sacred Person, was pleased to take Notice of me, and to ask me, What Countryman I was? I answered, That I was born in *Persia*, and that my Father having brought me, when a Child, to *Leghorn*, a City in *Tuscany*, I had there learnt the *Italian* Tongue; and that I was visiting all the Courts of *Europe*, in order afterwards to return into my native Country. Thereupon, that great Monarch was pleased to ask me, How I liked the Behaviour of the *French*? To which I returned him an Answer, which, by the Smile he gave me, seemed to please him. As I was going out of the Hall where the King had dined, a Gentleman came and told me, that he was ordered by his Majesty, to shew me the Palace, and the Beauties of the Park. And I do assure you, that I was in a continual Surprise, to see the prodigious Riches and Curiosities shut up in that enchanted Spot of Ground, which not all the Rarities shewn in the other Courts of *Europe* can outdo. For in the Park of *Versailles*, above 500 Fountains are adorned with all that the Art of Man could do, in Marble,

ble, Brass, and Gold. There you see the most curious Water-works, that ever were invented; and the great Number of fine marble Statues, that stand on Pedestals, exceed all those so celebrated in ancient Greece, and old Rome. They desired me to take Notice of a Figure of *Venus*, the History of which is altogether pleasant and agreeable.

A young *Statuary*, falling desperately in Love with a fair *Parisian* Lady, had the good Fortune to meet with mutual Returns; and the Conveniency with which they saw one another, soon rendered their Passion so violent, that the young Man having, one Day, stolen a Sight of all the Beauties of his Lady's Body, proposed to her to represent her in Marble, under the Figure of *Venus*. We can never refuse what we admire; and tho' the Proposal was unchristian, Religion and Modesty yielded to Love. The *Statuary*, assisted by Love, outdid himself; *Cupid* guided his Chisel; and he finished a Master-piece, which himself admired daily in his Closet. A Friend of his coming, one Day, to see him, and knowing the Face of the young Gentlewoman, in that *Venus*, had a mind to dive to the Bottom of the whole Affair. But he kept not the Secret; for, being intimate at a certain Minister's, to ingratiate himself farther with him, he let him into the whole Mystery, enlarging very much upon the Beauty of the Figure. Monsieur *Colbert*, who delighted extremely in Arts and Sciences, and favour'd all Persons who could contribute to the Glory and Magnificence of his Master, went himself to the young *Carver's*, and desired to see his Closet, where he found that excellent Piece; and being surpris'd with the Beauty of it, complain'd to the Workman, for having so long conceal'd such a Fancy from the King. His Majesty, being told the History of those two young Persons, sent for the Girl; and proposing to her to marry her Lover, she desired his Majesty to permit her to go and lament, in a Nunnery, the Fault she had committed, believing she could not live, with Credit, in the World, while her Image was thus expos'd to public View, under so immodest an Attitude. The King was surpris'd at the Virtue and good Sense of the young Woman, for whom he

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provided, and gave the *Statuary* a Place. But he died soon after, for Grief that he could no longer enjoy his Mistress.

While the Gentleman, who had given me this Account, was conducting me towards the *Menagerie*, who should come out of it, but the Pope's *Nuncio*, with two or three Priests of his Court! The Name of that Minister was Signor *Ranuzzio*, a Native of *Bologna*, a Gentleman of singular Parts, and Abilities fit for his Master's Turn. I made him a low Bow, after my Country-Fashion; and as, in the Habit I wore, I appeared like a Person of Consideration, I drew upon me the Eyes of some *Italians*, whom I knew again, as having formerly seen them at *Rome*. At Night, as soon as I was got home to my Lodgings, *Janine* told me, that Monsieur *Dominique*, who made so great a Noise, under the Name of *Harlequin*, had sent his Valet, to desire me to come and sup with him. I had been acquainted with him ever since my Arrival at *Paris*, and we had held several private Conferences together, about Affairs of considerable Importance. One may truly say, that he was, himself, two different Persons, intirely opposite to each other. Past Ages never brought upon the Stage so admirable a Comedian, nor in the Cabinet one of his Wisdom and Gravity. He never troubled himself with Trifles, but maintained his Greatness of Mind by all the noblest and most generous Manners. As soon as he saw me, he told me, that he had taken the Liberty to send for me, because he would regale me with a Dessert, which should not be disagreeable to me. When we rose from Table, we went into his Closet; where he assured me, That one of the *Nuncio's* Officers had spoke to him of an Enemy of the Pope, who appeared in Disguise, at *Paris*, under the Habit of a *Chinese*; that the *Nuncio* designed to go again to Court, the next Day, to demand Leave of the King, to seize me; and, that it was of the last Importance to me, to take the necessary Measures to get away from *Paris*, without being surpris'd. I was amazed at the malign Influence of my Star, that pursued me every-where! I had a great mind to stay at *Paris*; but the Mine was sprung; and I feared as well

the Power of my Enemies, as the Inconstancy of the French. I thought it my best way, to return into some distant Province of the Kingdom. For that end, I sent, in the Evening, to a Broker's for two Capuchin Habits, one for myself, and the other for Janine. My Beard gave me a venerable Look; and Janine went for a young Novice, whom I pretended to have brought to Paris, to cure of the King's Evil, and was now carrying back with me to Italy. Thus equipped, I once more travelled thro' France, (always taking up my Lodgings in Convents which were not of my Order) and arrived at *Marseilles*, having quitted my Habit about two Leagues from the City, in the Ruins of an old House, which stood at some Distance from the high Road. I had kept my Chinese Dress, (which was nothing but a long purple Vest, the Button-holes embroidered with Silver) and clean Linen; and Janine having done the like, we put on those Habits again, and chose rather to appear at *Marseilles*, like Armenians or Chinese, than like Capuchins. The better to colour the Disguise I had taken up, I began with selling Perfumes. Afterwards, I made an Apoplectic Balm, and counterfeited Amber and Musk, so nicely, and vended 'em so successfully, that in four or five Months time, I had got four thousand Livres. The Truth is, *Marseilles* is the only Place in the World, for a Man to get an Estate by such kind of Trifles. The People are even fond of Strangers; and their Frankness of Temper, joined with their admirable Honesty in Dealing, makes one connive at a kind of lively, but almost brutish, Humour, to which they are subject. The Women of *Marseilles* are, generally, handsome, very wanton and volage, and greater Lovers of Pleasure than Expence. They are, however, generous and faithful in their Love; nor is there an Extremity, that they will not run into, to revenge themselves on the Treachery of the other Sex. In a word, *Marseilles* furnishes all manner of Pleasures; and the Fields and City are so charmingly disposed, that the whole looks like a Place set apart for Pleasure and good Living. The Women, in all Conditions, are good at Intrigue, and have singular Inventions to chouse their Husbands and Relations, who

are generally taken up, either with Merchandizing or Fishing. I can't forbear relating, here, an Adventure which befel an old Merchant, upon account of a *Fisherman's* Wife, with whom he was desperately in Love.

The Merchant, who was an old Batchelor about seventy Years of Age, would never enter into the holy State, because he had never, in his whole Life, met with a cruel Woman. He had had a fine Shape, was extremely gallant, and liberal even to Profuseness; and 'twas a lucky Hit for a coquettish Lady, to have made the Conquest of such an accomplished Lover. A *Fisherman's* Wife, young, handsome, and newly marry'd, was the Rock, on which the old Merchant was to split. He saw her in the Walk, admired and commended her Beauty, was charmed with her genteel Air, and was always dinging the Ears of all the young Beaux in the Walk, with the Perfections of his Mistress's Beauty. How ridiculous does an old Dotard make himself in the Eyes of a Person of good Sense! An Amour of that Age, how eloquent soever, can never be very agreeable to a young Person. In a word, the young Woman made him no other Answer, than by Compliments and genteel Behaviour. The Walk was finished without Declaration; and our Old-beard having met her several times, at last informed her, in *St. Laurence's* Church, of the Violence of his Passion, desiring her not to be cruel, and promising her what Recompence she pleased.

The Husband, who lov'd his Wife very well, grew impatient of her Stay; and moved by Jealousy, would needs go, himself, to the Church; but meeting a Neighbour of his in the way, was given to understand, that his Wife had put in at Mr. -----'s; and that before they went home together, she and the Gentleman stood talking, at least, half an Hour, in a Lane that goes down to the Sea-side. The Name of the Person redoubled the Husband's Fury, in such a manner, that as soon as his Wife came home, he took a Dagger in his Hand, and asked her, What she meant by her Conversation with Merchant -----? The poor Woman, being innocent, appeared very little concerned; and assured the *Fisherman*,

that

that she did not design to conceal from him the Solicitations of that Dotard for two Months past; but that she had, at last, granted him a little of her Conversation, only to desire him to rid himself of a Passion that could not but be fatal to him, since she had resolv'd rather to lose her Life, than forfeit her Fidelity to her Spouse. The Husband seem'd satisfy'd with this Account of his Wife's Conduct; but knowing that the Sex never want Excuses, made her promise to intice her old Lover home with her, in order to deliver him into his Hands, promising, on his part, not to attempt upon his Life, and assuring her, that it was the only Method she could take, to cure his sick Mind, and restore his Heart to its former Situation. The *Fisberman* was absolute, and his Wife simple and timorous; wherefore she thought herself oblig'd to sacrifice a Man she did not love, to purchase her Life and Tranquillity. Nor did all the Rigours of this Fair balk, in the least, the old doting Merchant. He follow'd her every-where, and went to all the Places where he thought he should light of her. At last Opportunity jump'd in, and having a Promise of being favourably receiv'd, he waited, with a Youngster's Impatience, the Day and Hour of their Assignment. These too came at last; and the Husband, being inform'd thereof by his Wife herself, lay perdue, and lur'd the Bird into the Net he had laid. It was in the Month of *August*, which is a scorching Season in those Climates. A nice Supper was sent in to the *Fisberman's*, and they eat and drank, in Hopes of the Pleasures they fancy'd they should enjoy. A neat Bed that stood in the Room, made the Lover impatient to lie down. As soon as he rose from Table, he stripp'd himself stark-naked, as 'tis customary in those hot Countries, and conjur'd his Mistress, a thousand times, to make haste to complete his Happiness, and put off the setting her Room to-rights till the next Morning. He thought, all this while, that the Husband was gone to *Leghorn*, whither he had given out he was bound with Fish. But how was he confounded, when he heard somebody knock at the Door all of a sudden, and his Mistress tell him in a Fright, 'twas her Spouse! He had only time to get out of Bed,

and

and hide himself in a great Trunk, where they us'd to put their Nets. The Wife taking the Key into her Possession, let in her Husband, who went immediately to Bed, thundering out all the Curses he could think of, against the contrary Winds, which had oblig'd him to debark. The Night seem'd very tedious to our old Cage-bird; but how did it amaze him to hear the *Fisherman* tell his Wife, as soon as 'twas light, that his Neighbour *Lazarus* had dunn'd him for the three Crowns which he had long ow'd him, and threaten'd to arrest him for it; and that to satisfy that Pest of a Creditor, a Thought had come into his Head in the Night, to sell the great Trunk, which was of no Service to him! The Wife pretended to be against it; but all her Reasons avail'd her nothing; she must consent, and permit four Galley-slaves to take away the Trunk, and carry it before the Palace, where the public Sales are generally made. It was to no purpose to look for the Key: The Price was set on the Trunk, which was sold by Auction to the highest Bidder. What remain'd but to open it? A *Locksmith* being sent for, he had no sooner taken off the Lock, but out jumps a Man stark-naked, holding his Hands before his Face, and going, in that Posture, thro' all the Streets, to his own House, which was quite at the other End of the Town. Scarce was ever such a Shouting heard; and the Stories that were made on it, lay much heavier upon the *Fisherman* and his Wife, than upon the old Cuckold-maker. For my part, I condemn'd the Imprudence of the *Fisherman*, and took care not to be concern'd in any Affair of Gallantry with the Persons of that Town.

My only Study at *Marseilles* was to get Money; for I had a mind to save enough while I was young, to maintain me in my old Age. To this end, I made an Experiment of artificial Coral, and presented a Chaplet of my own making, to a *Goldsmith*, who took it for real Coral. I spoke to him of my Secret, and he offer'd me 500 Pistoles for so many Pounds of it. In a Word, I receiv'd 200 Pistoles in part, to encourage me to go about my Work. And I had certainly got an Estate by that Commodity, if all the Men of that Business (knowing that

that their Brother-Trader receiv'd such a Quantity of counterfeit Coral, and fearing that it would be the Ruin of their Art) had not combined together, to put down our Traffic. I was therefore obliged to go from *Marseilles* to *Aix*, to plead my own Cause, which I lost, because indeed I deserv'd so to do. I had about one hundred Pistoles left, of the two which I had receiv'd. The Goldsmith was sentenced to deliver up all the counterfeit Coral he had, into the Hands of the Syndic of their Company; and I was forbid, under severe Penalties, ever to deal any more in that Commodity. While I was at *Aix*, about my Law-suit, I had a mind to view the Curiosities of that fine City. I pretended to be a *Chinese*, and was very desirous to know whether, in the College of *Jesuits* there, none of that Order had travell'd thither, and was thereby capable of finding out my Imposture. For this Purpose, I repair'd to the College of those Reverend Fathers; and asking for the Teacher of the Mathematics, they sent me a Doctor of Philosophy, who was a very learned and able Man. The Mathematics serv'd only for his Diversion; and I had scarce been in his Company a Quarter of an Hour, but I perceiv'd that in that illustrious Body all the public Offices were fill'd with Persons of singular Merit and Politeness; so that one may fitly compare that College to a Seminary, which not the most malignant Winds can ever blast. I spoke to him of a Secret for the Memory, of which he desir'd to see the Experiment. Wherefore, having conducted me into the Library, and call'd in several of the Community, I read over two Leaves of the first Book they put into my Hands, only once, and repeated them without Book, Word for Word. I presented the Father-Rector with a Phial of Liquor, which sent forth a continual Smoke, as soon as it took Air. That Secret seem'd to them new and marvellous. Monsieur de . . . , Intendant of that Province, a Gentleman of Wit and Gallantry, being inform'd thereof, desir'd to see me; and having made him the like Present, he gave me in Return thirty *Louis d'Ors*, with a thousand Protestations of his Good-will and Esteem. Even a Superior of the *Minims*, who was, by chance, in that

staying
Town,

Town, and had heard of my *Ampolla fumente*, must needs see it, and gave me fifty Crowns for one. Thus having got Money enough, and *Janine* being come from *Marseilles* to *Aix*, we resolv'd to leave *Provence*, and took the Route of *Languedoc*. I was extremely desirous to see *Montpelier*. The Character that Place had gain'd for its University of Physicians, tempted me to see it; and I arriv'd there about the Latter-end of Autumn, and immediately set up a little *Perfumer's Shop*. I had made up a kind of Wash-ball, which brought me the Custom of the whole City. I had, moreover, made several Liquors, cold and hot, very pleasant and agreeable to the Taste; so that I had infallibly got an Estate in that Place, if the *Perfumers* had not sent one of their Company to me, offering me a hundred Pistoles, if I would retire; and threatening me, in case I refus'd, to wreak all their Malice upon me, which must needs be very dangerous. I had already but too many Enemies and Envious, and desir'd not to add to their Number by my Obstinacy. I accepted their Offer therefore, and three Days after set out for *Toulouse*, where I arriv'd by the Canal, on *St. Andrew's Day*. I was no sooner come to that great City, but I took care, in the first Place, to change my Name and Dress. I call'd myself *Rozelli*, and by Leave of the *Capitoulz*, open'd a Shop to sell all sorts of Liquors and Perfumes. The odd Names that I gave to my Waters, drew to my Shop abundance of Custom. I made it my Business to receive People with an extraordinary civil and obliging Carriage. In a word, I found myself in a fair way of getting as much Money as I pleas'd, in a little time; for I sold nothing without a considerable Profit, and my Shop was always crowded with Buyers. Some came for the sake of the Liquors; others to game; and others, again, purely for the Company, which my House was constantly full of. Even the Scholars of the University made me frequent Visits. But my Trade did not long flourish in this manner. At the Return of Spring, the City became almost unpeopled. Among the rest, those who us'd to frequent my House went also; some to their Country-houses, others to travel, and others to transact their private

private Affairs. The Foreigners, who spend the most Money in *Toulouse*, were likewise gone. As for the Inhabitants, it was not by them, in general, that I got my Money; for, besides that they are not rich, because they have no great Trade, they are naturally covetous, tho' they are proud, and affect to appear great and magnificent; in which they are like their Neighbours the *Spaniards*. Mean time I must do the *Touloisians* the Justice to say, that they are extremely sprightly and quick, and very proper for the Management of Affairs, seldom failing in any of their Undertakings. They are also very sincere in all their Actions, and of inviolable Fidelity in Traffic. Their Nobility are polite, and the Fair-Sex as great Lovers of Gallantry, as in any Place of the whole Kingdom of *France*. In short, the *Touloisians*, in general, are very sober; and I observ'd, that they are less Frequenters of the *Cabarets*, than of the Academies and *Booksellers* Shops; and take more Delight in cultivating the Mind, than in gratifying the Senses. And were *Toulouse* but a Sea-port, it would be one of the most flourishing Cities in *Europe*.

When I first settled in that Town, I pretended to nothing more than the selling of Lemonade; by reason I thought I might live in the greatest Safety under that Disguise. Nevertheless, I did not long enjoy the Repose with which I flatter'd myself. There were those whose Envy carry'd 'em so far, as to invent a thousand scandalous Lyes to disgrace my House. At first, I heard every thing that was said, without much troubling myself about it; for I had made it Law with me, to let the World have their Saying in every thing. Mean time, as People are more ready to believe the Ill, than the Good, that is said of a Man, the cursed Calumnies which were rais'd against me, found Credit. My Enemies gain'd their End; and my House became suspected by all the Gentlemen who us'd to frequent it. My Affairs thus growing worse and worse, I concluded that *Toulouse* was not the Place where I could fix myself to my Mind. 'Tis true, when I first came, I got Money apace, so that had I gone on with the same Success, I could not have fail'd to get an Estate in a short time; but

but Fortune chopping about, put me upon the Resolution of leaving a Kingdom, every Province whereof had Defects so intolerable for Foreigners. I had long ago thought of retiring to *Holland*, but could not go thither in time of War, without being oblig'd to change my Name, which was too hazardous. So I resolv'd to remove to some Place near the Sea-side; and accordingly, having sent all my Moveables on board a Boat that was going for *Bordeaux*, *Janine* and I arriv'd there in the Beginning of *April 1684*.

The Prospect of that fine City struck me with an agreeable Surprize: The Beauty of its Harbour, the Situation of its Streets, and charming Air of the Inhabitants, join'd with a continual Commerce, that draws to it all the Riches of the North; all these, I say, soon determin'd me to take up my last Abode in such a delightful Place. As I arriv'd there in the Spring, I had a great Desire to try whether the Liquors that were sold there, would hinder the Sale of those which I design'd to vend. I obtain'd Leave to open a Shop at the Gate of *Medoc*, at the End of *St. Katharine-street*, and found it immediately crowded with Customers. Thus being posted in the most convenient Place I could have wish'd, my Profit was so considerable, that in two or three Months I had gain'd in *Bordeaux* about 200 Pistoles. Nevertheless, this was not the Subject of my greatest Joy at *Bordeaux*: But the evident Marks of Friendship and Esteem, which I receiv'd from *Messieurs de Sourdis* and *Rupertaire*, the former Governor of *Guienne*, and the other of *Castle Trompette*, join'd with their Protection and Conversation, drew a Veil of Oblivion over all the Misfortunes of my Life; and I enjoy'd a far greater Tranquillity, than I had done ever since my Departure from *Rome*. The Truth is, in all the other Towns of *France* where I made any Stay, I had not been able to escape either troublesome Suits, or the dreadful Apprehensions of being known. Every-where else, the Noblemen carry'd themselves with an Air of Pride and Stiffness to me, the Burghers were insolent, and the People troublesome and mischievous. In *Bordeaux* I had once a Day at my House, the principal Nobility of the Place, the most

most refin'd and affable sort of Burghers ; and had abundance of Service done me by the meaner People, who are very zealous to oblige Foreigners. I had scarce sold my Liquors a Fortnight, but an Abbot came in one Afternoon, with a Merchant of that City. I knew the Clergyman at first Sight, as having not only seen him elsewhere, but also receiv'd such Civilities from him, during the Time of my Troubles, as could not but leave in my Mind a lasting Impression of his Aspect. Wherefore I no sooner saw him coming into my Shop, but I ran to embrace him with open Arms ; and, without telling him upon what Account I receiv'd him in such a manner, made him a thousand Offers of my Service, and press'd him to come and see me as often as he could ; assuring him, that he should not lose his Labour, and that, perhaps, he should be well enough pleas'd with the Acquaintance of such a Person as I was. The Abbot was a Gentleman of wonderful Penetration, and the long Travels he had perform'd in several Kingdoms of Europe, had gain'd him almost an universal Acquaintance, and a surprizing Facility, to relate all that he had seen among Foreigners. He answer'd my Importunities with Demonstrations near as ardent as my own, and acted, with abundance of Pleasantness, the Person of a Banterer, and of one who thinks himself banter'd. I knew this, by his telling me, that he did not know me, and that I must declare myself. Wherefore, having desir'd him to meet me the next Morning at five o' Clock, we walk'd together without the City-walls, and going towards a Piece of Antiquity, call'd *Le Palais Galliere*, being an Amphitheatre dedicated to the Emperor of that Name, by *Posthumus*, Prefect of the Gauls of Aquitaine, I began to ask him, Whether he did not remember he had seen me ? and whether he had no Idea of me ? At last, perceiving the Quandary he was in, I put him in mind of the good Office he had former done to a poor Man in the City of Trent. Never was Confidence receiv'd with more Tenderness and Offers of Service. Nobody knew so well how to pity the Unfortunate, as that Gentleman then did. He did all that a Friend could do for me ; and it was not his Fault that I did not then

then bid adieu to my Troubles; for he sought Occasions to rid me of 'em. One Day, as we were walking in the Place call'd *Le Chartron*, upon the Banks of the River, he press'd me with so great Zeal and Tenderness, to accept of his good Offices to reconcile me with the Court of *Rome*, that I found myself under an Obligation of declaring my Fears to him, and the Reasons that hinder'd me from doing it. I represented to him the Spirit of those who compos'd the Tribunals of *Rome*, and of the Ministers who held the Pope by the Nose, and could do what they would with him. I also inform'd him of the Spirit of the dreadful Tribunal of the Inquisition, so contrary to the Spirit of *Jesus Christ*, and his Church. A Tribunal to which one may fitly apply the Saying of *Ferrante Palavicini*, in his *Divortio Celeste*, to wit, That the Bridegroom had forsaken his Bride, because he knew she was a Prostitute.

My Friend did but laugh at my Arguments, and endeavour'd to cure me of my Apprehensions; but all to no Purpose. For, as he could not reconcile me to the Church, without first reconciling me to the Court of *Rome*, which would know all; and as I could not discover to her all that was past, without accusing myself of the most execrable Crimes, it had been to expose myself to the worst Misfortunes, to trust to the Clemency of a Tribunal, whose very Profession it is, never to forgive. Thus I could by no means prevail with myself to listen to the Advice, or obliging Offers, of the Abbot; but on the contrary, am still afraid, notwithstanding the Shelter I am under, and that I am in the Port of Rest, that they will send Traitors and *Sbirri* even hither after me.

Just as we had made an End of this Discourse, another Abbot came up to us, who was a particular Friend of the former. I knew him very well, as having seen him several times before. Our Conversation was immediately turn'd, and ran upon Sacred and Profane Antiquities, in which that Gentleman was a great Student. He related several curious things about unclean Animals, and those which were sacrific'd by the

Jews:

Jews: And having long descanted upon the History of the Queen of *Sheba*, of whom the *Arabian* Historians tell many true and false Stories, we at last retir'd, having appointed a Rendezvous for the Day following.

The Mind of Man is the most extravagant and impenetrable thing in the World. I was carry'd away with a Notion, which I could not forbear communicating the next Day to the two Abbots. The Posture of my Affair did not admit of a nobler Project: In it my highest Ambition was flatter'd, and my Revenge had its full Swing upon my Enemies. That noble Project, which as often as I think of, I cannot forbear laughing in my Sleeve, was, to transport myself into *Mingrelia*, and there settle, under the Protection of the Grand Seignior. I assur'd the two Abbots, That if they would go along with me, I would make their Fortunes for ever; adding, that they would be perfectly ador'd by the finest Women of the Country; that they would reign in the Minds of all the Inhabitants, who were very simple, and consequently fit to receive any Impressions whatever; that we would set up a new Church, whose Heads and Apostles we would be, independent of all the other Patriarchs of the *Levant* and *West*; that the Porte would protect us against *Rome*, and against all the Christian Sects of the Eastern Countries, for a moderate Tribute which we would pay him: In a Word, that to engage vast Numbers of *Turks* and *Jews* of our Side, we had nothing to do, but to introduce a kind of Circumcision, which is already easy enough in the *Mabometan* Law. I back'd my Design with the Interest and Intrigue I had in the *Levant*, and especially at *Constantinople*; and by representing with what Ease they might gain over ignorant and interested Minds, as the *Turks* and *Mingrelians* are. The two Abbots, having listen'd to me very attentively, seem'd to be of my Opinion; and, by the Ideas of Greatness and Felicity which they themselves promis'd me upon the score of my Project, convinc'd me, that the best Mind is sometimes capable of the greatest Follies. I apprehended their Meaning, and laugh'd with them, at the Fancy of the new Sect, and new Church, which we had figur'd to ourselves. Our Conversation turn'd insensibly

sensibly upon Historical Facts, which had relation to the Subject of our Discourse; and thus we retir'd to the City. One Day, they were present at a Scene, that was acted in my Shop, between a Prior and myself, about a Passage in *St. Paul* the Apostle's Epistle to the *Romans*, which he and his Companions were discussing. The Prior was highly affronted, that I, who was but a Lemonade-seller, should dare to speak of the most difficult Places of the Holy Scripture; and I was much more so, that he should pretend to command me Silence. I defy'd him to quote me a single Passage of the Scriptures, in the Holy Tongues, that I could not tell him what Chapter it was in. Then I presented him with a long Commentary on the Passage which was the Subject of the Dispute; and evinc'd to the Prior, that it was not good to despise any Man, under what Dress soever; for that *St. Peter*, under the Habit of a *Fisherman*, and loaded with his Nets, knew more of Divinity, than all the *Sorbonne* together. My Discourse perfectly confounded the Prior, insomuch that he went out of my Shop, hanging his Ears, that ever he had insulted me. I shall not trouble my Readers with all that I did afterwards at *Bordeaux*, as being too foreign to my present purpose, which is to entertain 'em with direful, but true, Relations of an unfortunate Life, render'd so by the Snubs and Rubs of a cruel and unconstant Fate.

At last, at a Time when I thought of nothing less, I was oblig'd to leave that charming Place, where not only my Affairs succeeded, but I had made myself several illustrious Friends, and enjoy'd a thousand agreeable Delights.

'Tis true, having gain'd the Reputation of an extraordinary knowing Man, for the several Experiments I had made there, in Things relating to the *Physics*, I might have liv'd in the greatest Tranquillity: But the vain Presumption of appearing above all the Learned, prompted me to explain the *Cabala*; which was the Cause of my Transmigration. For this Purpose, I got acquainted with two Persons at *Bordeaux*, who had the Reputation of understanding that Science to Perfection. These were the Count *de*, and the Abbot *de* The first

first had been initiated in that Science by one *Moses*, of *Florence*, who, after he had drain'd him of a great Sum of Money, and made him accessory to several Follies, learnt him nothing at all of Solid. I saw, in his charming House, another *Portuguese* Rabbi, who had a little smattering of the *Cabala*; but who was so addicted to Visions, and other ridiculous Whimfies, that he deserv'd to be confin'd in *Bedlam*. I had several private Conferences both with the Master and Scholar; and foretold 'em two Events, which justify'd, soon after, my Skill in the Science. For I foretold the Count's Death, which happen'd within the Year; and that the Rabbi should take a Voyage into foreign Countries, from whence he should never return. The Abbot, who boasted his Knowledge in the *Cabala*, was not so much as vers'd in its Terms; but merely impos'd upon those who knew not his Learning, upon Account of his Birth and particular Carriage. For tho' he pretended to converse with Aerial Spirits, and to have learnt of those elementary Beings, the Secret of making Gold and Jewels, and the universal *Panacea*, he never knew so much as to give me the Salutation us'd by the *Cabalists*, to distinguish themselves from ignorant Pretenders.

I did, therefore, abundance of strange Things in the Presence of several Persons of Distinction. I foretold Things to come; explain'd Things abstruse and obscure; and made Pearls, Oriental Amethysts, and Emeralds, which were sold to the *Goldsmiths* for good ones. And thus, I may say, that in *Bordeaux* my Days stole away insensibly, while I enjoy'd that Pleasure and Repose, which made me forget the last Strokes of Fortune.

In this Situation, my vast Credit drew me, once more, into Inconveniences and Troubles. A Merchant of *Bordeaux* had a mind to marry a great Heiress; but could not justify his Pretensions, either by Wit, or Birth, or Fortune. All that seem'd to favour him was, that the Lady being very ugly, he suppos'd she would be the more willing to bestow herself, and all she had, upon a handsome Man, as he thought himself. In vain had he made use of his Eyes and *Billets-doux*: And seeing she

sighted

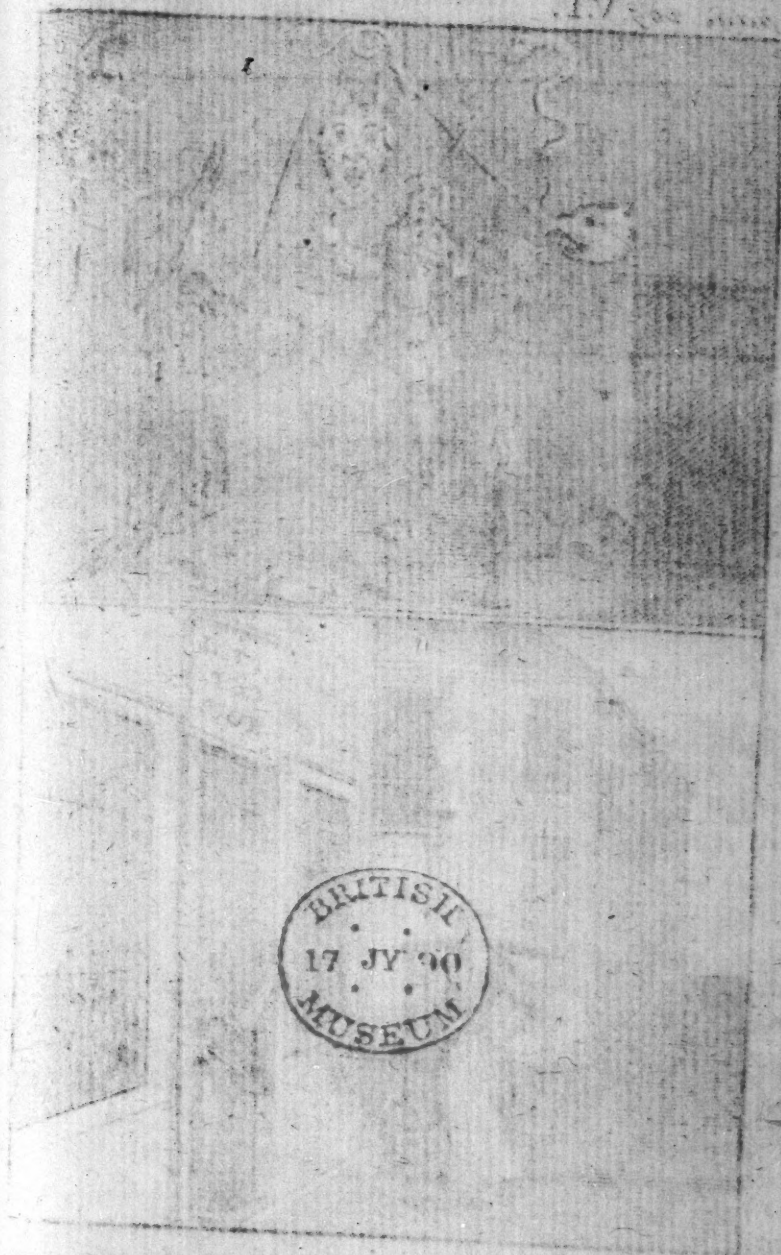
slighted the Talents by which he thought to render himself agreeable, he resolv'd to have recourse to extraordinary Methods. For this end, having heard of me, he came to my House one Morning very early, and desir'd me to do him the Favour to let him talk with me for an Hour. I readily consented, and was not a little surpris'd to hear him say, That he came to intreat me to give him a Secret, to inspire Madam with Love. As I had the Honour personally to know the Lady, I could not imagine how a Gentleman should entertain the odd Design of pleasing her, and yet force her to love him; and therefore endeavour'd to dissuade him from it. My Refusal serv'd for nothing but to redouble his Importunity; for drawing out a Purse of 100 *Louis-d'Ors* with one Hand, and a Poniard with the other, he bad me take my Choice; for that he would be satisfy'd, and compass his Design, tho' it were by the *Devil's* Means.

I found I had a Gentleman to deal with, who was carry'd away with a violent Passion; and that if I persisted in my Refusal, I should run the Risque of feeling the Fury of a Madman. Wherefore, pretending to be won by his Intreaty, I made him take a solemn and dreadful Oath, never to discover, directly or indirectly, any thing of that which he should see.

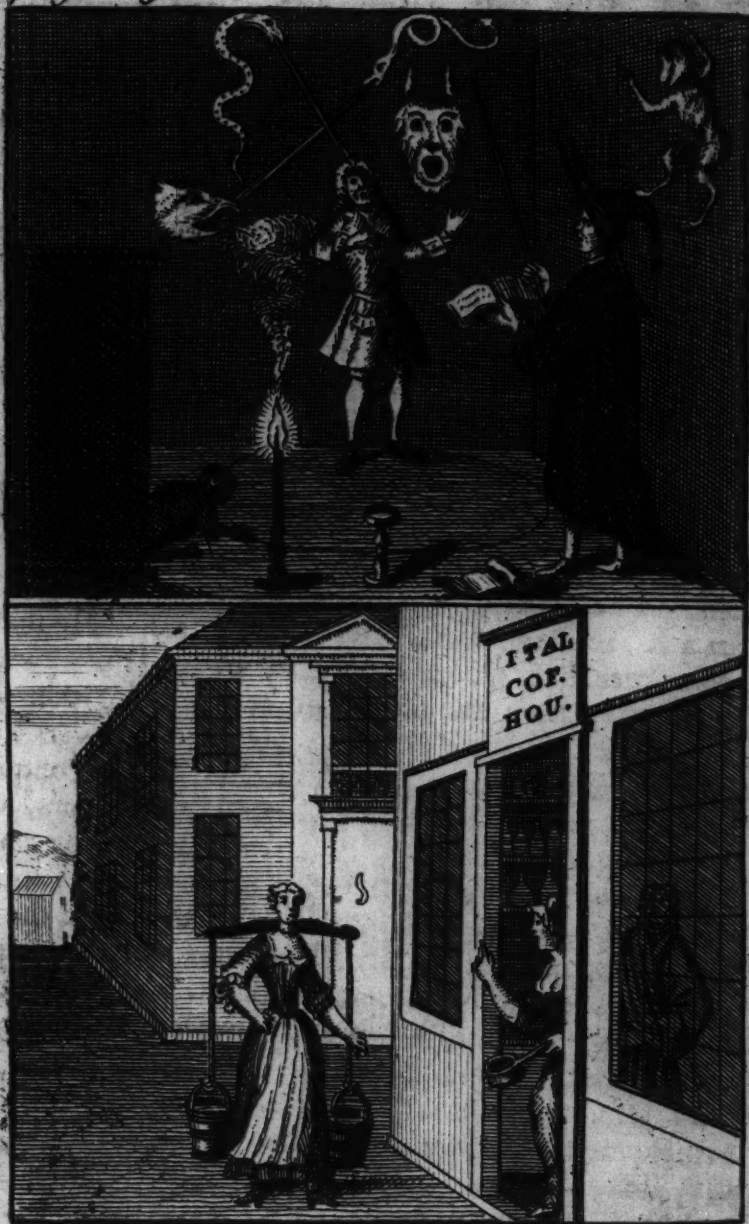
I had an Invention in a Cabinet, which did the Feat, and effected whatever I had promis'd to perform. Going out of the Closet, therefore, under Pretence of looking for the Keys of my Cabinet, I went and order'd *Janine* to place herself so, as that she might answer my Questions; and wrote her down, upon a Piece of Paper, certain barbarous Words, which she was to repeat in a Pipe that had a Communication with my Cabinet. As soon as I went into my Closet again, I found the fearless Lover impatient of my Stay; and having, once more, injoin'd him Secrecy, bad him take Courage. He promis'd me both, like a good *Gascoign*. Then putting on a frightful kind of a Cap, and black Cloaths, which I kept on purpose to divert myself withal at the Expence of Fools, I began to hum out some *Hebrew* Words, and to put myself into Postures, enough to have frighten'd

Old

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Old Nick, had he been there. Finding that this did not operate upon my Lover, I pursued my Ceremony with Fumigations and Libations. Having, therefore, put some made Wine into a Cup, and pour'd a few Drops of it upon the Cabinet, which I had plac'd between two Candles made of magical Wax, my Closet immediately seem'd to be fill'd with Apes and Serpents, infomuch that our Lover began to look pale. I exhorted him not to unman himself, alledging, that since he had been so bold as to see the Beginning of the Ceremony, he ought to see the End of it, except he had a mind to fall into the Clutches of the Devil. Then I commanded him to drink the Liquor that was in the Cup; which having done, the Cabinet flew open, by a secret imperceptible Spring, and presented him with the Figure of an overgrown monstrous Toad, at which I thought he would have died. Mean while, the made Wine which he had drank, began to work in his Nodde, and fill his Brain with strange Imaginations and Visions. Then taking Advantage of his Weakness, I bad him ask the Devil for whatever he wanted. He had no sooner utter'd his trembling Voice, but up rises a swingeing Monkey from the same Cabinet, which, after several antic Postures and Gestures, gave the Answers I had dictated. By this time, the Wine had intirely conquer'd the Lover, and so down he fell, and lay six Hours, without stirring Hand or Foot. I order'd him to be carried into another Chamber, and went to see him, as soon as I heard he had recover'd himself. I had secur'd the *100 Louis-d'Ors*, and assur'd my Gentleman, that I had hinder'd the Devil from strangling him; but that, nevertheless, he should still compass his Design, if he only carry'd about him a Piece of Root that I would give him. He went out of my House very well satisfy'd, and left me very melancholy, that I had been forc'd to play such a Trick. 'Tis true, all those Visions were very harmless, being form'd only with Wine and certain secret Springs or Movements; but I dreaded the Consequence of that Adventure, which I thought would prove dangerous; and so entertain'd the Design of retiring.

All that I next aimed at, was, to reach *Holland*; where I hoped I might live without any Apprehensions of losing my dear Liberty, and, in some Measure, allay my Passion by Writing. And indeed, 'twas high time for me to take that Resolution. Two Merchants of *Lyons*, who had formerly seen me there, in the Habit of an Ecclesiastic, perceiving me, at *Bordeaux*, marry'd, and a Seller of Liquors, spoke to so many several Persons of my Behaviour, and that I had been suspected of poisoning a Burgher, while I liv'd there; that no Soul came into my Shop afterwards, but he viewed and considered me from Head to Foot.

A Gentleman of the first Quality at *Bordeaux*, whose Protection had done me abundance of Service, sent to tell me, that it was my best way not to stay much longer in that Place, and advising me to take the necessary Measures to prevent my being arrested. I followed his Counsel; and without taking my Leave of any Person besides my Friend, to the Continuance of whose good Offices I recommended myself, set out from *Bordeaux*, with all my Money and Papers, leaving *Janine* behind, for a few Days, to sell such of my Effects as I could not well carry off, without incumbring myself too much. I gave her Directions how to find me at *Rochelle*, where she no sooner arrived, but we embarked for *Nantes*.

I found, in that Town, abundance of People of my Religion, was received there with extraordinary Civility, and, tho' outwardly I was no better than a Seller of Liquors, yet I received, in the Assemblies of the *Jews*, which are in that Country, the Honours that are due only to the greatest Doctors of the Law. In a word, there was no way whereby those Gentlemen could manifest their Esteem of me, which they did not make use of; so that I have great Reason never to forget a People, who have loaded me with Riches and Honours.

Nothing of extraordinary Moment happened to me, during my Stay at *Nantes*. As I was altogether bent on my Departure, with the first Opportunity, I avoided all Occasions of appearing; which, indeed, was the only Game I had to play, since where ever I shewed myself, Fortune was sure to follow me, with her Scourges. However,

ever, I must not leave *France*, without mentioning an Adventure, which befel me a few Months before I took Shipping. I went, one Day, into a Church, merely out of Curiosity; because I heard a great Noise of Clapping of Hands, and judged that they were maintaining therein certain *Theses* of Philosophy and Divinity. I was much in the right of it; for all the Communities, as well Secular as Regular, were present at the Disputations of a young Monk, at the opening of a provincial Chapter. As soon as they had all done, I asked the Orator, whether, in those kind of Disputes, I was not permitted to start some Difficulties? As the *French* are extremely civil, I was received with particular Marks of Favour and Respect. My first Business was, to apologize to the Audience, for my Boldness in appearing in the same Career, where so many learned Men had disputed with Applause, and come off with Honour. I argued against the Proposition admitting of the Existence of one God alone, and took my *Thesis* not against the Existence of one God, but against the Idea People had of the true God; and pretended, that the Light was the true Deity we ought to worship. I quoted, in the Preliminaries to my Argument, a great many Places of holy Scripture, of the Fathers of the Church, and of the Councils, where God is called the Light, the Sun of Justice, and the God of Heaven. I made it appear, that that God of Heaven was nothing but the Sun, which had been worshipped by all the People of the World; and that therein they had not been Idolaters, but only in paying Adoration to the Images of the Sun. After having thus explained my Proposition, I argued against the young Monk, who answered very well, defending himself with the Scriptures, which say, That God created the Sun and the Light. This novel Proposition being started by a New-comer and a Stranger, did me no little Honour, and drew upon me the Eyes of the whole Audience. I soon found my Shop crouded with Persons of all Ranks and Conditions; and the Ecclesiastics and Monks were very curious to know my Life, my Condition, my Country, and Design. But as I was very reserved upon those Articles, they next applied themselves to the Persons, in

whose House I lodged, to know whence I came. Some wrote to *Bourdeaux*, to know what I did there; others enquired of the Merchants with whom I conversed: Others, again, more zealous for the State, or for Religion, pretended I was a Spy, or Jew, or Mahometan, not considering, that I should, in such a case, have been obliged to conceal myself as much as possible. All these Suspicions of me put me upon the Resolution of leaving *Nantes* sooner than I designed; and accordingly, one Night, when the Weather was extremely calm and serene, I convey'd my Equipage into a Vessel that was ready to set Sail, on board of which I embarked, and left *Nantes* without taking my Leave of any Person, or leaving any Debt behind me, which might increase the People's Suspicion of me. Twelve Days after, I arrived at *Utrecht*, with the secret Satisfaction of having escaped the Malice of all my Enemies, and of being arrived in a Country of Liberty, where I had Hopes of living according to my own Pleasure and Fancy, without being disturb'd or molested, either upon the Account of my Profession, or my Religion.

By that time I got to *Utrecht*, I was not worth above Fifty Pistoles in the World; and so, was obliged to think of putting myself in some way to get Money, in a Country where there is Plenty of that useful Commodity, and whose Inhabitants are of a Nature and Genius agreeable enough to promote the Success of my Talents. I advis'd, therefore, with my dear *Janins*, about what we had best to do; and after several Consultations, we determin'd, that we could not do better, than keep a Coffee-house. There was one Difficulty in the Affair; and that was, that Permission must first be obtained of the Magistrates, who are jealous of the Privileges of their Burghers, and, consequently, not very forward to grant Foreigners any thing that may be prejudicial to the Inhabitants. Thus was I forced to have Recourse to some Stratagem, and give, at the same time, (as I desired) a kind of Specimen of my prodigious Knowledge. And this was the Method I took.

Every one knows, that the City of *Utrecht* is famous for its University, which draws to it abundance of Foreigners,

reigners, and especially *Germans* (a Nation that ever robbed me.) As I was a New-Comer, and had a very serious Aspect, every body took me for some Person of Importance; and I was become the Town-Talk for my obliging Carriage, and happy Looks, which were equally agreeable to all that conversed with me. I was frequently in Company with Men of Letters, and the Magistrates themselves, whom I always endeavoured to engage in my Interests, by Discourses which might convince 'em of that little Merit Heaven had endued me withal. As I perceived more and more, that they were pleased with my Reasonings, I was confirmed in the Opinion of presenting a Petition to the Magistrates, for Leave to set up a Coffee-house; which I did in *Latin*; the Substance whereof was this.

* P E T I T I O N.

My Lords,

" **H**AVING the Honour to arrive, some Days ago,
 " in your celebrated City, I found it so well wor-
 " thy my Attention, that maugre all the Resolutions I
 " had taken to go farther, I perceived myself under an
 " Obligation to stay here, to admire, and at the same
 " time to help to cultivate, this Garden fraught with the
 " most sublime Sciences. This, therefore, is my Design,
 " *my Lords*; and if, of two Favours which I propose to
 " you, you will vouchsafe to grant me one, I shall never
 " think of any other Abode, than the famous and charm-
 " ing City of *Utrecht*. I am, *my Lords*, a Man of the highest
 " Extraction, next that of Kings. The Religion in
 " which I was born, has hitherto rendered me unhappy,
 " because of the contrary Opinion I was ever of, to it;
 " which (according to the Lights that God had given me)
 " I could never forbear maintaining, even in the Places
 " where I had the greatest Reason to be afraid. But, at
 " last, God be thanked, I am arrived in the Port of Rest

* This Petition *Rozelli* denies to be framed and delivered by him. See the Continuation of his Life, in the subsequent Sheets.

“ and Safety, sheltered from the Violence of all the merciless Persecutors of the true Gospel of *Jesus Christ*.
 “ Thus, Gentlemen, seeing, without Ostentation, I am very well vers’d in Divinity, of which I am ready to give you sufficient Proof, whenever required so to do;
 “ I take the Boldness to intreat you to be pleased to grant me the Favour I ask of you; to wit, that I may exercise, in this Place, the Office of Professor of Divinity.
 “ Or, if I should be so unfortunate, as not to be thought worthy that honourable Charge, that you would be pleased, at least, to permit me to sell Coffee. I assure you, that I shall be equally obliged to you, for one or t’other of these two Employs, whichsoever you will please to allow me; since I shall always esteem it the highest Pitch of my Happiness, to live in your illustrious City, tho’ in the most servile Employ; provided, however, that it furnish me with Opportunities of convincing you, with how much Submission and Respect, I am, &c.”

Having drawn up this Petition, I delivered it, about Ten at Night, into the Hands of a Secretary of the Town-House, with whom I had got acquainted, and who had supped with me that Evening. He promised me good Success in all that I desired, and took his Leave of me for that Night. The next Day, about Noon, he came to my Lodgings with an Air of Melancholy; of which having ask’d him the Cause, he told me, that he was very much vexed, that the Magistrates had only granted me Leave to sell Coffee; and that it was no better than affronting Merit, to treat me thus. Thereupon, I pretended too, not to be overjoy’d with that Proceeding; but told him withal, that he need not in the least trouble himself about it, for that I took it, however, as a great Favour, that the Counsel had so far answered my Petition, with which I was very well satisfied. I made him a small Present, and desired him to do me the Honour, to continue to come and see me now-and-then. I knew well enough, before-hand, that they would not give me the Professor’s Chair; which, indeed, I was so far from desiring, that I should have been heartily vexed, if they had

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assigned it me : by reason that was not the Way to make my Fortune. But, however, the Turn that I gave to my Petition established my Project, which was, to sell Coffee. As soon as the Secretary was gone, I went and communicated my News to *Janine*, who received it with an extreme Joy. All that now remained for us to do, was, to pitch upon a Method for putting our Design in Execution. And this proved a Matter of no great Difficulty, by reason we were acquainted with Monsieur C. . . . , a Person of great Credit, who procured us a House very proper for the Business. The House being hired, I furnished it as well as I could, and opened my Coffee-room in four Days.

I can't describe to you the Concourse of People that came to me for some time. Curiosity was so prevalent with the Gentry as well as Commonalty, to see such a Man as I in a Coffee-house, that *Janine*, the Maid, and myself, had not time to eat a Bit of Victuals from Morning to Night.

So prosperous a Beginning did not fail to puff me up with tow'ring Hopes; insomuch, that I did not in the least doubt of making my Fortune in this new Country. The better to push my Success, I left no Stone unturned, to preserve and advance my Credit; which was no hard Matter for me to do, as soon as I could get the Conversation of Men of Letters. It was in that Sort of Company, (of which my Shop was always full) that I put on my serious Looks, and could never forbear laughing in my Sleeve, at the different Postures with which Gentlemen listened to my Discourse. It would be impossible for me to relate here, all the Subjects upon which I was oblig'd to dispute. Suffice it, that I always came off with Admiration and Applause; insomuch that never did Oracle make such an Impression on those who consulted it, as I did upon all that heard me discourse. This gained me such a Reputation among the Learned, that I never had a Moment to myself: And as I had stretch'd several Times upon the Subject of Astronomy and the *Cabala*, the Duchess of . . . was so eager to hear me, that she came on purpose from the *Hague*. She no sooner arriv'd at *Utrecht*, but she sent her Gentleman to me, (and
hers

hers was the first Coach that ever stopped at my Door) to tell me, that her Grace wanted to speak with me. I desired the Gentleman to walk in, and sit down a Moment, while I got myself ready, and took a few Curiosities with me, which I had a mind to shew her Grace. Then going up to my Closet, I equipp'd myself in a Moment, and provided myself with every thing that might be necessary for me in the Conversation of the Duchess of For, as I did not know the Subject of her Coming, I took the Precaution to furnish myself against any Occasion; which put me to a great deal of Trouble, the several Engines I had about me, having enlarged my Size in such a manner, that I could scarce get into the Coach. In one of my Coat-Pockets, was a Box filled with a great Number of little Bottles, most of 'em magical. One of these I called *Etna*, (because of the Relation it had to Mount *Etna*) which sent forth a continual Smoke, as soon as opened. I had seven others, which I called the *Seven Planets*, in which, by Words and Grimaces that I made, I shewed several different Figures, which gave a most agreeable Surprise. In the other Pocket, I had a magical Lantern, of such wonderful Make, that the like was never seen; for as soon as ever I shew'd the Light, a hundred several Monsters appeared in the Chamber. In one of my Breeches Pockets, I had a Cylinder, which I learnt to make of a *Quack-Doctor* at *Venice*. That Cylinder is a kind of Column of polished Brass, about half a Foot high, which I place upon Paper scribbled over almost like Algebra; and so shew, in the Column, whatever Figures I please. In my other Breeches-Pocket, I had a magical Rod, and a Box full of abundance of Perfumes, which I brought with me out of *Italy*. In this Equipage I arrived at the Duchess's, who was impatient to see me, and receiv'd me with particular Marks of Esteem. I made her my Compliments in *Italian*, which Language I knew she understood very well. Those aside, she took me into her Closet, where, when we had seated ourselves, she began to question me upon the Subject of Religion; in which Point I gave her intire Satisfaction, and she seemed to be very well pleas'd with me. Then she examin'd what was my Opinion of Spirits? And I gave her almost the same

same Answers, as I had formerly given to Queen *Christina* of Sweden upon that Article. But, to let you see, Madam, said I, the Artifices made use of by the Popish Priests, to terrify the Common-people, Look about you. With that, I pulled out my magical Lantern, and having lighted the Candle, the Chamber was immediately filled with Monsters; which so frightened the Ducheſs, that she was about to run away. As ſoon as I perceived her Fright, I aſſur'd her, that ſhe need not fear any thing; for, that all that ſhe ſaw, was done by mere Trick: And, to convince her of the Truth of what I ſaid, I opened my Lantern, and ſhew'd her the whole Invention. Thereupon, ſhe took Courage, and deſired me to play my Engine once more. No, Madam, answered I, you muſt ſee ſomething more worthy your Admiration. Only ſit down, and obſerve what I am going to ſhew you. Then I drew a Box out of my Pocket, and having opened it, took out, in the firſt Place, my *Ampolla fumante*, or Smoking-bottle, which I had no ſooner open'd, but it ſo amazed the Dutcheſs, that ſhe begged of me to ſhut it again, as ſoon as poſſible; for as the Cloſet was but ſmall, it was, in a Moment, ſo full of that thick Smoke, that we could ſcarce ſee the Light. Good God! cry'd the Dutcheſs; What a ſtrange Man are you? Open the Window quickly; for your *Etna* has almoſt ſmother'd me. I obey'd her; and the Cloud vaniſhed immediately. I offered to ſhew her Grace my other ſeven Magical Bottles; but ſhe prevented me, by telling me abſolutely, ſhe would not expoſe herſelf any more to ſuch Dangers; that I had nothing to do but to ſhut up my Shop; and, that ſhe would converſe with me half an Hour longer upon other Subjects. I obeyed her, upon Condition, that her Grace would permit me to ſhew her a Wonder, with which, I aſſured her, ſhe ſhould be very well pleas'd. She conſented; and I then pulled out my Cylinder. She ſeemed very much ſurpriſed at all the Metamorphoſes I ſhew'd her; but much more ſo, when, at laſt, I ſhew'd her her own Picture, which perfectly reſembled her. Figure to yourſelf what a Surprize it put her in. In a word, this engaged all her Curioſity; and having given me to underſtand, that ſhe ſhould take it kindly, if I would

would disclose to her that Piece of Art, I answered, that I would not only do it with Pleasure, but, if she pleased, would make her a Present of such a Machine. She accepted it very willingly; and, after several other Discourses, presented me with fifty Pistoles, and sent me home in her Coach, very well satisfied; ordering the same Gentleman as came for me, to attend me back again. As soon as I came home, I acquainted *Janine* with all that had pass'd between me and the Duchess; and that her Grace had presented me with fifty Pistoles. All this gave me such Life and Vigour in my Business, and so augmented the flattering Hopes I had already conceived, that I was no longer betwixt Hawk and Buzzard, as to my Fortune, but looked upon it as already made in the City of *Utrecht*.

END of VOL. I.



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